SONGS OF SCHOOL AND FLAG

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SONGS

OF

SCHOOL AND FLAG

A SONG BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES, FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE, AND FOR GENERAL AND SOCIAL OCCASIONS

BY

FRANK R. RIX

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
BOROUGH OF QUEENS, CITY OF NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

THE finished song contains all the elements that enter into music, and is, moreover, the living expression of inmost feeling when interpreted by the pulsing tones of the human voice. Singing may be classed as a highly specialized and idealized form of language, and the principles involved in the study of spoken language and singing are practically identical. More particularly, music study makes one master of the processes that create the intelligent and independent performer; but aside from its great value as a means of intellectual discipline, it must be remembered that the ability to read music gives the power to interpret music itself, to give expression to the feelings, and to outpour the real self in sincere helpfulness.

Through the child's interest the teacher may accomplish his cherished ends, as interest stimulates attention, rouses perception, and fixes that concentration of the mind which is essential to the getting of all knowledge. The play element, therefore, enters largely into modern educational methods. In music, especially, the child should work through the interest it inspires. The subject should be treated attractively, and the materials should be such as appeal strongly to the child's imagination and natural love for the beautiful. The elements in music that most strongly attract the youthful fancy are marked rhythm and beautiful melody built on varied harmonies. It matters little whether the song be more or less difficult, the children will sing it if they like it, and the reverse is just as true.

In making this book the author's aim has been to select music that is not only intrinsically good, but which, containing the elements alluded to, is also such as the children like, and which they sing with the brightness and enthusiasm that interest inspires. It is designed for general use in school, or wherever social singing is desired. It is adapted for assembly or chorus use in all grades from upper primary to the high and normal school. No one book can combine every excellence, but the verdict of musicians and educators of the highest standing is that this work is of the greatest practical value, and is most attractive in the beauty, variety, and abundance of its musical material. It especially excels because the arrangements, unlike the hymn-tune aspect in most books, are so made as to meet the requirements of ordinary choruses and assembly exercises as usually constituted. The plan, in general, is to have a strongly characterized melody for soprano voices, to which has been added an alto, that even in four-voiced writing forms harmonious progressions with the upper voice. Next has been provided a bass of moderate compass, and a tenor of limited upper range.

As the book is intended more for general use than for purposes of instruction, the arrangements for unchanged voices are usually for soprano and alto, but

enough selections of three and four voices have been added to give sufficient work for study in part singing.

The collection forms no part of any "system" or "method," and so may be used freely in any school. It is not padded with useless selections, and furnishes a good repertoire of singable music. Many of the pieces are new, and are contained in no other school book. The arrangements are from original sources, and the spirit of the accompaniments is retained. The rounds, catches, and canons will be found interesting and useful for part singing. The sacred selections and hymns are non-sectarian, thus giving them universal adaptation. A variety of songs may be found for special occasions. The typography is clear, and the music is compactly set up, while the volume is well balanced for easy handling.

FRANK R. RIX.

NEW YORK, *December, 1900.*

SONGS OF SCHOOL AND FLAG.

AMERICA.

Rev. S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

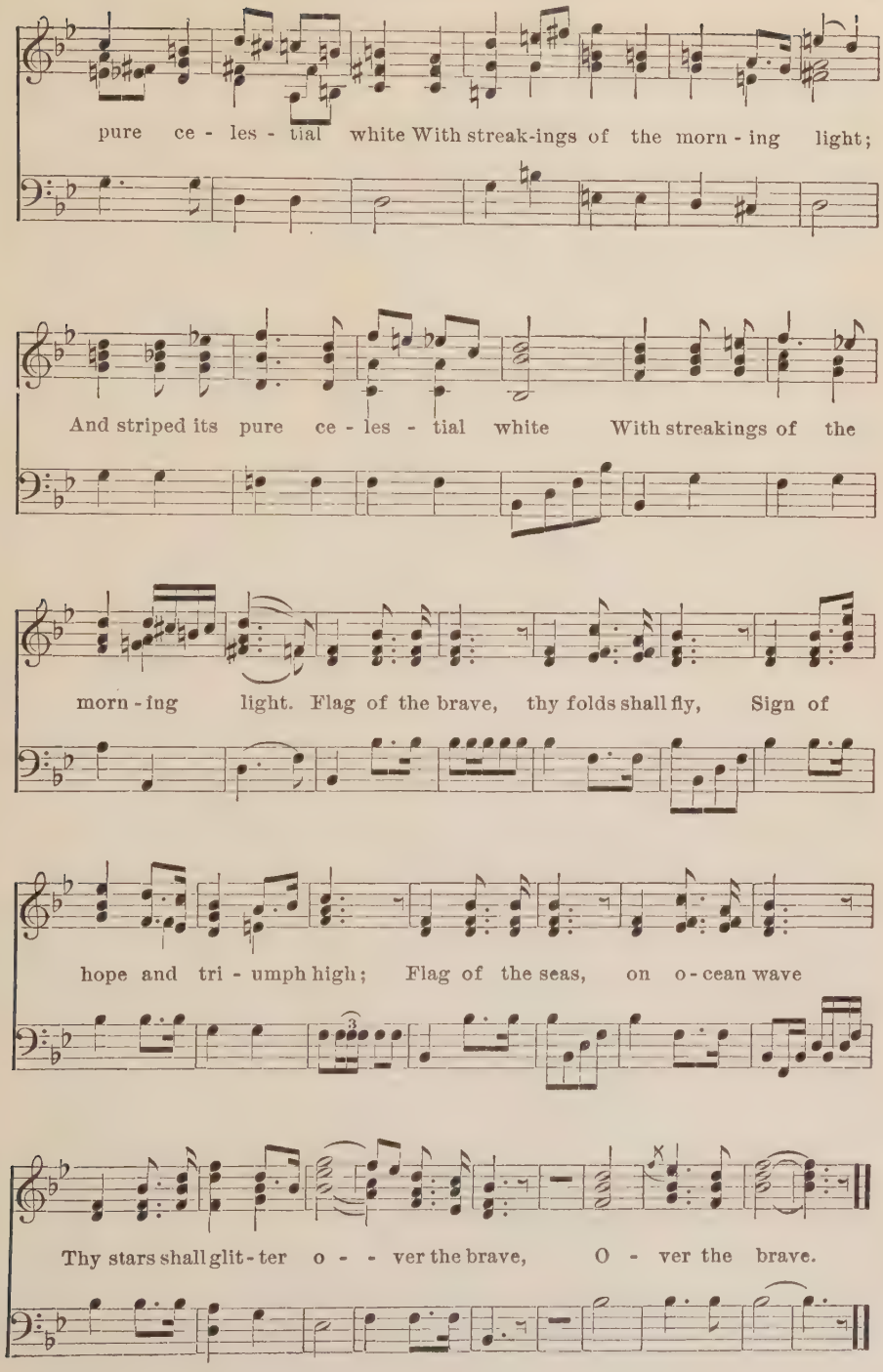
Adapted from J. Rodman Drake. From Wagner's "Lohengrin."

When Freedom from her moun - tain height Un-furled her stand - ard

to the air, She tore the az - ure robe of night

And set the stars of glo - ry there. She mingled with its

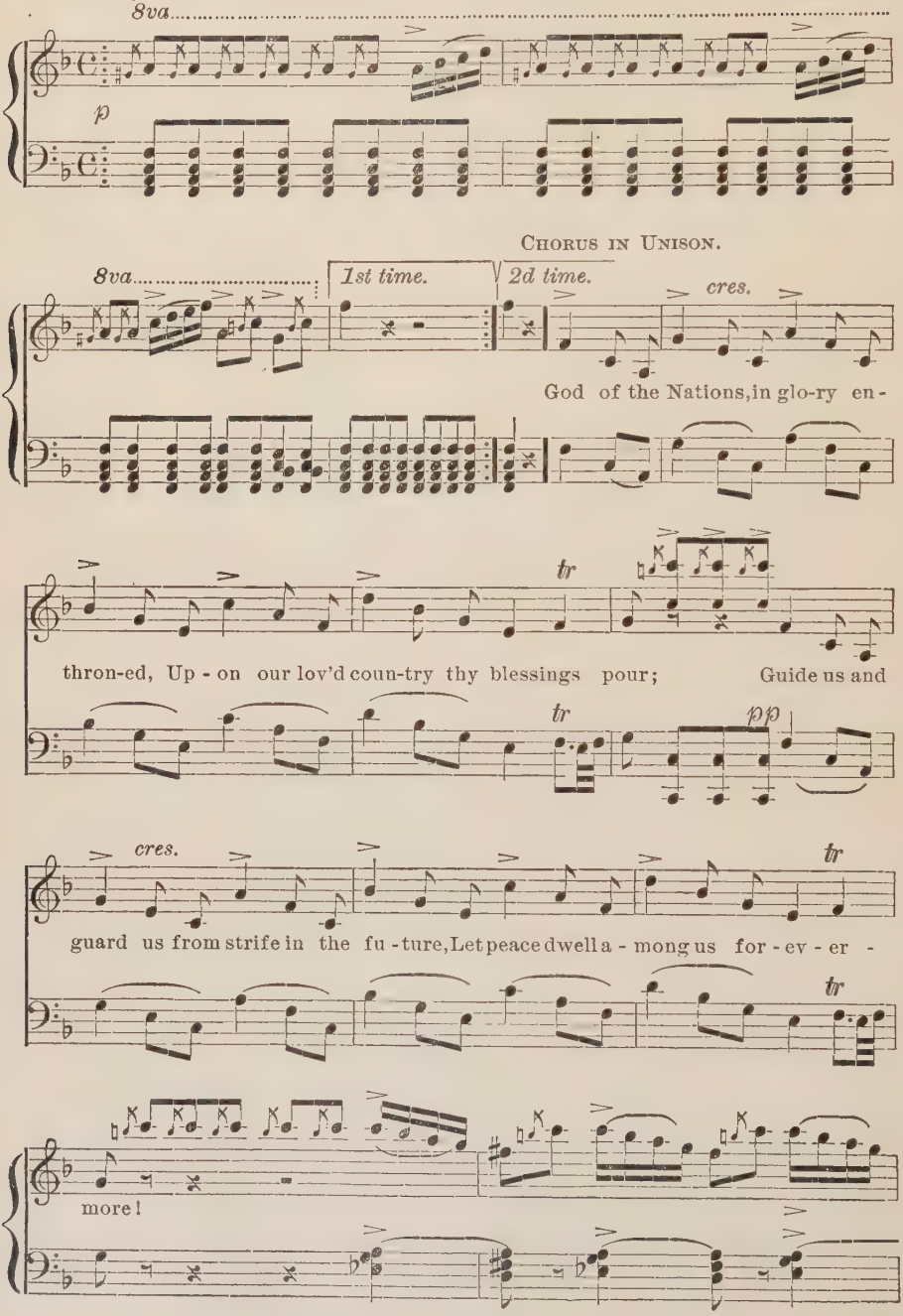
gor - geous dyes The milk-y baldric of the skies; And striped its

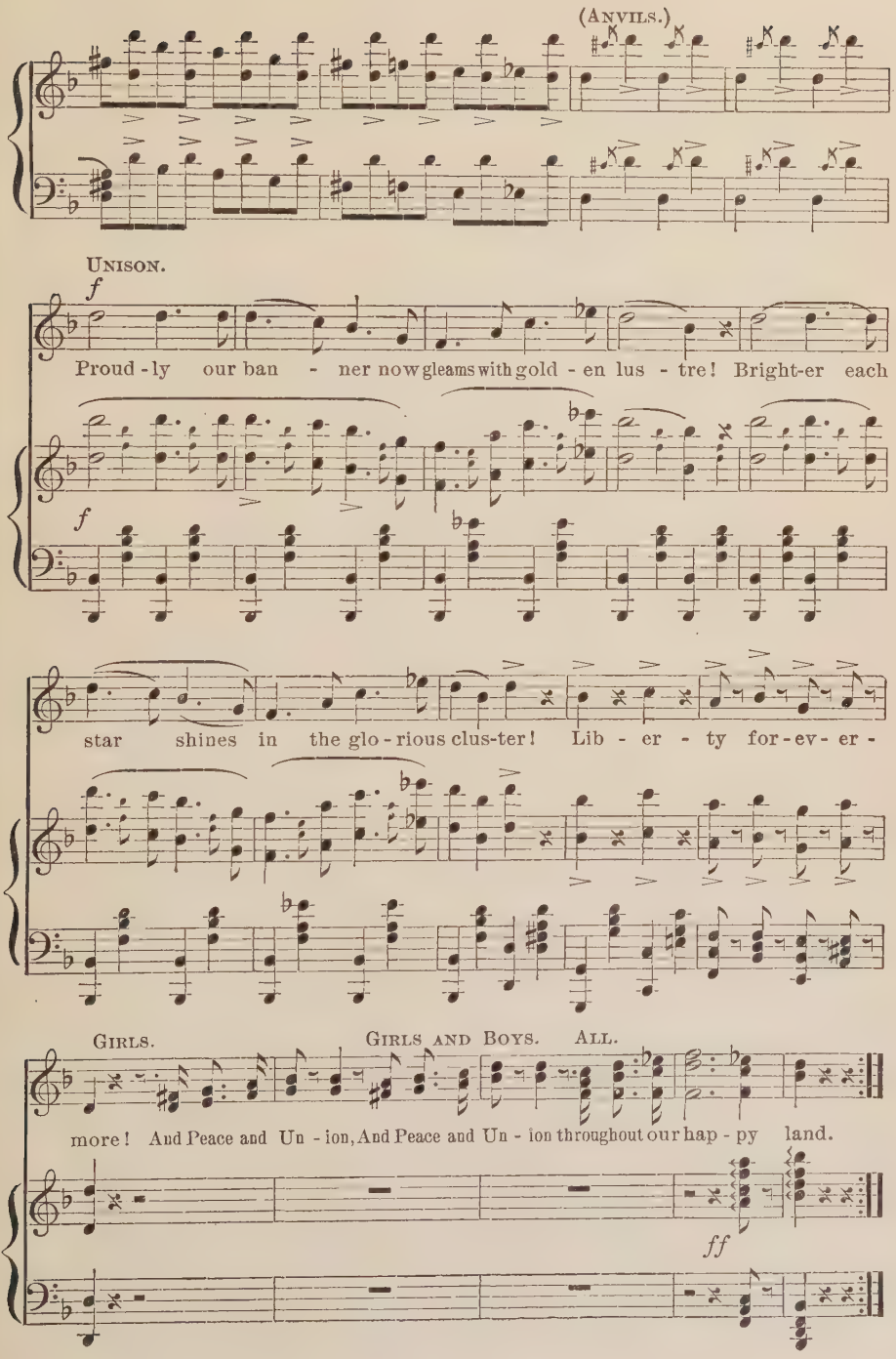

pure ce - les - tial white With streak-ings of the morn - ing light;
And striped its pure ce - les - tial white With streakings of the
morn - ing light. Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly, Sign of
hope and tri - umph high; Flag of the seas, on o - cean wave
Thy stars shall glit - ter o - - ver the brave, O - ver the brave.

GOD OF THE NATIONS.

Anvil Chorus, from "Il Trovatore."

VERDI.




(Anvils.)
Unison.
f
Proud-ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - tre! Bright-er each
f
star shines in the glo-rious clus-ter! Lib - er - ty for-ev-er-
Girls.
Girls and Boys.
All.
more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and Un - ion throughout our hap - py land.
ff

UNFURL THE STARRY FLAG.

LOUIE R. HELLER. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegro maestoso.

f

1. Un - furl the star - ry flag we love; O'er land and o - cean let it wave,
2. Fling out our ban-ner to the breeze! And let our sov'reign ea - gle bear
3. Lead on! lead on! o'er hill and plain, And o'er the blue fields of the sea,

To bear its mes-sage far and wide,—Hope to the fet - tered slave. .
And place it on the stainless peaks,—High in the up - per air; . .
From froz - en north to trop - ic heat,— Em-blem of Lib - er - ty! . .

Wher-e'er its am - ple folds are spread, A - shore or on the
That, look-ing from the vale be - low, The eyes of men may
While e - qual rights and e - qual laws, And truth and jus - tice

roll - ing sea, As blos - soms to the ge-nial sun. . . . . The
ev - er see A - far up - on the mountain height . . . . A
bide with thee; Up - held of loy - al hearts and hands . . . . For -

(ACCOMP.)

hearts of men turn lov - ing - ly, ... Flag of the brave and free!
bea - con to hu - man - i - ty, ... Flag of the brave and free!
ev - er shall thy glo - ry be, ... Flag of the brave and free!

ff *rit.* *ff*

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YANKEE DOODLE.

Vivace.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Captain Good - win, And
2. And there we saw a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And
3. And there was Captain Washing-ton Up - on a slap-ping stall - ion, A -
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They look'd so ver - y fine, ah! I

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
want - ed pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7 I see a little barrel, too,
Its heads all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
And hid in mother's chamber.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

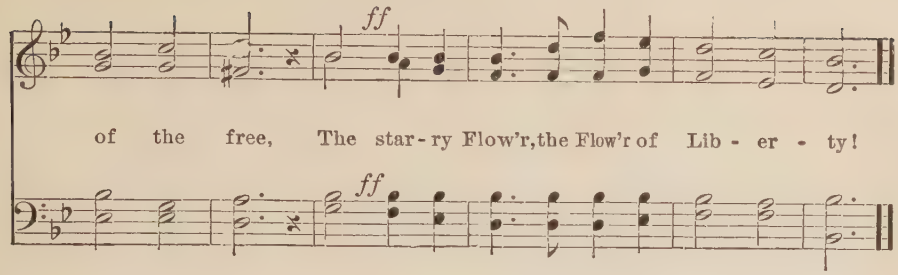
O. W. Holmes. Tune, "The Watch on the Rhine," Carl Wilhelm.

Maestoso.

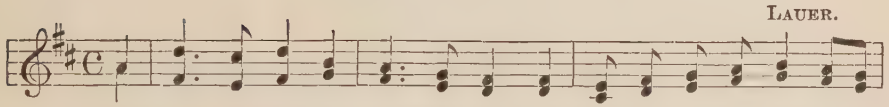
1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so fresh - ly born? With burn - ing star and flam - ing band It kindles all the sun - set land: O tell us what its name may be,—Is
2. In sav - age Na - ture's far a - bode Its ten - der seed our fa - thers sowed; The storm-winds rocked its swell - ing bud, Its op'ning leaves were streaked with blood, Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see The
3. Be - hold its streaming rays u - nite, One min-gling flood of braid - ed light,— The red that fires the south-ern rose, With spotless white from north-ern snows, And, span - gled o'er its az - ure, see The
4. The blades of he - roes fence it round, Wher-e'er it springs is ho - ly ground; From tower and dome its glo - ries spread; It waves where lonely sen - tries tread; It makes the land as o - cean free, And
5. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair Free-dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on dome and tower, To all their heav'n - ly col - ors true, In black-'ning frost or crim - son dew,— And God love us as we love thee, Thrice this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is, it is the ban - ner full-blown Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the ban - ner sis - ter Stars of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the ban - ner plants an em - pire on the sea! Then hail, then hail the ban - ner ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the ban - ner

mf *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

From Book IV, "American Music System."

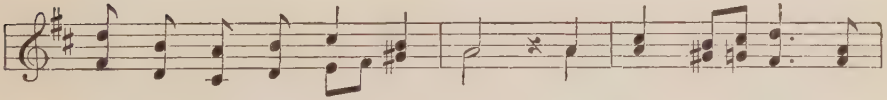


OUR OWN LAND.

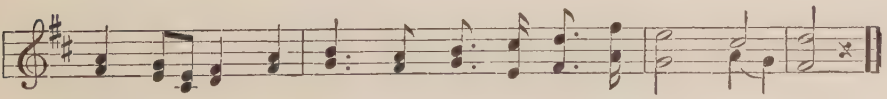


1. Know ye the land so wondrous fair, Where graceful elms ma-jes - tic
2. Know ye the land where, ev - 'ry mile, A schoolhouse doth on chil - dren
3. We hail thee, land so strong and grand, Be - fore all oth-ers on the

wreath, The land where in the az - ure air Grow
smile, And e - qual rights pro - tect each man, And
earth; Where kings no more have will or sway, And



lus - cious fruits o'er wood and heath? That bless - ed land is
on free speech there is no ban? That bless - ed land is
ev - 'ry soul is free from birth. That bless - ed land is



our own land, It is our own be - lov - ed fa - ther - land.

From Book II, "American Music System."

HAIL TO THAT HAPPY LAND.

♩ = 108.

From "The Potentate," a comic opera by F. R. Rix and F. A. Wilcox.

ff *sf* *sf* *fz*

1. { Hail to that hap - py land, where freedom holds her sway; Where the
Loud sound the prais - es of that land we hold so dear; For A -

f

ship of hu-man lib - er - ty Sails proudly on her way. (*Omit* . . .)
mer - i - ca, that name beloved, Ring loudly, loudly (*Omit* . . . .) cheer on cheer.

Copyright by F. R. Rix and F. A. Wilcox.
For orchestral accompaniment apply to publishers.

Solo first time. Cho. second time.

Then hur-rah . . . for dear A-mer-i-ca! Sweet land . . . of the

A little slower.

1st time p
2d time f

rit.

free; And na - - tions far shall ev-'rywhere Give hon-or

rit.

a tempo.

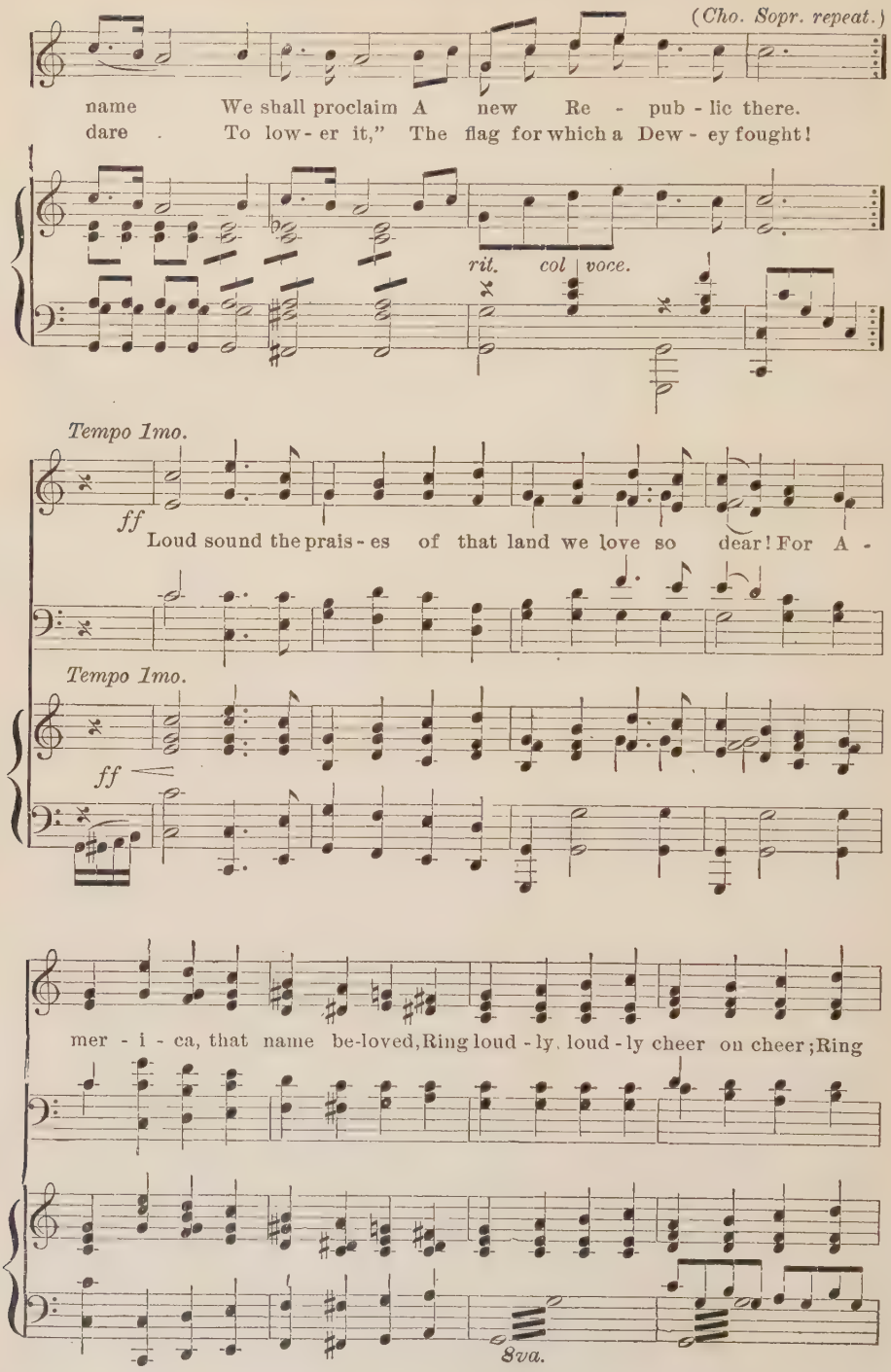
due to thee, un-to thee. * { Thy star-ry flag o'er Cu-ba's / We'll raise thy flag on sea-girt

col voce.

a tempo.

isle . . Shall now ex-tend its fost'ring care; In free-dom's
isles, . By glorious blood of he-roes bought; "And who shall

* Use the words that are preferred.


(Cho. Sopr. repeat.)
name We shall proclaim A new Re - pub - lic there.
dare To low - er it," The flag for which a Dew - ey fought!
rit. col voce.
Tempo 1mo.
ff
Loud sound the prais - es of that land we love so dear! For A -
Tempo 1mo.
ff
mer - i - ca, that name be-loved, Ring loud - ly, loud - ly cheer on cheer; Ring
8va.

loud - ly cheer on . . . . . cheer. . . . .

loud -ly cheer on cheer, Ring loudly cheer on cheer. . . .

con 8va.

FREEDOM.

K. Groos.

Slowly and with feeling.

mf

1. { Free - dom, we a - dore thee, Thou all hearts doth warm. }
   { Come in all thy glo - ry, Dear an - gel - ic form. }
2. { Let thy in - spi - ra - tion, In our hearts im - pressed, }
   { Reach the throne of feel - ing Deep with - in the breast. }

mf

sf

Now be - stow thy bless - ing On a down - trod world,
Then for right and hon - or, Armed with cour - age high,

sf

f

Be thy star - ry ban - ner Ev - 'ry - where un - furled.
In thy name we'll con -quer, Dare to do and die.

f

From Book III, "American Music System."

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. "President's March," arr. by F. R. RIX.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land, Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de -
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let . . Wash - ing -
4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his

heav'n born band; Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who
fend your shore! Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let
ton's great name Ring through the world with loud ap-plause, Ring
coun - try stands— The rock on which the storm will beat; The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im - pious hand In - vade the shrine where
through the world with loud ap - plause; Let ev - 'ry clime to
rock on which the storm will beat. But armed in vir - tue

war was gone En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well - earned prize. While
Free - dom dear, . . . Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you. When

in - de - pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost!
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust. That
e - qual skill and God-like pow'r, He gov-erned in the fear-ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, And glooms obscur'd Co - lum-bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

EARLY TO BED.

ROUND.

1

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise,

2

Makes a man health - y and wealth - y and wise,

3

Wise, health - y and wealth - - y.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Sir Walter Scott. Sanderson.

Maestoso.

1. Hail to the chief, who in tri - umph ad-van - ces, Hon-or'd and blessed be the ev - er - green pine! Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces, Flour-ish, the shel - ter and grace of our line. Hail to the chief, who in tri - umph ad -van - ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev - er- green pine! Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces, Flour-ish, the shel- ter and
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bel-tane, in win- ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev - 'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Al - pine ex - ult in her shade. Ours is no sapling, chance- sown by the foun - tain, Blooming at Bel - tane, in win - ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Al - pine ex -
3. Row, vas-sals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ev - er - green pine! Oh, that the rose - bud that gra - ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar - land a-round him to twine! Row, vas - sals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the ev - er-green pine! Oh, that the rose-bud that gra - ces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a -

Allegro.

grace of our line. Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new;
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock,
round him to twine! O that some seedling gem, Wor-thy such no - ble stem,

Gai - ly to bour- geon and broad-ly to grow; While ev - 'ry highland glen,
Firm-er he roots him, the rud - er it blow; Men-teith and Bread-al-bane,
Hon-or'd and bless'd in their shad-ow might grow! Loud should Clan-Al-pine then,

Sends our shout back a- gain, "Rod-er- igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ech - o his praise a- gain, "Rod-er- igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ring from her deep-most glen, "Rod-er- igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

MAY DOES EVERY FRAGRANCE BRING.

1 ♩ = 100. ROUND. Dr. Hayes.

May . . . . does ev - - 'ry fra - grance bring,
All . . . . the ver - - nal bloom . . of Spring;

2

Hap - - py birds . . in grate - ful notes,
Pour . . . their praise through tune - ful throats;

3

Blush - ing flow'rs in beau - ty rise, Dif -
fus - ing o - dors to . . the skies.

ODE FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

DANIEL GEORGE. HORATIO GARNET. Arr. by F. R. RIX.

1. 'Tis done! the e - dict past, by heav'n . . de - creed, And
2. See haugh - ty Brit - ain, send - ing hosts . . of foes, With
3. Pale ter - ror march-es on with sol - - emn stride; Corn -

TENORS. (OR SOPRANOS.)

Han - cock's name confirms the glo - rious deed. On this aus-pi-cious
ven - - geance armed, our freedom to op - pose, But Washington the
wal - - lis trem-bles, Britain's boast-ed pride; He and his arm-ed

BASSES. (OR ALTOS.)

S. A.

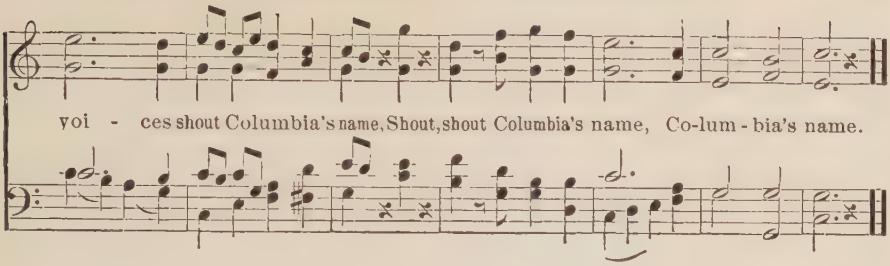
morn Was In - de-pen-dence born, Pro - pi - tious day! Hail the U - ni - ted
great Dispelled im-pend-ing fate, And spurned each plan; A - mer-i-cans, com-
hosts Sur - ren-der all their posts To Wash-ing - ton, The friend of lib - er-

T. B.

CHORUS. *ff*

States of blest A - mer - i - ca! Fly, fly, fly, swift wing'd fame, The news, . .
bine to hail the God - like man.
ty, Columbia's fav - 'rite son.

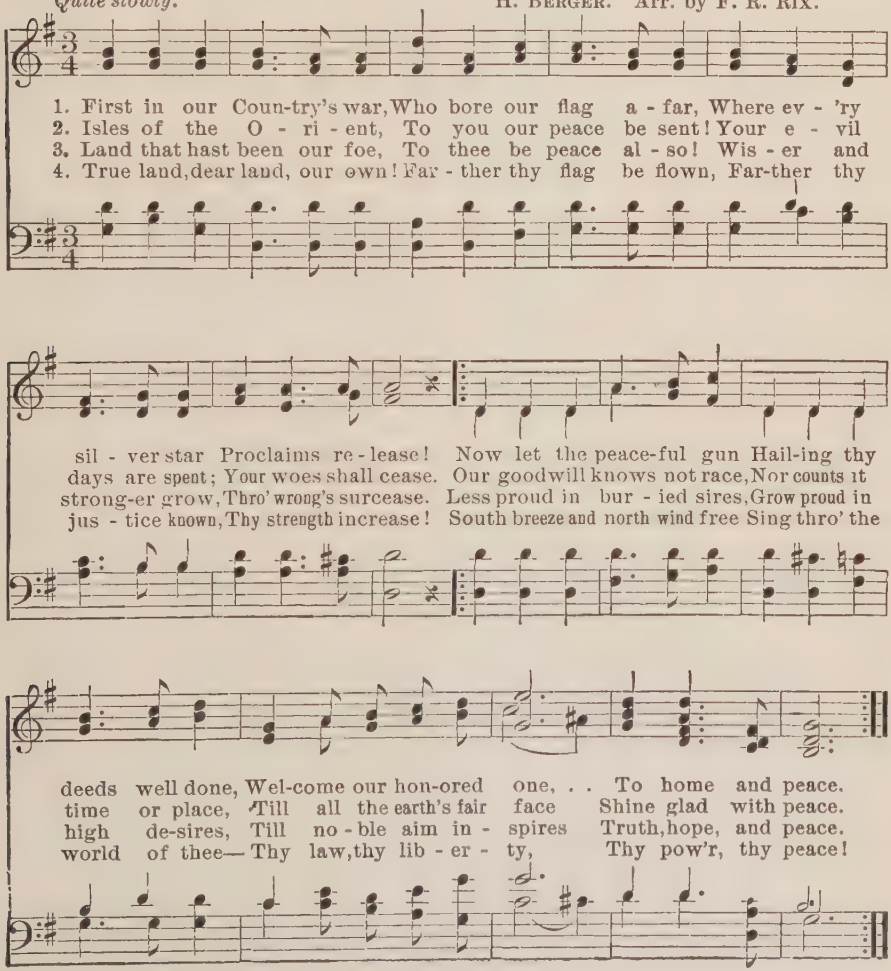
. . the news proclaim From shore to shore; Let can-nons roar, And joy - ful



WELCOME TO A HERO.

W. H. Frost.
Quite slowly.

Air, "The Hawaian National Hymn."
H. Berger. Arr. by F. R. Rix.



THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

D. T. Shaw.

1. O Co-lum - bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, . . . The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make he - roes as - semble, When Lib-er - ty's form stands in view; . . . . Thy
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threat-ened the land to de - form, . . The ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar-lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, ... With her
3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev-er, Our glo - ri - ous nation's sweet hymn; . May the wreaths it has won nev - er with-er, Nor the star of its glo - ry grow dim! May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But they to her col - ors prove true! . . . The

banners make tyr - anny trem - ble, . . When borne by the red, white, and blue. . . .
flag proudly floating be-fore her, . . The boast of the red, white, and blue. . .
ar-my and na - vy for - ev - er! . . Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. . . .

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue, . . When borne by the red, white, and blue. . . . Thy
The boast of the red, white, and blue, . . The boast of the red, white, and blue, . . With her
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, . . Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, . . The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem - ble, . When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, . . The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ar - my and na-vy for - ev - er! . Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

COME, FOLLOW.

ROUND.

HILTON.

1

Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me!

2

Whither shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, whither shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?

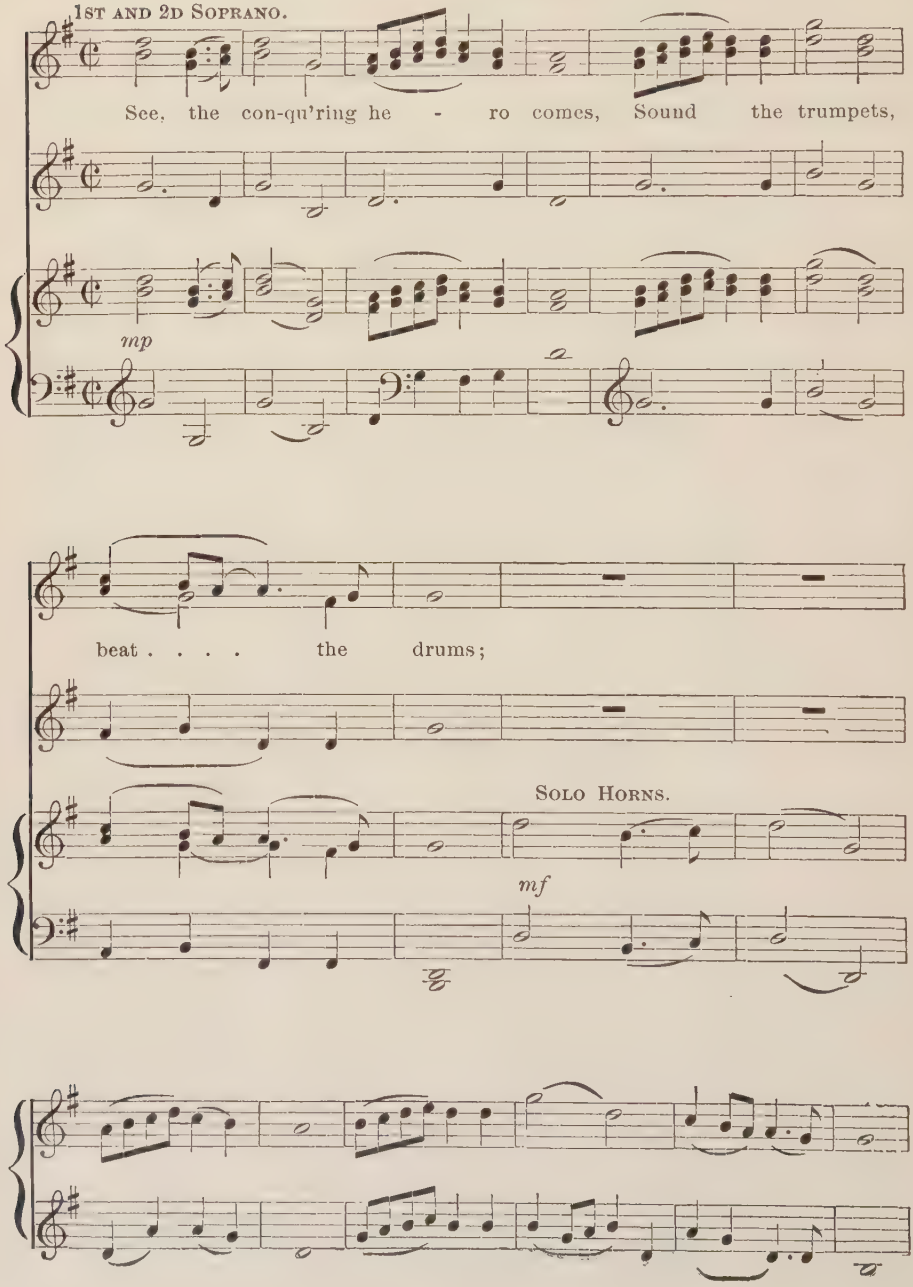
3

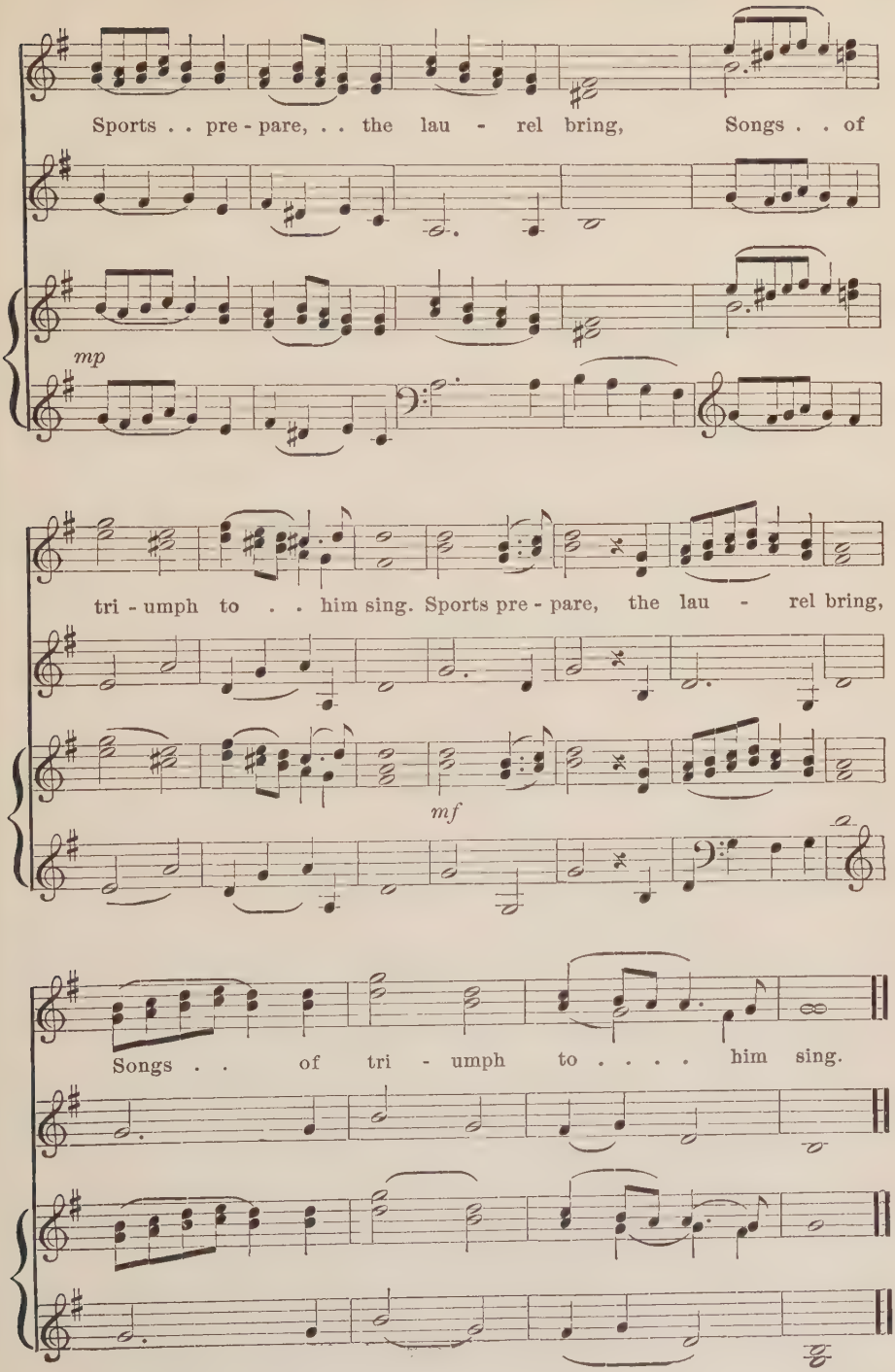
To the green-wood, to the green-wood, To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

From HANDEL'S "Judas Maccabæus."




Sports . . pre - pare, . . the lau - rel bring, Songs . . of
mp
tri - umph to . . him sing. Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel bring,
mf
Songs . . of tri - umph to . . . . him sing.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, ... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. And... where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the
4. Oh,.... thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

2*a*. And.. war's clam - ors o'er, with her man - tle hath Peace Once a

proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad
foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A.....
tween their loved homes and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with

gain, in its folds, the.... na - tion en-shroud - ed; Let no

stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight O'er the ram - parts we
that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has washed
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

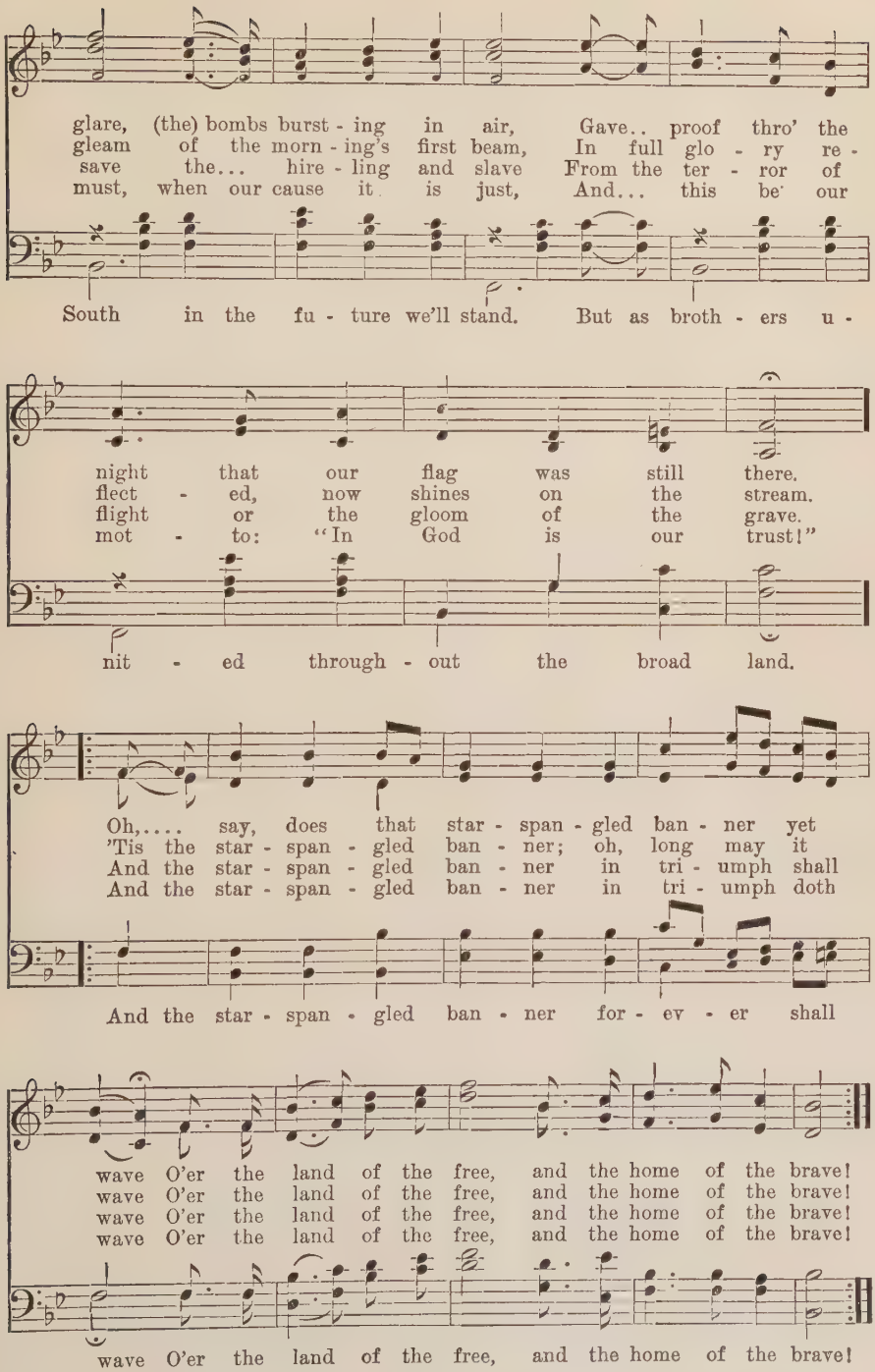
frat - ri - cide hand up - lift - ed e'er be, The.. glo - ry to

watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock - ets' red
blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion! No.... ref - uge could
made and pre - served us a na - tion! Then.. con - quer we

dim which.. now is un - cloud - ed. Not as North or as

NOTE.—The stanza numbered 2*a* was written for the Great Peace Jubilee, held at Boston in 1872, where it was sung by a chorus of 10,000 voices.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



THERE'S A GREAT AND HAPPY COUNTRY.

F. H. STUNTZMANN.

f

1. There's a great and hap - py coun - try, Where the west - ern me - teors
2. To that great and hap - py coun - try, All th' oppressed of earth have
3. Hail to thee, O bless - ed coun - try, And thy heav'n - ap-point - ed

BASS OR ALTO.

fall, And the sun of ev - 'ry cli - mate Sheds his ra- diance o - ver
fled, For her sires, in ear - lier a - ges, For their lib - er - ties have
clime, And the pow'r that gave thee be - ing, And thy mis- sion all sub -

mf *cres.* *f*

all. Ev - 'ry val - ley yields its treas - ures,
bled; And their sons will keep their hon - or
lime! Ev - 'ry na - tion do thee hom - age,

Ev - 'ry val - ley yields its treas - ures,
And their sons will keep their hon - or
Ev - 'ry na - tion do thee hom - age,

Ev - 'ry
All op -
Ev - 'ry

p

Ev - 'ry hill - top gold, Ev - 'ry stream - let turns a
Till the day of doom. All op - press - ors flee a - -
Ev - 'ry peo - ple praise, Ev - 'ry peo - ple sing thy

Ev - 'ry
All op -
Ev - 'ry

mur - m'ring rill, Ev - 'ry stream - - let, Ev - 'ry stream - let turns a
press - ors flee! All op - press - - ors, All op - press - ors flee a -
peo - ple praise, Ev - 'ry peo - - ple, Ev - 'ry peo - ple sing thy

mill, Ev - 'ry stream-let turns a
way! All op-press - ors flee a -
praise, Ev - 'ry peo - ple sing thy

mur - m'ring rill, Ev - 'ry stream - - let, Ev - 'ry stream - let turns a
press - ors flee! All op - press - - ors, All op - press - ors flee a -
peo - ple praise, Ev - 'ry peo - - ple, Ev - 'ry peo - ple sing thy

f

mill. And her riv - ers laugh in lus - ty song,
way! And her laws will all be e - - qual;
praise! Vir - tue fill thy homes with plen - - ty,

f

Wealth of arts and har - vest
And the op - pressed of all
For the Lord has made thy

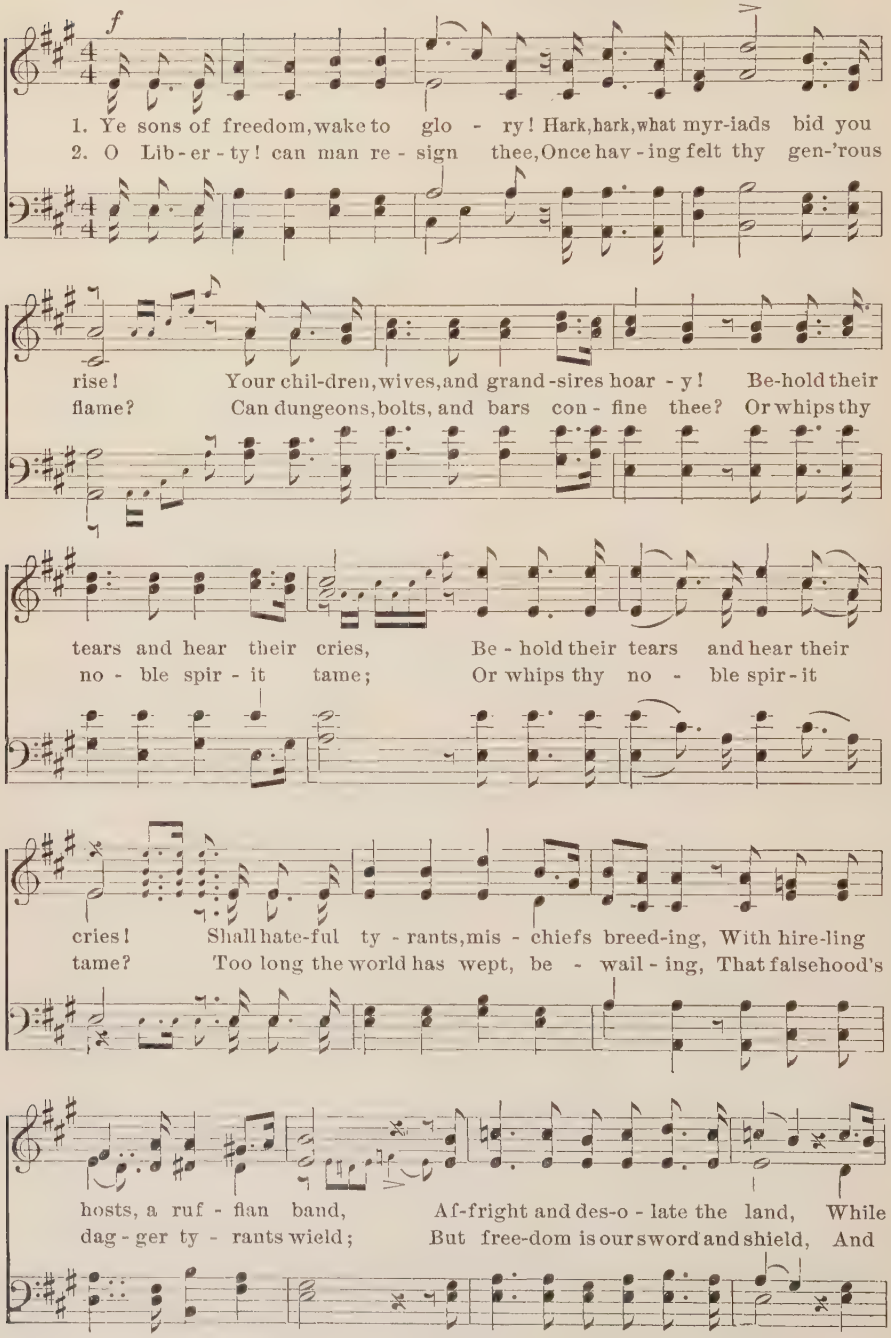
Bear - ing all her wealth a - long, Wealth of arts . . . . and har - vest
All her chil-dren will be free; And th' op - pressed . . . of all the
Val - or win from jus - tice, peace, For the Lord . . . . has made thy

Wealth of arts and har - vest
And th' op-pressed of all the
For the Lord has made thy

glo - ry, glo - ry, Bear - ing all her wealth a - long.
na - tions, na - tions, And their chil - dren shall be free!
glo - ry, glo - ry: Plen - ty, vir - tue, jus - tice, peace!

THE MARSEILLAISE.

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.



peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing! To arms, to arms, ye
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing! To arms, to arms, ye

brave! The free - men's sword unsheath! March on, March

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

CHAIRS TO MEND.

CATCH.

1

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or cane - bot-tom'd old

2

chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New Mack - er - el, new

Mack - er - el, new Mack - er - el, new Mack - er - el.

3

Old rags, an - y old rags, take mon- ey for your old

rags, an - y hare skins or rab - bit skins.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

MEMORIAL ODE.

WM. COLLINS. F. R. RIX.

Andante.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wish-es

blest! How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wish-es blest!

S. AND A. S. S. AND A.

When Spring, with dew - y fin - gers cold, re-turns to deck their hal - lowed

mould, She then shall dress a sweeter sod than Fancy's feet have ev - er trod.

UNISON.

By fai - ry hands their knell is rung, By forms un - seen their dirge is

sung; There Hon - or comes, a pil - grim gray, To bless the

S. AND A. *f*

turf that wraps their clay. And Free - dom, Free - dom shall a -

f

while re - pair, To dwell a weep-ing her - mit there, To

dwell, . . . a weep-ing her - mit there, a weep-ing her - mit there.

rall.

dwell, to dwell a weep-ing her - mit there, . . a her - mit there.

TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.

ROUND.

1 2 3

Turn again, Whit-tington, Thou worthy cit - i-zen, Lord Mayor of Lon - don.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. Randall. German Air.

1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Thy
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Thou
3. I see no blush up-on thy cheek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Tho'
4. I hear the dis-tant thun-der hum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! The

beam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Re-
wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Bet-
thou wast ev-er brave-ly meek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! For
Old Line bu-gle, fife, and drum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Come

mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-mem-ber Howard's war-like thrust, And
ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv-al-ry re-veal, And
to thine own he-ro-ic throng, That stalks with Lib-er-ty a-long, And

all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
ring thy daunt-less slo-gan song, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. KINKEL.

1. Ah, love, must I now leave thee, One last fond kiss I give thee, But think, what-e'er be - falls me My coun - try 'tis that calls me. Fare -
2. I may no more be - hold thee, Or to my breast may fold thee, I see the foe ap - pear - ing, Their bat - tle line is near-ing.
3. I think of thee with long - ing, While tears mine eyes are thronging, And when I'm wound-ed ly - ing Thy name I'll breathe while dy - ing.

CHORUS.

well, fare-well, my dear - est love, Fare-well, fare - well, my dear - est love.

GERMAN.

1 Weh' ász wir scheiden müssen!
Lasz dich noch einmal küssen!
Ich musz an Kaiser's Seiten
In's falsche Welschland reiten.

CHO.—Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl,
Mein armes Lieb,
Fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl,
Mein armes Lieb!

2 Ich werd' auf Maienauen
Dich niemals wiederschauen,
Der Feinde grimme Schaaren
Sie Kommen angefahren.

3 Ich denk' an dich mit Sehnen,
Gedenk' auch mein mit Thränen!
Wenn meine Augen brechen,
Will ich zuletzt noch sprechen;

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

Words adapted by F. R. Rix. Tune of 16th century.

In quick-step time.

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
   Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as (*Omit . . . .*)
2. Wher - ev - er du - ty leads them, Their dead - ly ri - fles gleam, They
   fol - low without flunk-ing, They swim the fa - tal (*Omit . . . .*)
3. And when the war is o - ver, They home-ward will re - turn, And
   towns-men cry, Hur-rah! lads, Here come our sol - dier (*Omit . . . .*)
4. Now let us fill a bum-per, And drink a health to those Who
   wear the dust - y Kha - ki Wher-e'er the ban - ner (*Omit . . . .*)

these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none can coun - ter -
stream; With mau-sers and ma - chine guns They drive the lurk - ing
boys; Here come our sol - dier boys, my lads, Who know no doubts or
goes; May they and their com - mand - ers Re - ceive in - creas - ing

sf

poise, Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, Our own brave sol - dier boys.
foe, Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, Thro' the jun - gle dark they go.
fears, Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, And give three heart - y cheers.
joys, With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, For our bold, brave sol - dier boys.

sf

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Sicilian Air.

Moderato.

1. { Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam,
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place (*Omit.* .) like home;
2. { An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain;
Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd cot-tage (*Omit.* .) a - gain.

f

{ A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with (*Omit.* . .) else-where;
The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my call—
Give me these, with the peace of mind dear-er (*Omit.* . .) than all.

430619

pp *f*

Home, home,—sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

pp *f*

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

REFRAIN.

4 To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

REFRAIN.

SWANEE RIVER.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

mp *p*

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wandered When I was young,
When I was play-ing with my brud-der, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
When shall I hear de bees a - hummin' All round de comb?

Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Still longing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man-y hap - py days I squander'd Man - y de songs I sung;
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad-ly to my mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When shall I hear de ban - jo tummin' Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

p

All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - 'ry-where I roam;

Oh! dar-kies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by F. R. RIX.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home; 'Tis summer, the darkies are
2. young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and
3. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-
The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherev-er the dark-y may
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be

gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
bright; By'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, (*Omit. . .*)
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, (*Omit. . .*)
go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the
light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, (*Omit. . .*)

1 2

birds make music all the day. The Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!
bench by the old cab-in door. The Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!
field where the su-gar canes grow. A Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

* Use small notes for three-part song, unchanged voices.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by F. R. RIX.

1. { Round de meadows am a ring - ing De darkies' mournful song;
{ Where de i - vy am a creep - in' O'er de grass-y mound,

While de mockin' bird am sing - in', Happy as de day am long.
Dere ole massa am a sleep - in', Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn-ful

sound. All de dar-kies am a weep - in',

dat mourn-ful sound,

All but last verse. *Last verse.*

Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground. ground.

All but last verse. *Last verse.*

2 When de autumn leaves are falling,
When de days are cold,
'Twas hard to hear ole massa callin',
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange trees are bloomin'
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days are comin',
Massa nebber calls no more. CHO.

3 Massa make de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind.
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mournin' cayse he leave dem behind.
I can't work before tomorrow,
Cayse de teardrop flow,
I must drive away my sorrow
Pickin' on de ole banjo. CHO.

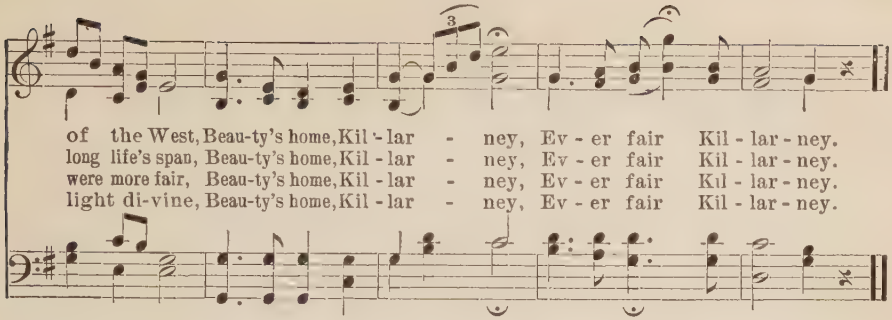
KILLARNEY.

M. W. Balfe's last song.

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and wood-land dells, Mem-'ry ev - er fond-ly strays, Bounteous na-ture loves all lands, Beau-ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on man - y strands,
2. In - nis-fal-len's ru-ined shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can ne'er de - cline Such God's wonders float-ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen-a bay; Mountains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver-dure broid-ers or be-sprints, Vir-gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
4. Mu-sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo - ny; Man-y-voiced the cho - rus swells, 'Til it faints in ec - sta - sy. With the charmful tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know,

rall. *dim. pp*

But her home is sure - ly there! Angels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Tho' the monks are now at rest, An-gels won-der not that man There would fain pro -
Smil-ing win-ter's frown a - way, An-gels oft-en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky, Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante. 1st Verse pp, 2d Verse ff.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; . . So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; . . And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: . Thus Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives . . Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

Moderato. ♪ = 90. NELSON.

1. I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love-song to the morn; I have
2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness, too, Though thy

seen the dew-drops cling-ing To the rose just newly born; But a sweet-er song has
step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sun-ny hue, Still to me wilt thou be

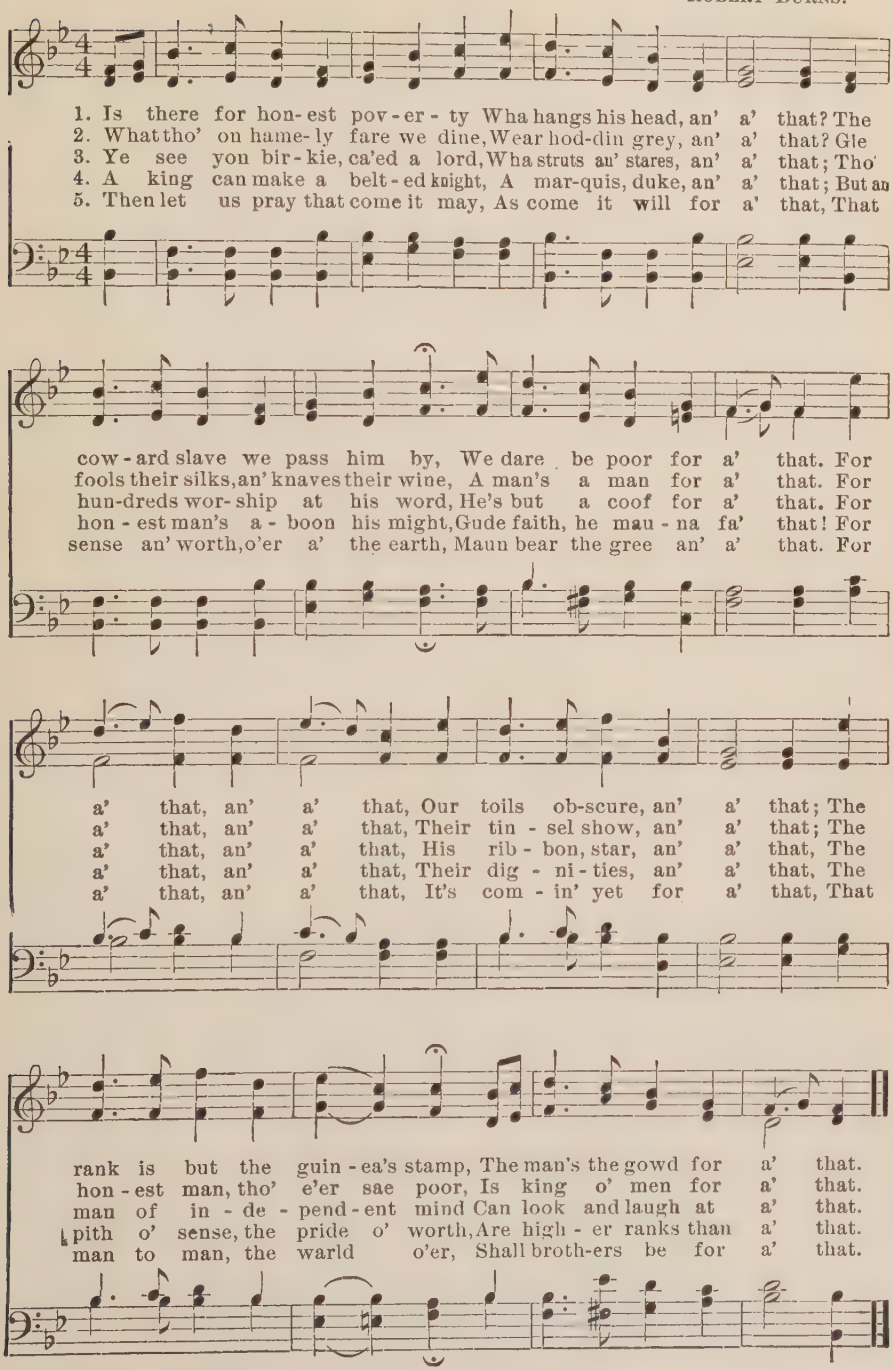
cheer'd me At the eve-ning's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the
dear-er Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beau-ty, But

dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine artless, winning
not for that a-lone. I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the

smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
wile That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.



FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

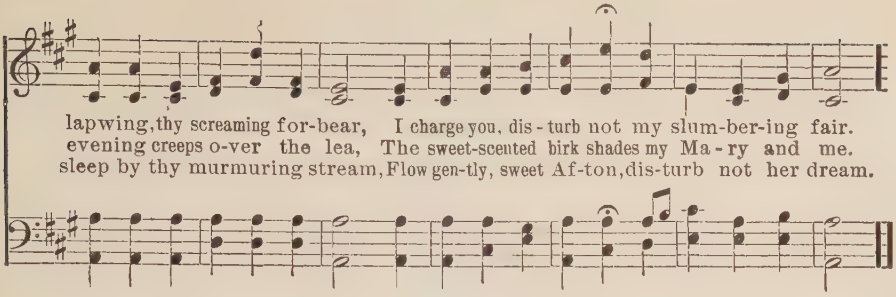
ROBERT BURNS. J. E. SPILMAN.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neighboring hills, Far marked with the courses of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where my

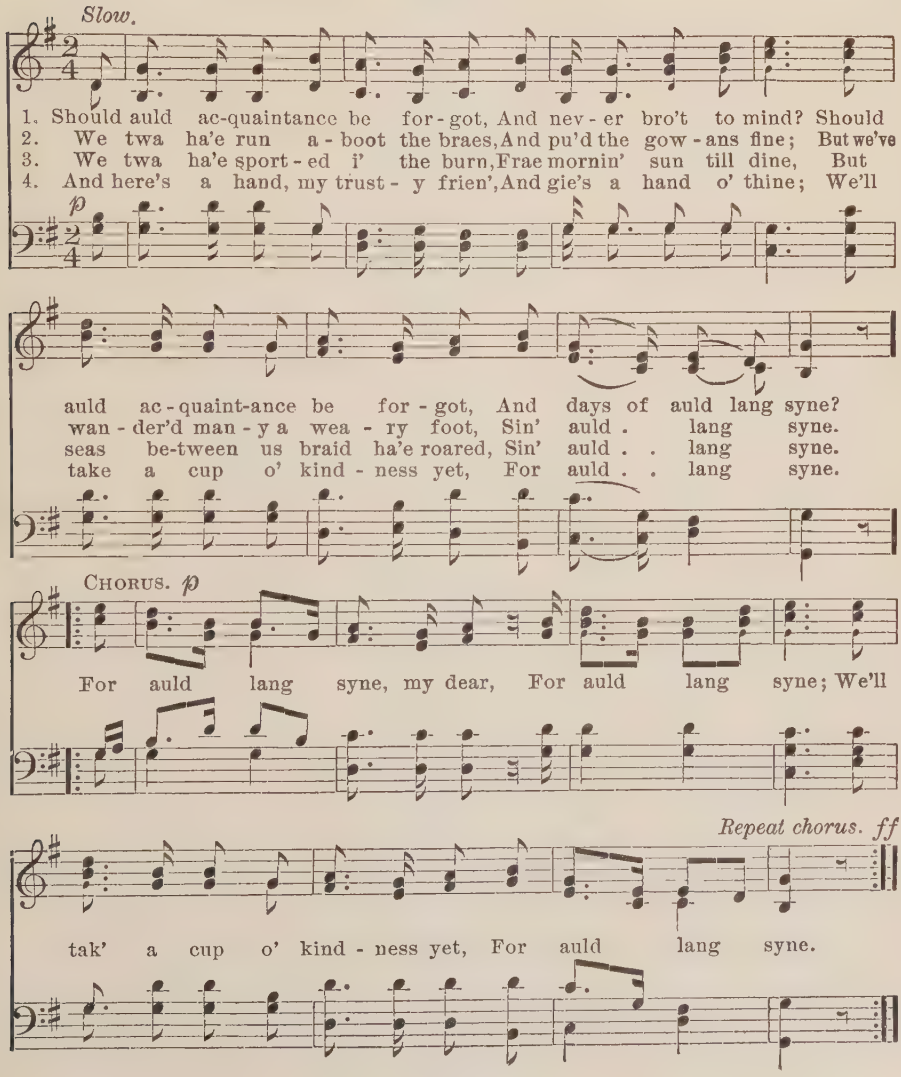
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by the murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-winding rills; There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks, and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-



AULD LANG SYNE.



COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

R. Burns. Harmonized by Frank R. Rix.

Allegretto.

Trio.

1. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' thro' the rye,
2. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the town,
3. Mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly lo'e my-sel', But

f *p*

Gin a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die,
Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die,

what's his name or whaur his hame I din-na care to tell. Il-ka las-sie has her lad-die,

f *pp* *rit.* *a tempo.*

Nane, they say, thae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye.

Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

T. MOORE.

Not slowly.

1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
2. The minstrel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un-der; The

fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him.
harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-sun-der, And

"Land of Song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-trays thee, One
said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav-'ry! Thy

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound in sla-v'ry."

BONNIE DOON.

ROBERT BURNS. JAMES MILLER.

Air written in Gaelic scale (4 and 7 wanting).

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
2. Oft hae I roved by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine;

How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, fu' o' care.
And il-ka bird sang o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine.

D.S. *Ye mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.*
D.S. *But my fause lov-er stole my rose, And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.*

FINE.

D.S.

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds, That wan-ton thro' the flow-'ry thorn;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn-y tree;

GREAT TOM IS CAST.

ROUND.

♩ = 112.

H. LAWES.

1 2 3

Great Tom is cast, and Christ Church bells ring,

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Tom comes last.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

SONG WITH (AD LIB.) CHORUS.

THOMSON. Dr. ARNE (1710–1778).

UNISON.

1. When Bri-tain first . . at Heav'n's com-mand A-rose . . . . from out the
2. The na-tions not . . so blest as thee, Must in . . . their turn to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. The mu-ses still . . with free-dom found Shall to . . . thy hap-py

az - ure main, a - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, must in their turn, must in their turn to ty - rants fall.
for - eign stroke, more dread-ful, dread-ful, dread-ful from each for-eign stroke,
coast re-pair, shall to thy hap-py coast, thy hap-py coast re - pair,

This was the charter, the char-ter of the land, And guar-dian an - gels sang the strain.
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flour-ish great and free, The dread and en - vy of them all.
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the sky, Serves but to root thy na-tive oak.
Blest Isle with beauty, with match-less beau-ty crown'd And man-ly hearts to guard the fair.

1st time SOLO, *2d time* CHORUS.

never, never, nev-er

Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, Bri-tons nev-er, nev-er shall be slaves.

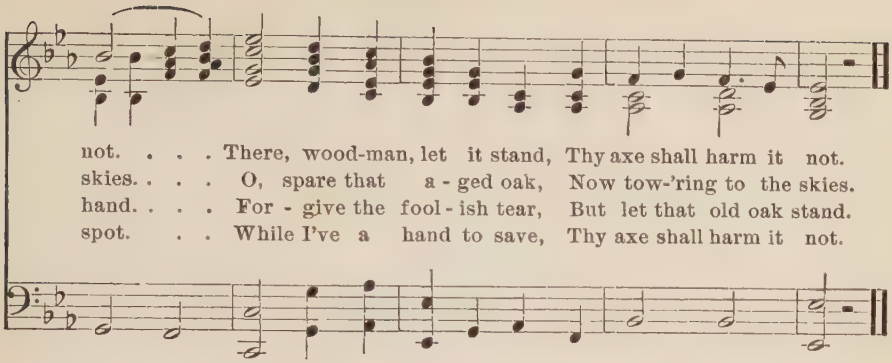
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Geo. P. Morris. F. R. Rix.

Unison.

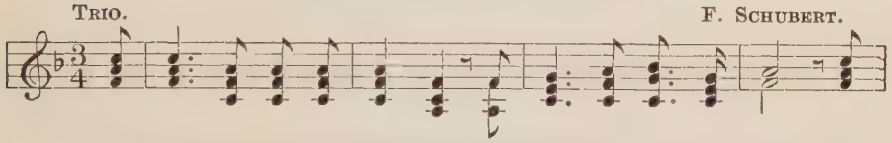
1. Wood - man, . . spare that tree, . . Touch not a sin-gle bough; In youth it shel-tered me, And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa-ther's hand That placed it near his cot;
2. That old, fa - mil - iar tree . . Whose glo - ry and re- nown Are spread o'er land and sea, And would'st thou hack it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy stroke, Cut not its earth bound ties;
3. When but an i - dle boy . . I sought its grate-ful shade; In all their gush-ing joy, Here, too, my sis - ters played. My moth - er kissed me here, My fa-ther pressed my hand;
4. My heart - strings round thee cling, . . Close as thy bark, old friend; Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branch - es bend. Old tree, the storm still brave! And wood-man, leave the spot;

There, wood -man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it
O, spare that a - ged oak, Now tow - 'ring to the
For - give the fool - ish tear, But let that old oak
While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it

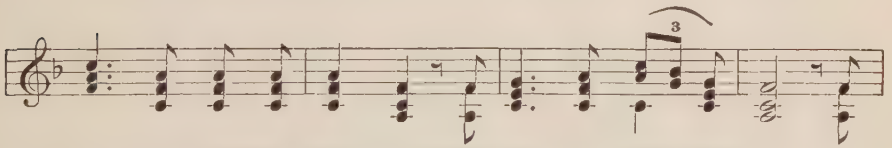


THE LINDEN TREE.

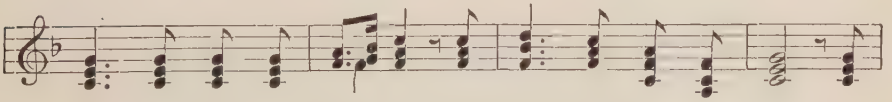
TRIO. F. SCHUBERT.



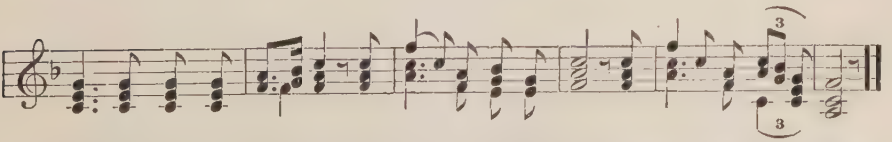
1. Be - side the gate and well-spring, There stands a lin - den high, And
2. Oft thith - er did I wan - der When gloom-y night was nigh, In
3. Hark! hear the strong winds blow- ing, A - cross the lin - den high! Are



'neath its spread-ing branch - es What hap - py dreams dream'd I! Its
qui - et rest - ful dark - ness To close my eyes and sigh. I
flee - cy clouds still flow - ing A - long the dis - tant sky? Ah!



hard, true bark I've gra - ven With ma - ny a lov - ing sign. In
heard its branch - es rus - tle As though they sang to me, "Lie
still that friend - ly lin - den, Though far a - way from me, Sends



weal or woe I has-ten Forth to that linden mine, Forth to that linden mine.
down, my dearest comrade, "Sweet rest I'll give to thee, Sweet rest I'll give to thee."
to my heart the message, "Sweet rest I'll give to thee, Sweet rest I'll give to thee."

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SING, SING FOR THE OAK-TREE.

MARY HOWITT. F. R. RIX.

1. Sing, sing for the oak - tree, the mon-arch of the wood;
2. The oak - tree was an a - corn once, and fell up - on the earth; And
3. The winds came and the rain fell, the gust - y tem-pest blew; All,

Sing, sing for the oak-tree, that grow-eth green and good, . . That
sun and show-ers nour-ished it, and gave the oak - tree birth; The
all were friends to the oak - tree, and strong-er yet it grew. . The

grow - eth broad and branch - ing with - in the for - est shade; That
lit - tle sprout-ing oak - tree, two leaves it had at first, Till
boy that saw the a - corn fall, he fee - ble grew and gray! But the

grow - eth now and still shall grow when we are low - ly laid.
sun and show - er nour - ished it, then out the branch-es burst.
oak was still a thriv - ing tree, and strength-ened ev - 'ry day.

HARK! THE LARK!

Wm. Shakespeare. F. Schubert.

Brightly and with marked accent. Arr. by F. R. Rix.

p

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chal - iced flow'rs that lies, On chal- iced flow'rs that lies; And wink-ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry-thing that pret - ty is, My la - dy, sweet a - rise. A - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise! A - rise, a - rise, . . . My la - dy sweet, a - rise!

1st Soprano *silent.*

Add 1st Soprano.

rall. *a tempo.*

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING.

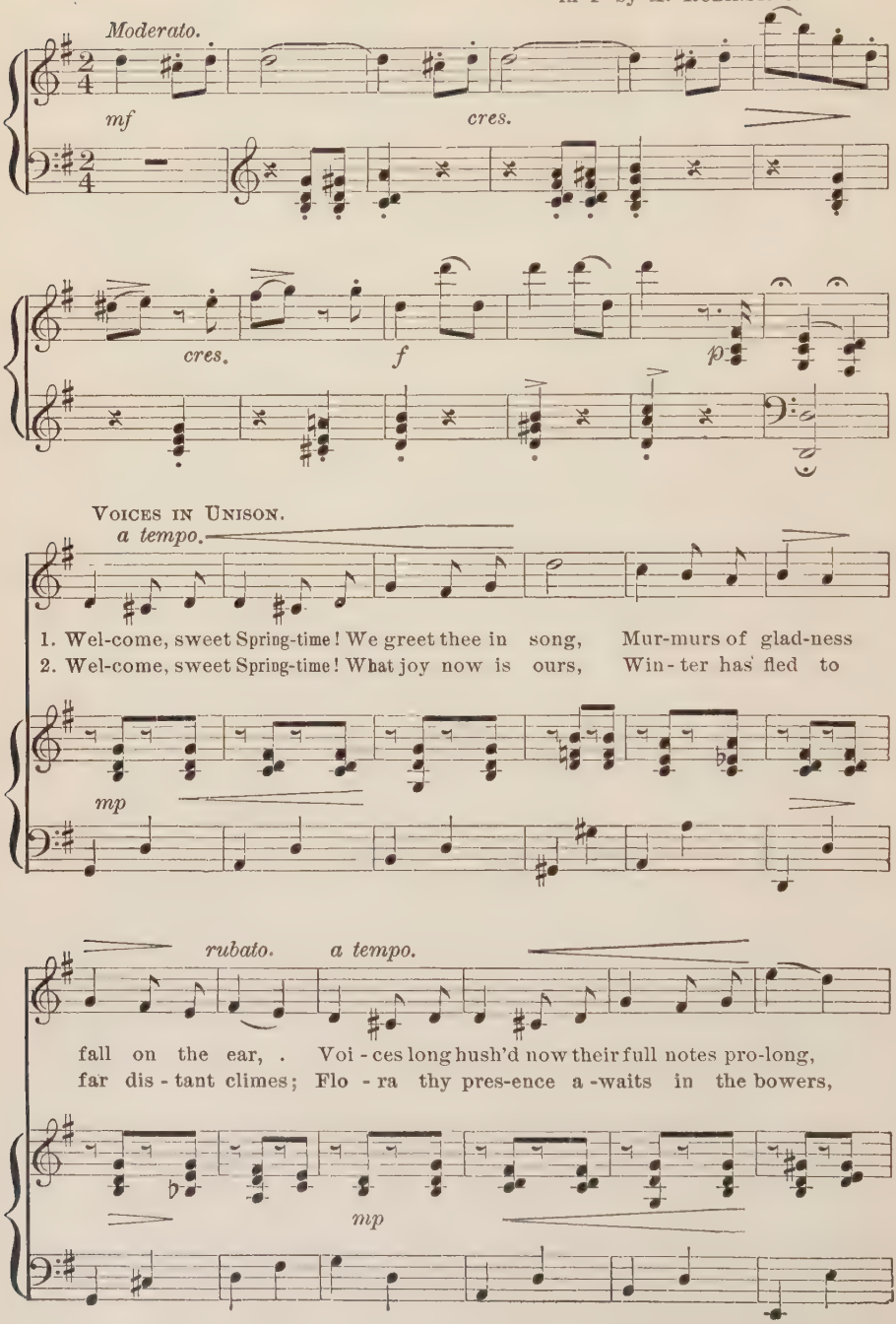
Moderately.

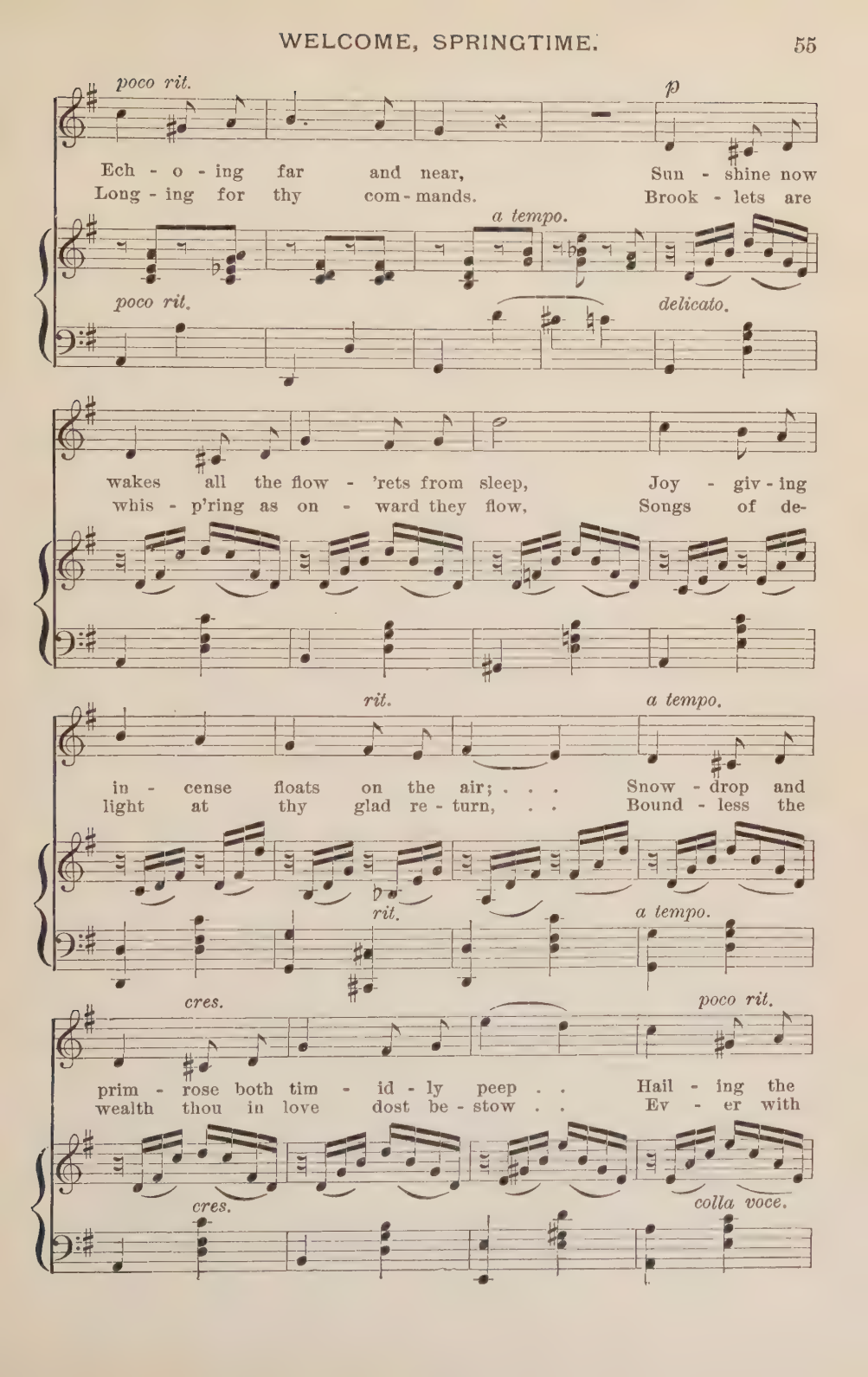
1. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo sings in the glen, Let us be sing - ing, Loud voi - ces ring - ing, Spring, gay spring, has come a - gain.
2. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo stops not his song; Come to the thick - et, Home of the crick - et, Spring, gay spring, do come a - long.
3. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, here now be gay; What did you sing us? Spring you did bring us, Win - ter, win - ter drive a - way.

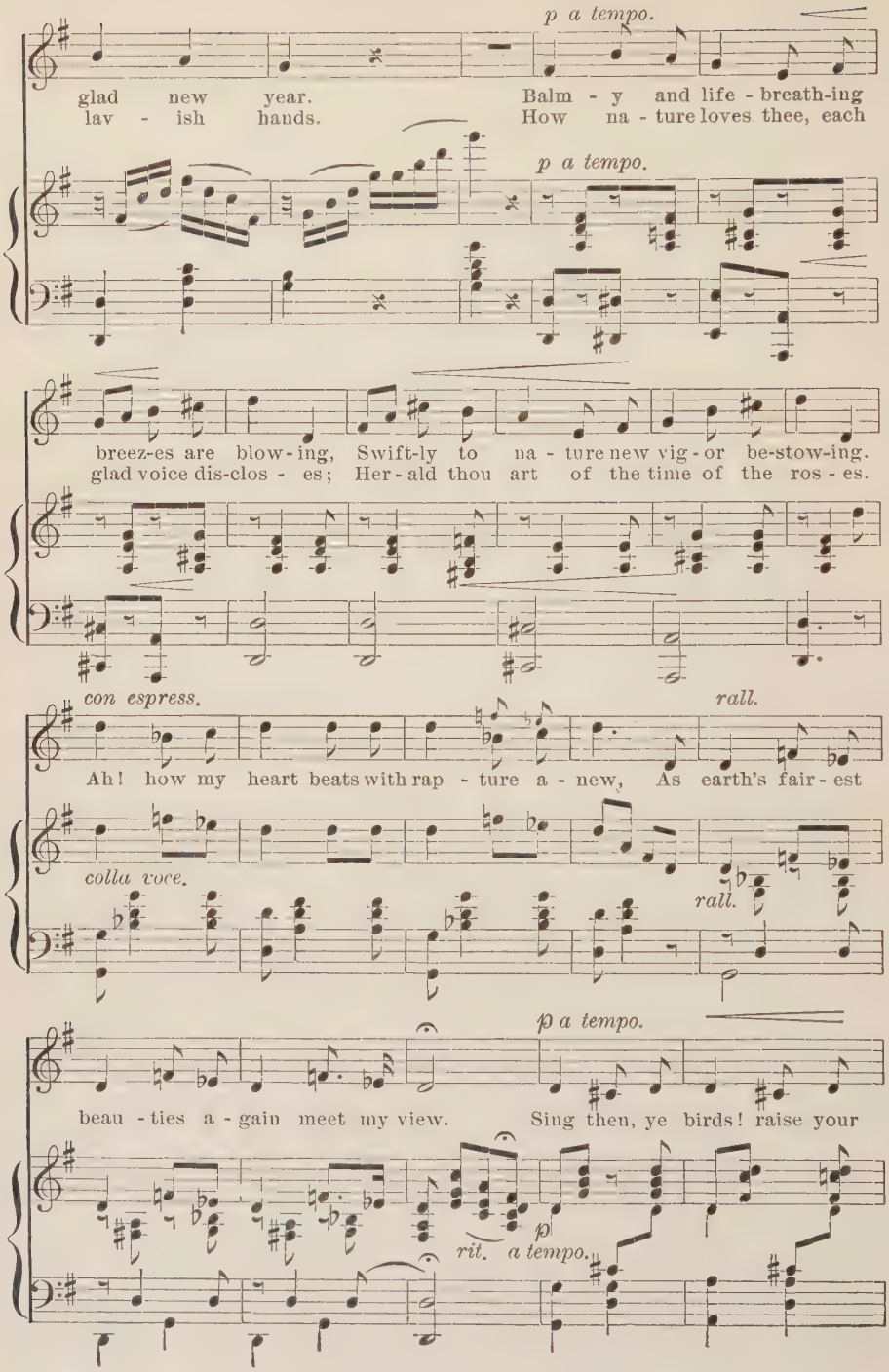
f

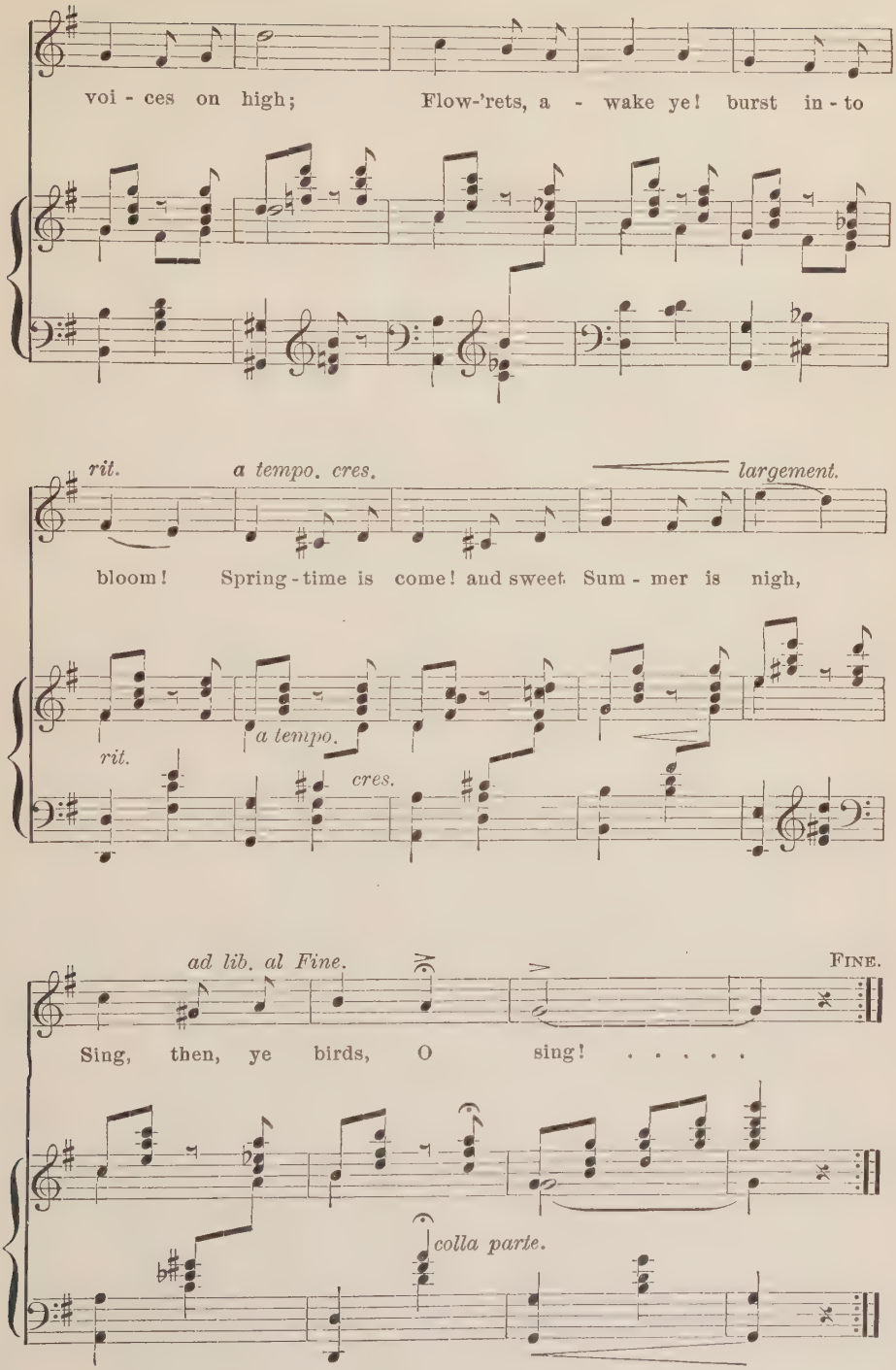
WELCOME, SPRINGTIME.

Arr. from celebrated Melody
in F by A. Rubinstein.



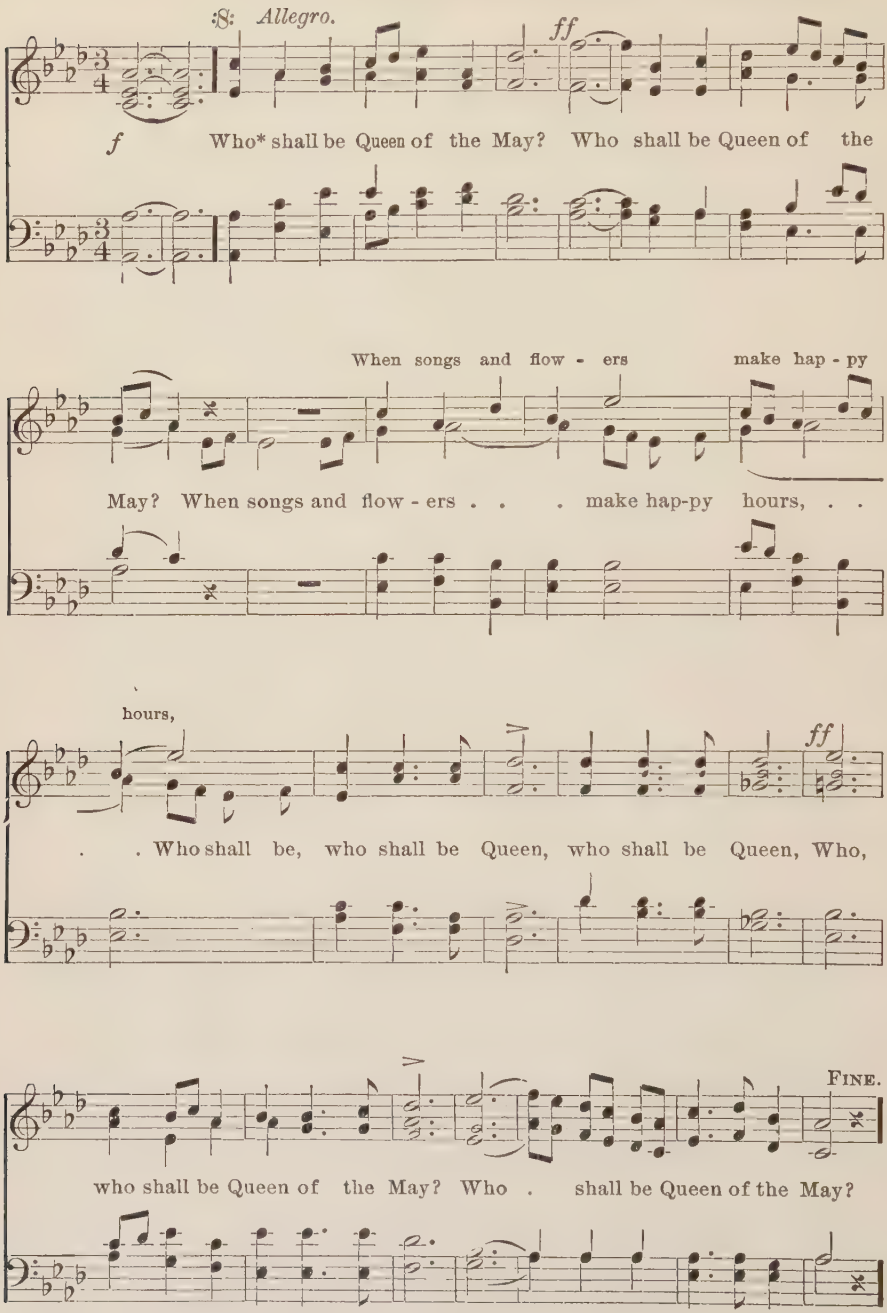

poco rit.
p
Ech - o - ing far and near, Sun - shine now
Long - ing for thy com - mands. Brook - lets are
a tempo.
poco rit.
delicato.
wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing
whis - p'ring as on - ward they flow, Songs of de-
rit.
a tempo.
in - cense floats on the air; . . . Snow - drop and
light at thy glad re - turn, . . Bound - less the
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
poco rit.
prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep . . Hail - ing the
wealth thou in love dost be - stow . . Ev - er with
cres.
colla voce.


p a tempo.
glad new year. Balm - y and life - breath-ing
lav - ish hands. How na - ture loves thee, each
p a tempo.
breez-es are blow-ing, Swift-ly to na - ture new vig - or be-stow-ing.
glad voice dis-clos - es; Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es.
con espress.
rall.
Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est
colla voce.
rall.
p a tempo.
beau - ties a - gain meet my view. Sing then, ye birds! raise your
p
rit. a tempo.


voi - ces on high; Flow-'rets, a - wake ye! burst in - to
rit.
a tempo. cres.
largement.
bloom! Spring - time is come! and sweet Sum - mer is nigh,
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
ad lib. al Fine.
FINE.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing! . . . . .
colla parte.

CHOOSING THE MAY QUEEN.

Adapted from "May-Day," G. A. MACFARREN.



* On repeat *D.S. al Fine* use "She" instead of "Who."

SOPR. OR TENOR. *f*

Rus - tic swains, you'll not for - get Blithe and bux - om

p

Mar - ga - ret, Ra - ven hair and eyes of jet,

p

She, she should be Queen of the May . . She should be Queen of the

f

f

CHORUS.

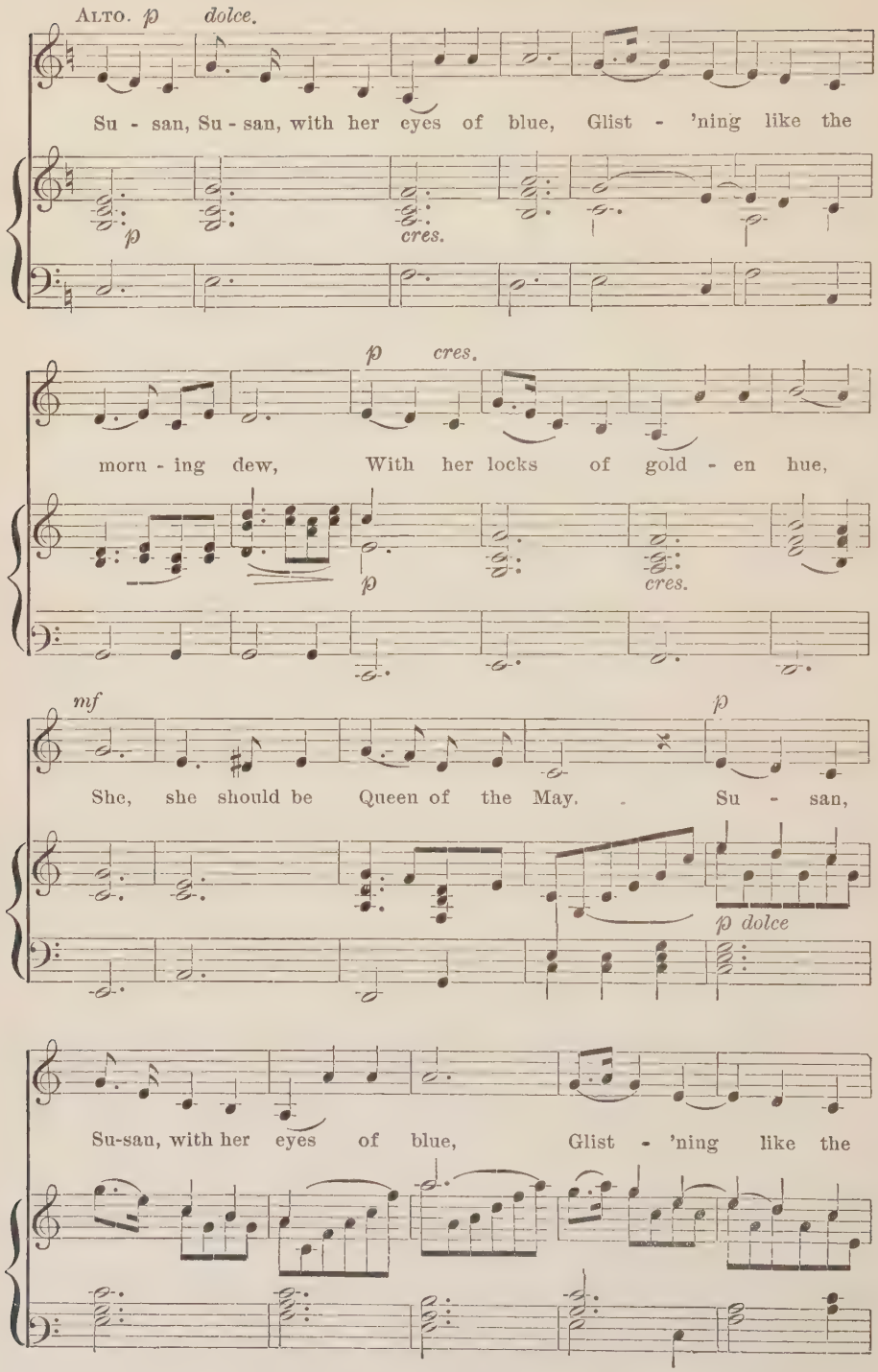
May, She should be Queen, She should be Queen, She,

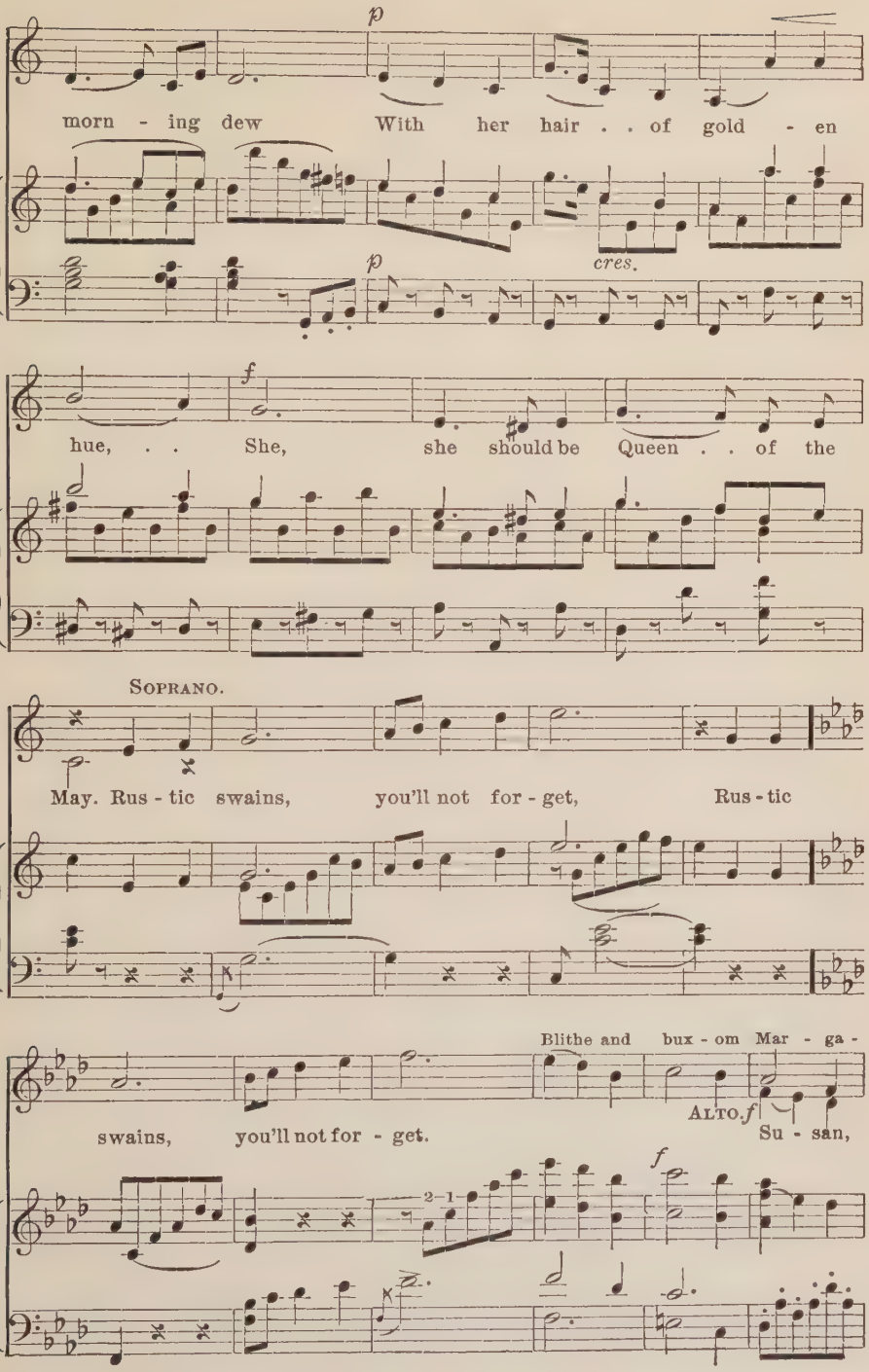
f

CHO. She should be Queen, She should be Queen, She should be Queen, She should be

she should be Queen of the May. . . . . (INST.)

Queen, should be Queen of the May . . . . . .


Alto. p dolce.
Su - san, Su - san, with her eyes of blue, Glist - 'ning like the
p
cres.
p cres.
morn - ing dew, With her locks of gold - en hue,
p
cres.
mf
p
She, she should be Queen of the May. Su - san,
p dolce
Su-san, with her eyes of blue, Glist - 'ning like the


p
morn - ing dew With her hair . . of gold - en
p
cres.
f
hue, . . She, she should be Queen . . of the
SOPRANO.
May. Rus - tic swains, you'll not for - get, Rus - tic
Blithe and bux - om Mar - ga -
swains, you'll not for - get.
ALTO. f
Su - san,
f

ret. Think of Mar - ga-ret's spark - ling eye, *f*

Su - san with her eyes of blue, With our

Su - san who, . . . who can vie? . .

BOYS AND MEN.

None, none, none . . when Ma - ry is not by. *rit.*

sf *rit.*

a tempo. f

She is good as she is fair, None with Ma - ry

a tempo.

can com - pare. Ma - ry . . is a jew - el rare . .

. . . . . Let Ma-ry, let Ma - ry be Queen of the

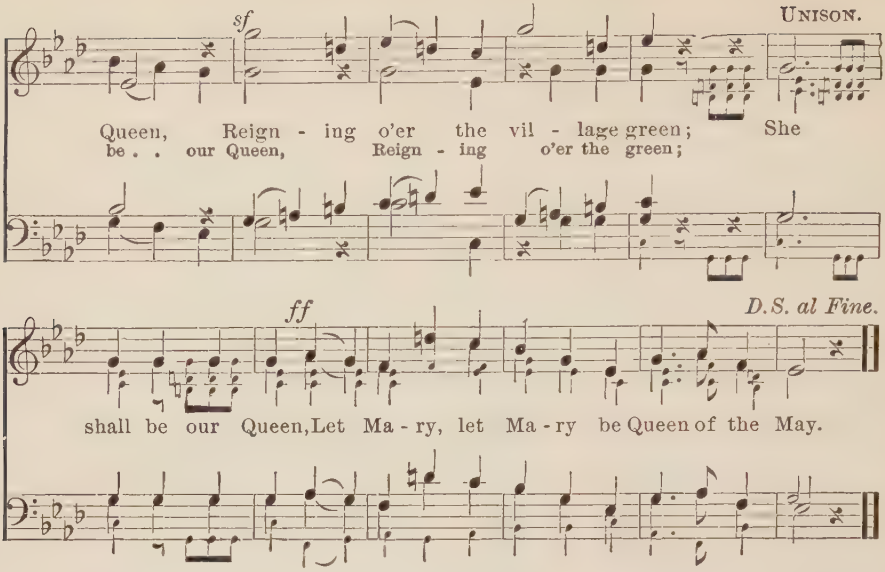
CHORUS.

ff

May, Let Ma - ry, let Ma - ry be Queen of the May. Proud and

roy - al is her mien She shall be our fes - tive

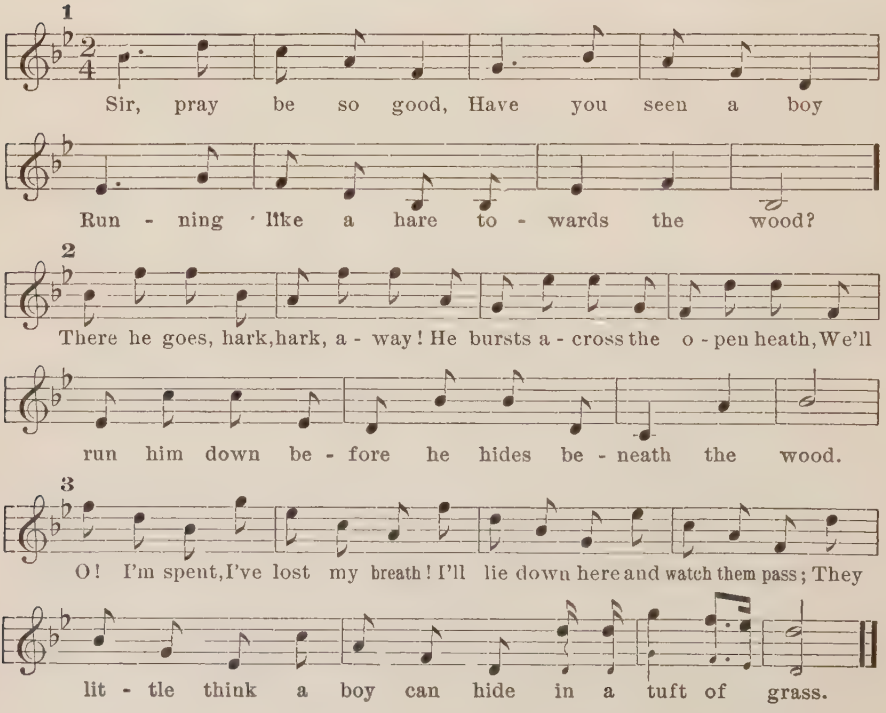
Proud and roy - al is her mien She shall



HUNTING THE HARE.

ROUND.

PURCELL.



LULLABY.

FRANK R. RIX.

1. Lul - la-by, my pret-ty ba - by, Stars are out on high;
2. Hush - a-bye, my lit - tle ba - by, Dar - ling must not cry;
3. With the dawn will come new pleasures, Dreams and vis-ions fled;

Moth - er holds her lit - tle dar - ling, Sing-ing lul - la - by. Sleep, my
Now the moon with sil - ver radiance Makes the dark - ness fly. Sleep, my
Now thy moth-er lays her dar - ling In his down - y bed. Sleep, my

(closed lips.)

ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, m - m - - - - - - Sleep, my
ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, m - m - - - - - - Sleep, my
ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, m - m - - - - - - Sleep, my

ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, . . Close your drow - sy eye.
ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, . . Harm shall not come nigh.
ba - by, sleep, my ba - by, . . Bless thy cur - ly head.

MERRY JUNE.

VOCAL POLKA.

EDWARD OXENFORD. CHARLES VINCENT.

SOPRANO. *Tempo di Polka.* *f*

Hey ho! for mer-ry June, hey ho, hey!

ALTO. *f*

Tempo di Polka.

f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

All the earth is then a-tune, hey ho, hey! Hey ho! for merry June, hey ho, hey!

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

1st time.

All the earth is then a - tune, hey ho, hey! The flow - 'rets don their

mp

The

1st time.

1 2 1 2

p

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

best at - tire, And set the mead - ows all a -

flow - 'rets don their best at - tire, and set the meadows all a -

1 2 1 2 4 5

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

glow, and white and blue, with red and gold, and white and

p

glow With red and gold, and white and blue, with red and gold, and white and

p

Ped. ✱

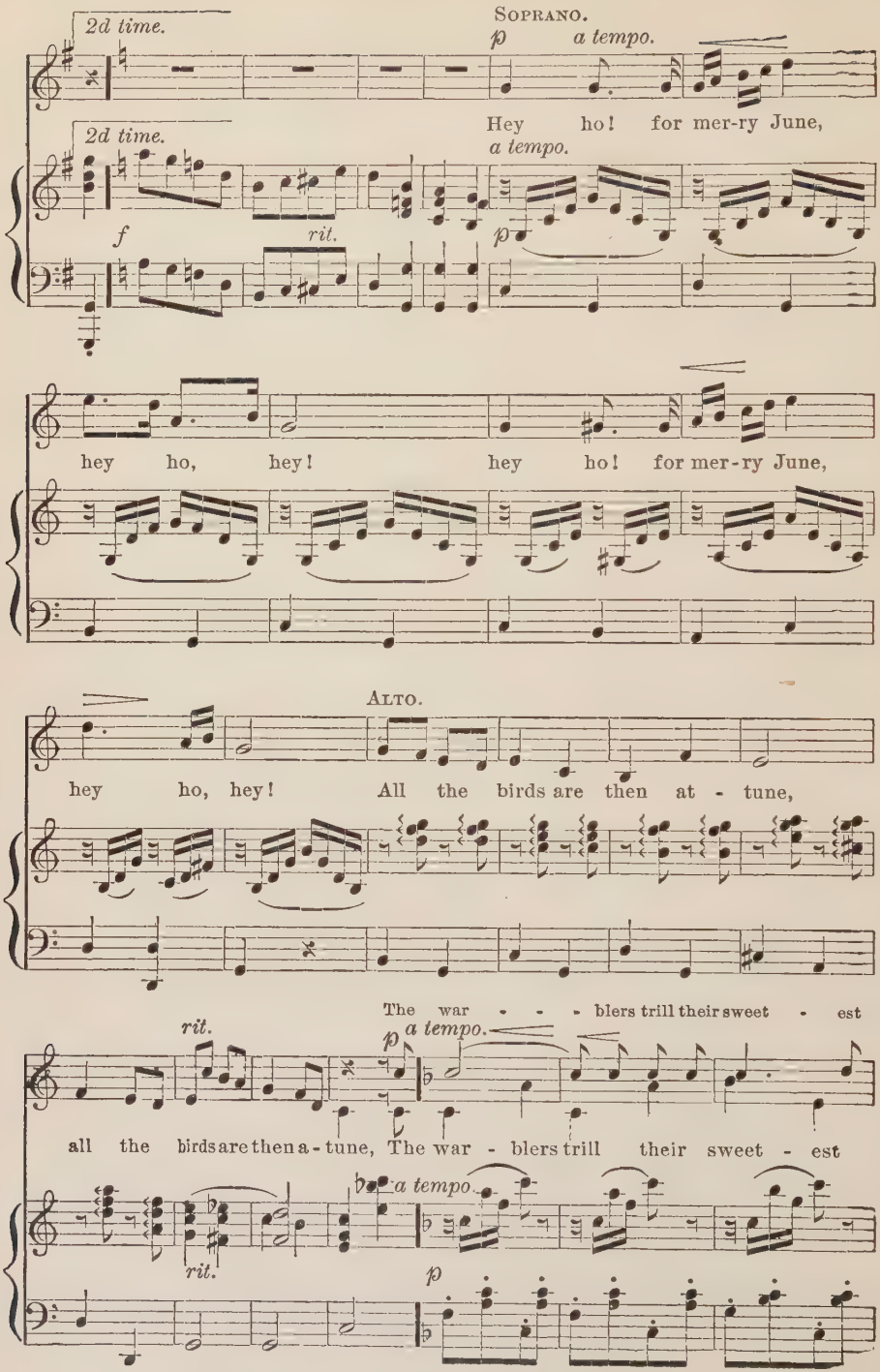
cres.

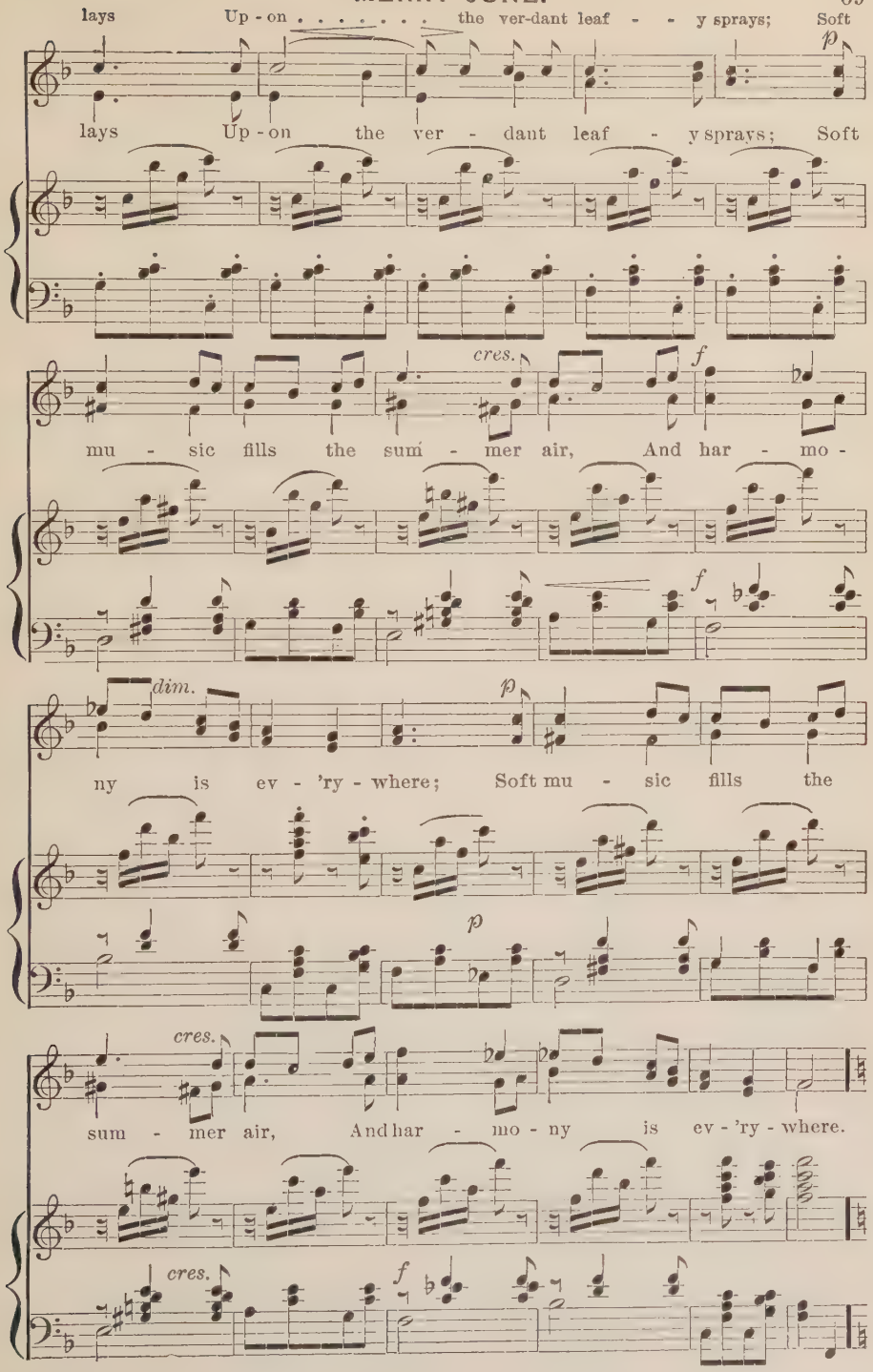
blue. of ev - 'ry hue, and blossomings of ev - 'ry hue.

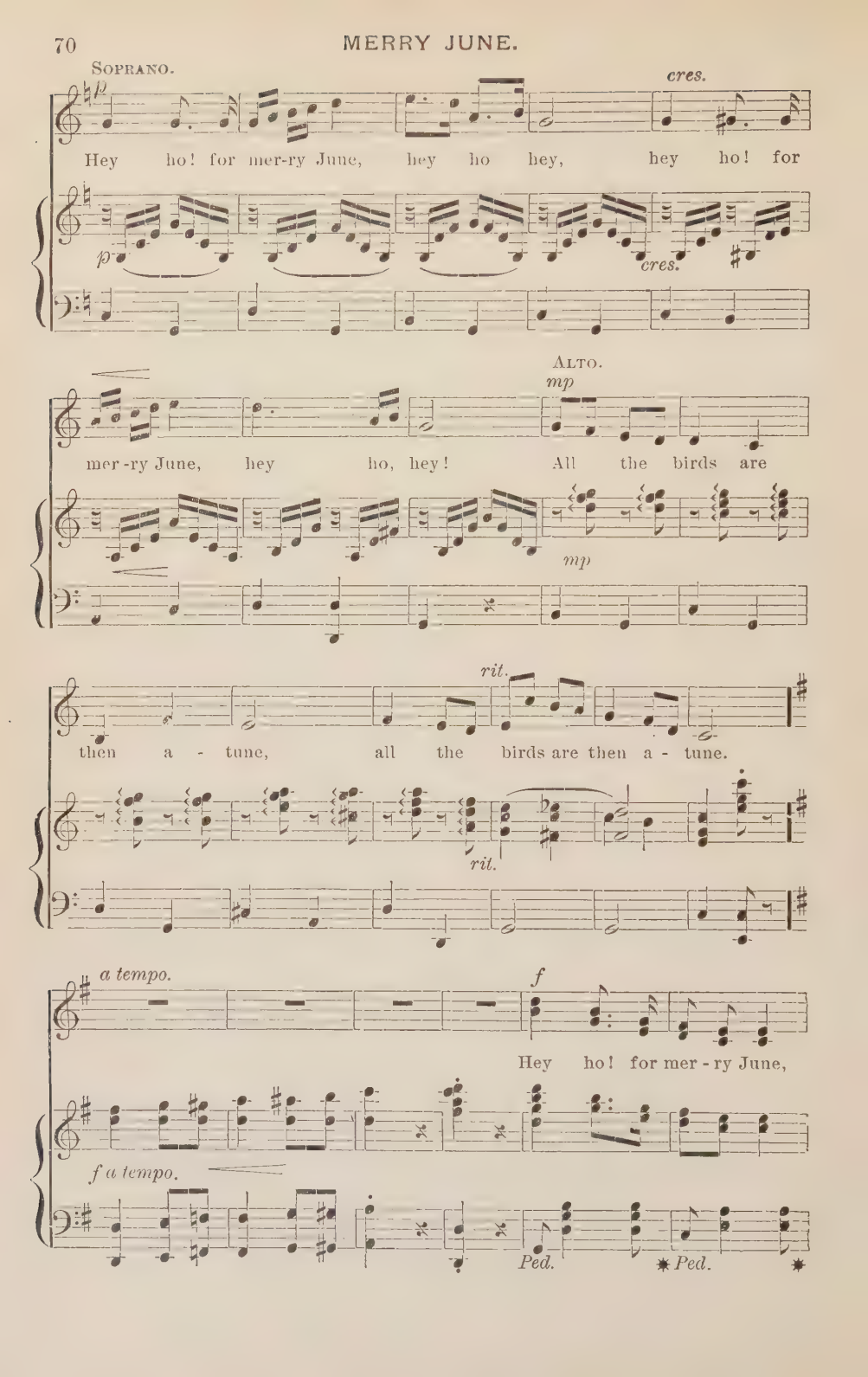
cres. *cres.*

blue, And blossom - ings of ev - 'ry hue, and blossomings of ev - 'ry hue.

cres.


2d time.
Soprano.
p
a tempo.
Hey ho! for mer-ry June,
2d time.
a tempo.
f
rit.
p
hey ho, hey! hey ho! for mer-ry June,
Alto.
hey ho, hey! All the birds are then at - tune,
The war - - - blers trill their sweet - est
rit.
p
a tempo.
all the birds are then a - tune, The war - blers trill their sweet - est
a tempo.
rit.
p


lays Up - on . . . . . the ver-dant leaf - - y sprays; Soft
p
lays Up - on the ver - dant leaf - y sprays; Soft
cres.
f
mu - sic fills the sum - mer air, And har - mo -
f
dim.
p
ny is ev - 'ry - where; Soft mu - sic fills the
p
cres.
sum - mer air, And har - mo - ny is ev - 'ry - where.
cres.
f


Soprano.
p
cres.
Hey ho! for mer-ry June, hey ho hey, hey ho! for
p
cres.
Alto.
mp
mer-ry June, hey ho, hey! All the birds are
mp
rit.
then a - tune, all the birds are then a - tune.
rit.
a tempo.
f
Hey ho! for mer-ry June,
f a tempo.
Ped.
Ped.

hey ho, hey! All the earth is then a- tune, hey ho, hey! -

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

Hey ho! for mer- ry June, hey ho, hey! All the earth is then a - tune,

fz

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

f

hey ho, hey, hey ho, hey! All the earth is then a - -

f

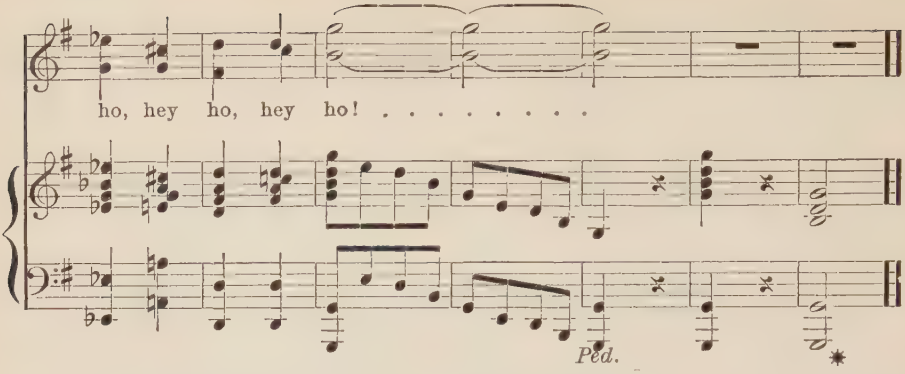
Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

ff *accel.*

hey ho, hey ho, hey ho,

tune, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey

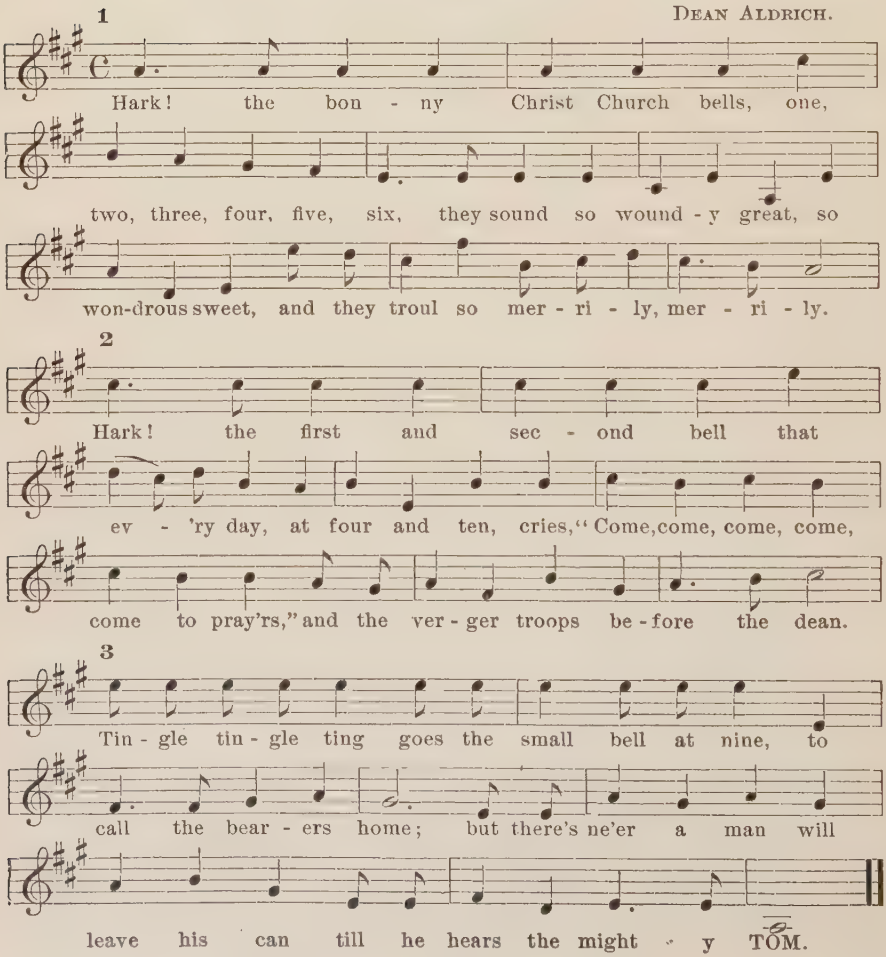
ff accel.



CHRIST CHURCH BELLS.

CATCH.

DEAN ALDRICH.



SEE THE LILIES IN THE FIELD.

F. SILCHER.

Moderato.

1. See the lil - ies in the field, How they're sweet - ly shin - ing;
2. God the Lord did them cre - ate, Ev - 'ry path - way bless - ing.

cres.

Tell who placed the lil - ies there, Free of care . . and pin - ing;
O - dors all our hearts e - late, Balm - y air . . . ca - ress - ing.

cres.

p

Tell who them has made so fair And a-dorned with beau - ty rare,
All their glo - ry fire my song, All our voi - ces waft a - long

p

p

Gor-geous and un - ri - - - valed, Gor - geous and un - ri - valed.
Prais - es to the Giv - - - er! Prais - es to the Giv - er!

p

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

LONGFELLOW.

PINSUTI.
Arranged by F. R. RIX.

S.I, A.I. *pp e stacc.*

The sea hath its pearls, The hea-ven hath its

S. II, A.II. *pp*

f *p*

stars, But my heart, my heart, . . my heart hath its love.

f

f Risoluto. *ff*

Great are the sea and the hea - ven; Yet great - er is my

f *ff*

p *ff* *dim.*

heart, And fair - er than pearls and stars Flash - es and beams my

p *ff* *dim*

dolce.

love, Thou lit - tle youth - ful maid - en, Come un - to my

Come un - to my

great heart, Come un - to my

Thou lit - tle youth - ful maid - en, Come un - to my

My heart, and the sea, and the

great heart,

My heart, and the sea, and the heav'n are melt-ing a-way with

heav'n are melt - ing a - way with love,

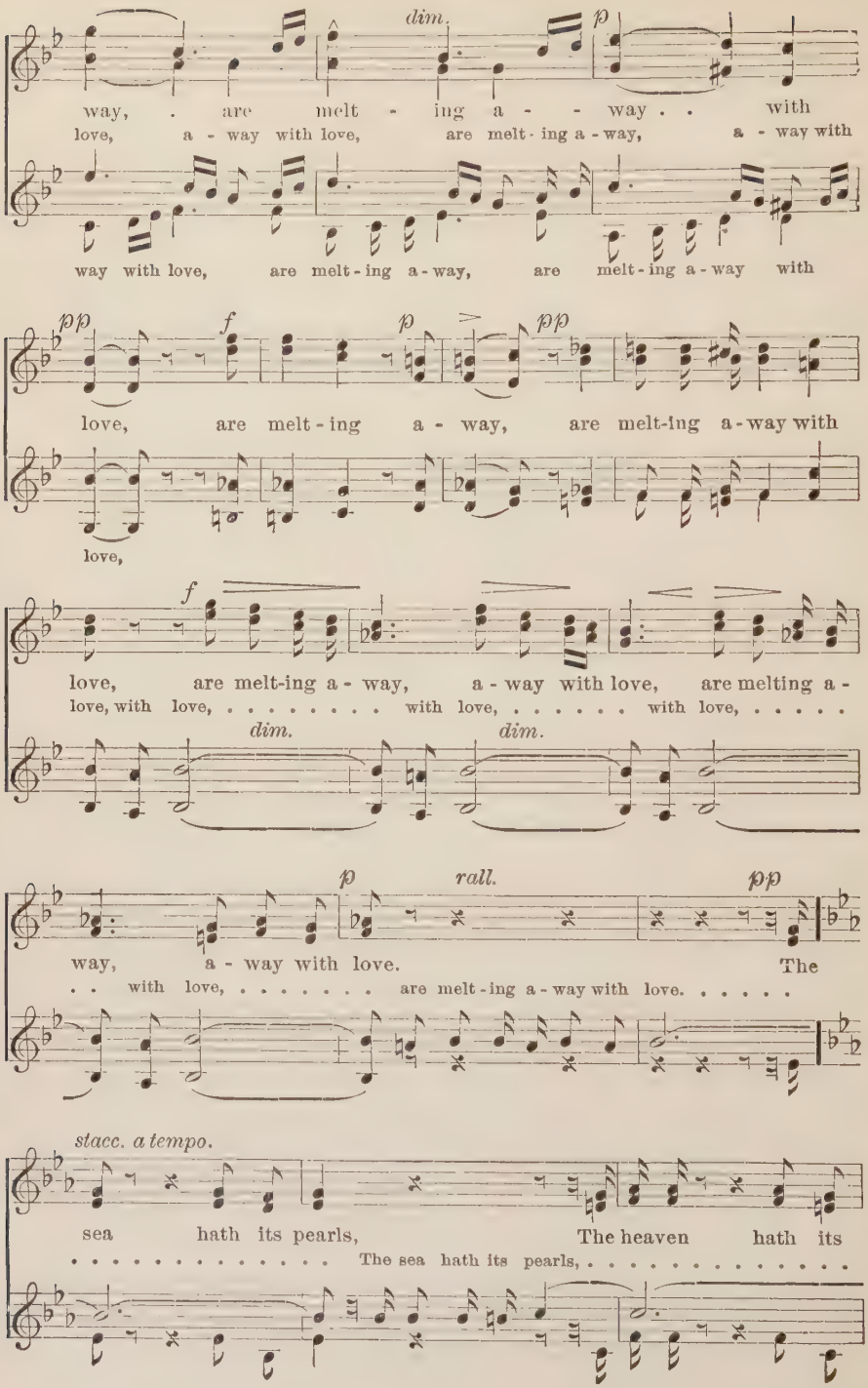
My heart, and the sea and the heav'n are

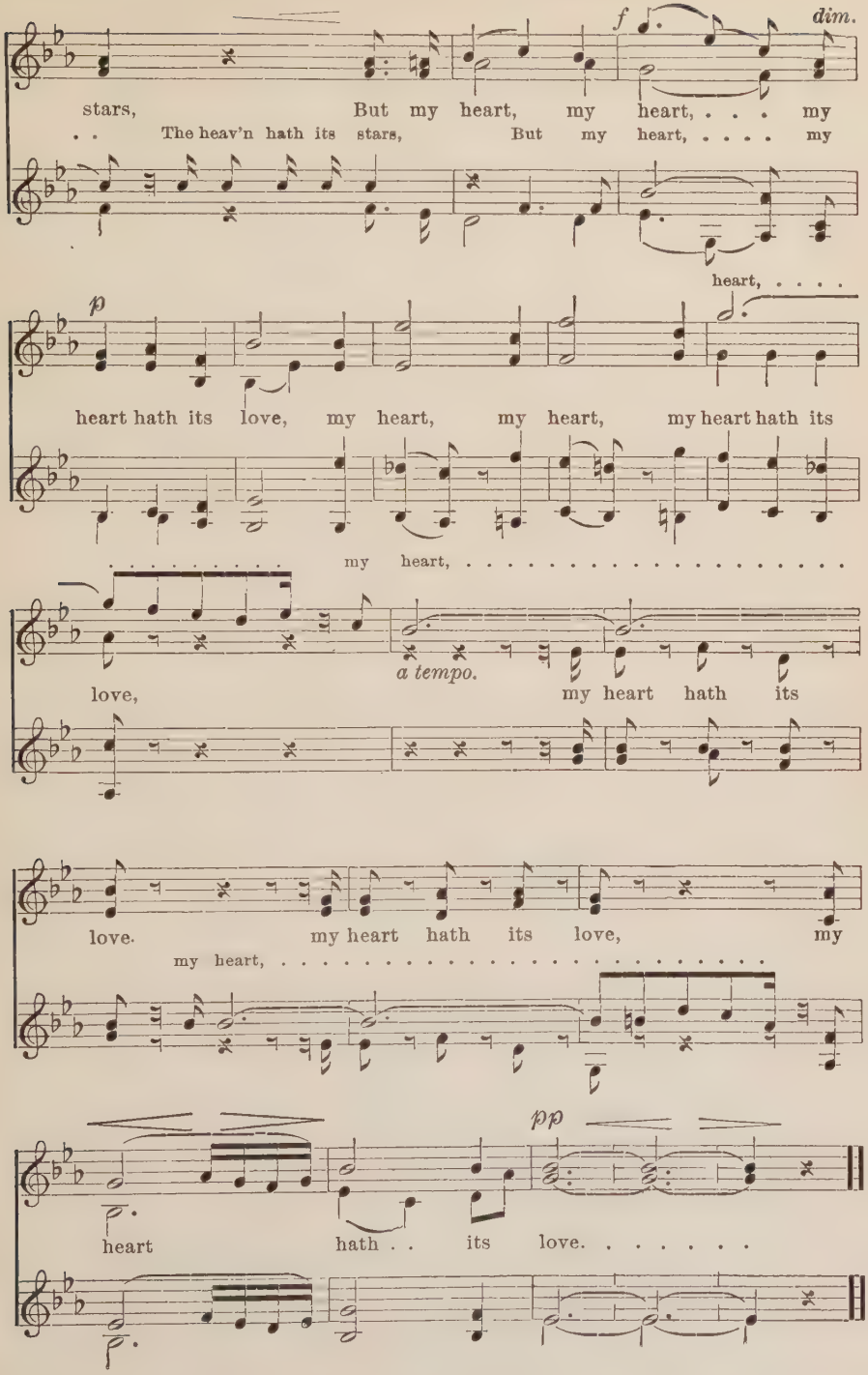
love, Are melt - ing a - way with love, my

melt - ing a - way with love, are melt - - - - ing a -

heart, And the sea, and the heav'n are melt - - ing a - way with

are melt-ing a-way, a -


dim.
p
way, . are melt - ing a - - way . . with
love, a - way with love, are melt - ing a - way, a - way with
way with love, are melt - ing a - way, are melt - ing a - way with
pp
f
p
pp
love, are melt - ing a - way, are melt-ing a - way with
love,
f
love, are melt-ing a - way, a - way with love, are melting a -
love, with love, ... with love, ... with love, ...
dim.
dim.
p
rall.
pp
way, a - way with love. The
. . with love, ... are melt - ing a - way with love. . . . . .
stacc. a tempo.
sea hath its pearls, The heaven hath its
. . . . . The sea hath its pearls, ...


f
dim.
stars, But my heart, my heart, . . . my
The heav'n hath its stars, But my heart, ... my
heart, ...
p
heart hath its love, my heart, my heart, my heart hath its
my heart, ...
a tempo.
love, my heart hath its
love. my heart hath its love, my
my heart, ...
pp
heart hath . . its love. . . . . .

HOLY NIGHT.

J. K. Aiblinger.

Moderato. *p* *pp* *mf* *p*

1. Ho - ly night, ho - ly night, Peace - ful sleep did in-vite;
2. Ho - ly night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds see star so bright;
3. Ho - ly night, ho - ly night, God's own Son, glo - ry's light;

poco cres.

Love - ly babe, so pure and fair, Nest - ling by the ho - ly pair,
To the man - ger bed draw near, Christ the Sav - iour now is here;
Love doth smile in fea - tures dear, Now the great Re - deem-er's here;

pf *p*

Sleep in ho - ly rest, . . Sleep in heav - en - ly rest.

SANTA CLAUS.

Popular Tune.

Lively.

1. San - ta Claus to - mor - row comes, What a day of pleas - ure!
2. Bring to me, O San - ta dear, Bring me with - out warn - ing,
3. But I leave the choice to you, My own wish not stat - ing;

Bring - ing ma - ny fifes and drums, Flags and swords e-
A big, beard - ed gren - a - dier, Shag - gy bears and
Dick, Mam - ma, Pa - pa, and Loo, And my cou - sins,

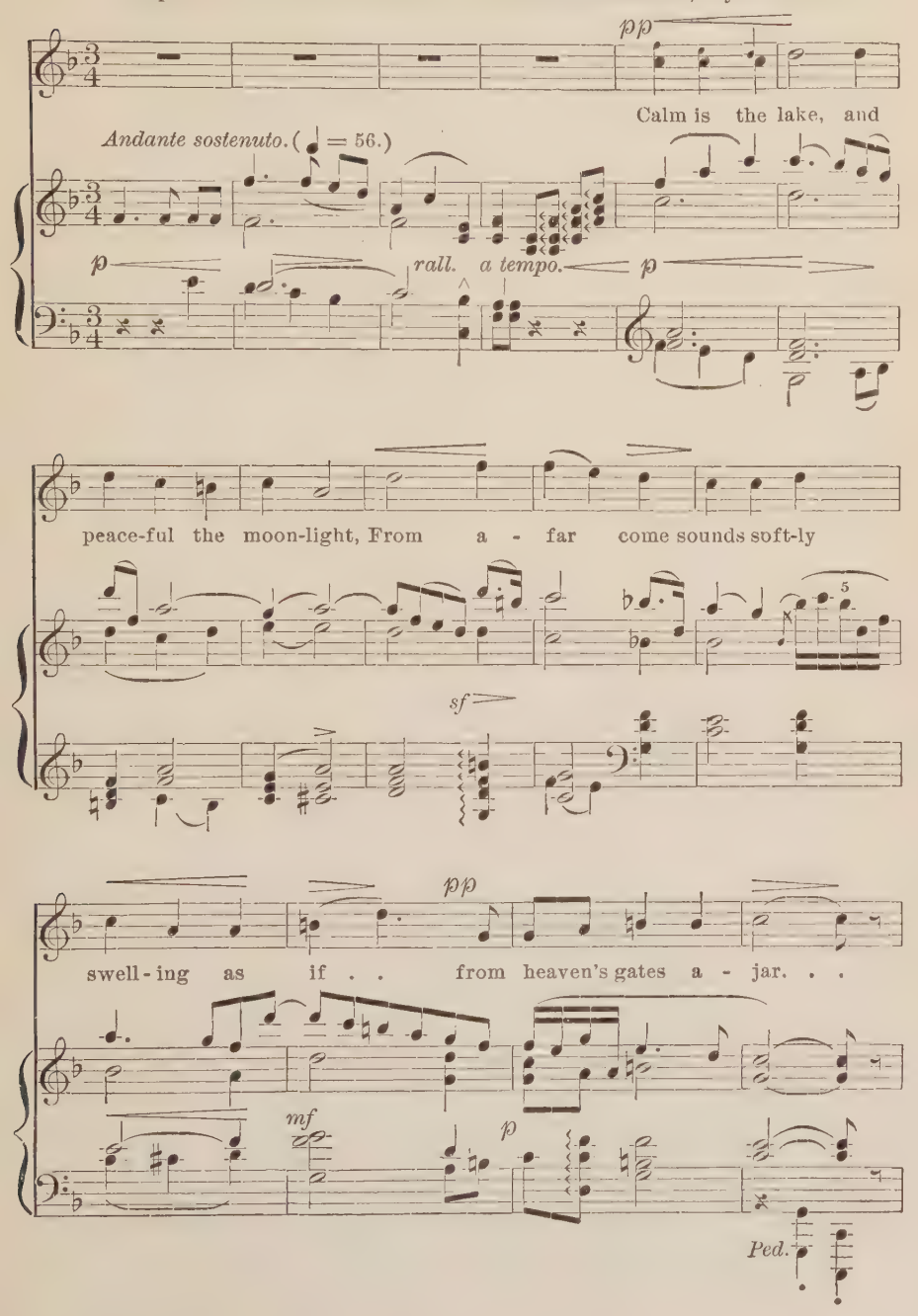
f

nough and more, To e - quip an arm - y corps; And gives us this treas-ure.
wolf and deer, Horse and don-key, sheep and steer, Ear - ly in the morn-ing.
Bob and Sue, And the dear old grand-pa, too, Anx-ious-ly are wait-ing.

CALM IS THE LAKE.

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

Adapted to the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," by F. R. RIX.



dolcissimo.
pp

Heart-felt it springs, Com-fort it brings Lis-ten! A-

p dolcissimo.

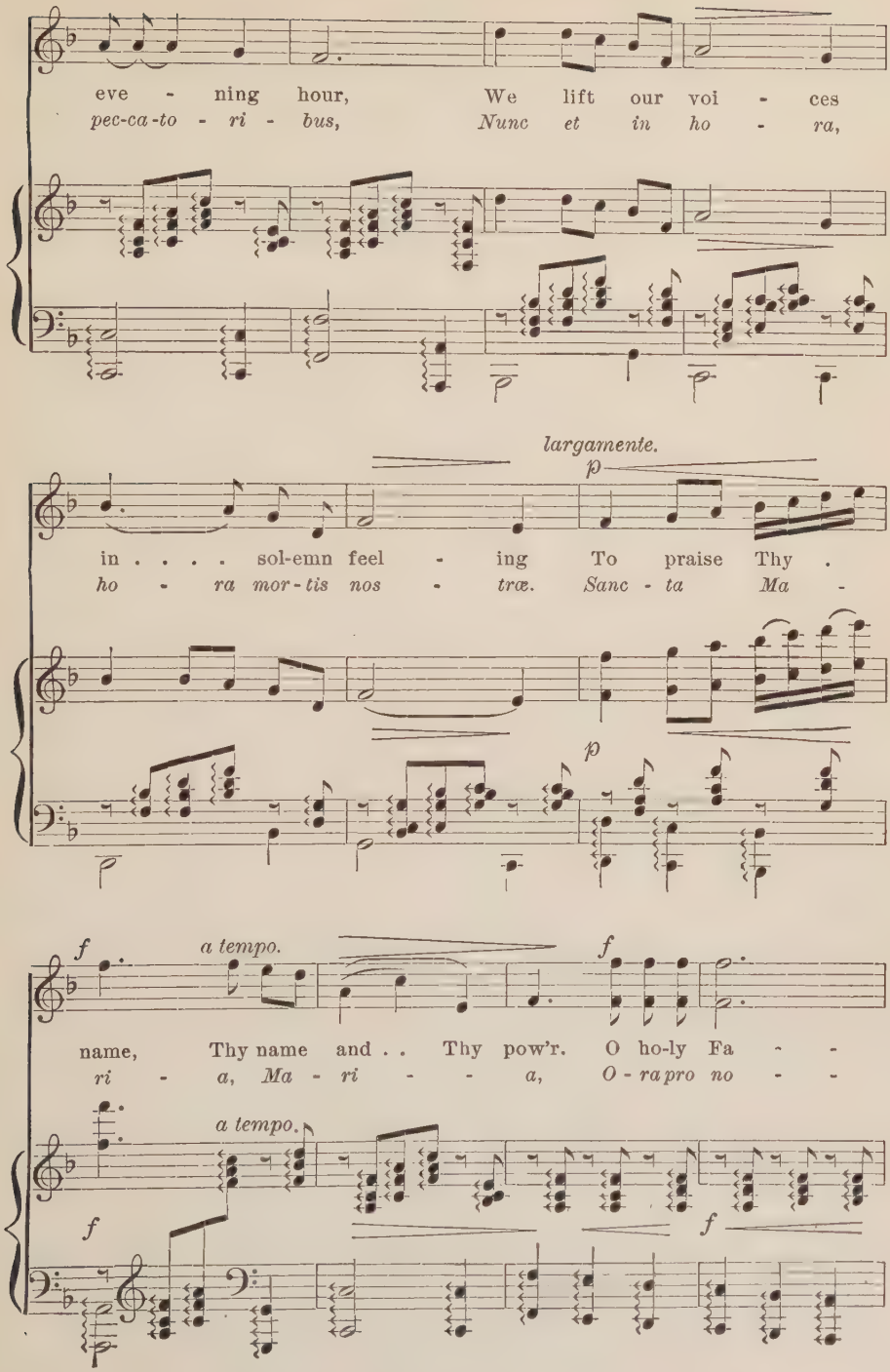
morendo. *f*

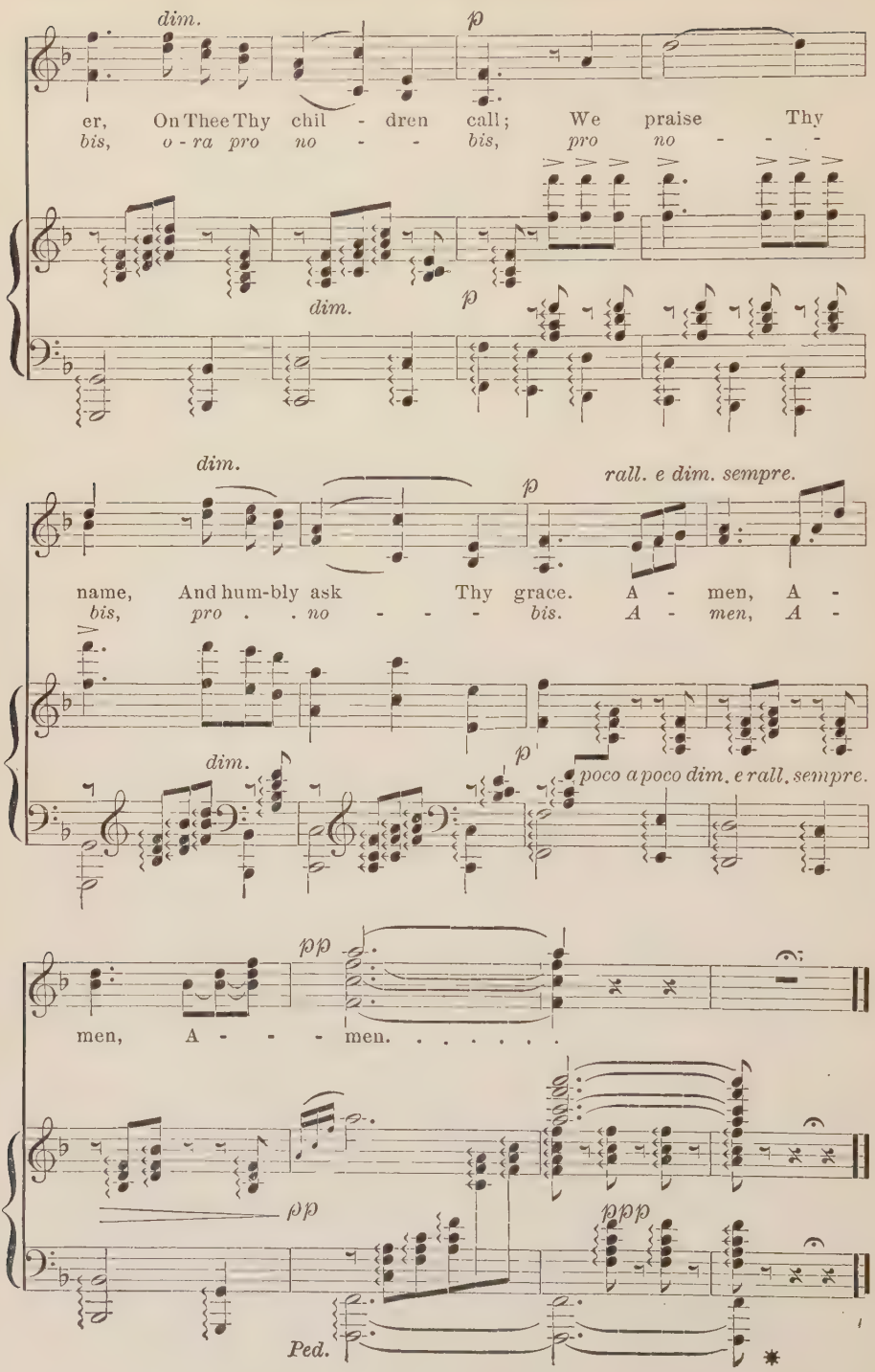
gain on the air it floats. . . { "O ho-ly
{ "*Sanc-ta Ma*

f

Ped.

Fa-ther, 'mid the calm still-ness of . . this moon-lit
ri-a, Ma-ter De-i o-ra pro no-bis


eve - ning hour, We lift our voi - ces
pec-ca-to - ri - bus, Nunc et in ho - ra,
largamente.
p
in . . . . sol-emn feel - ing To praise Thy .
ho - ra mor-tis nos - træ. Sanc - ta Ma -
p
f
a tempo.
f
name, Thy name and . . Thy pow'r. O ho-ly Fa - -
ri - a, Ma - ri - - a, O - ra pro no - -
a tempo.
f
f


dim.
p
er, On Thee Thy chil - dren call; We praise Thy
bis, o - ra pro no - - bis, pro no - - -
dim.
p
dim.
p
rall. e dim. sempre.
name, And hum-bly ask Thy grace. A - men, A -
bis, pro . . no - - - bis. A - men, A -
dim.
p
poco a poco dim. e rall. sempre.
pp
men, A - - - men. . . . . .
pp
ppp
Ped.
*

THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

VOICES IN UNISON.

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at

p

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

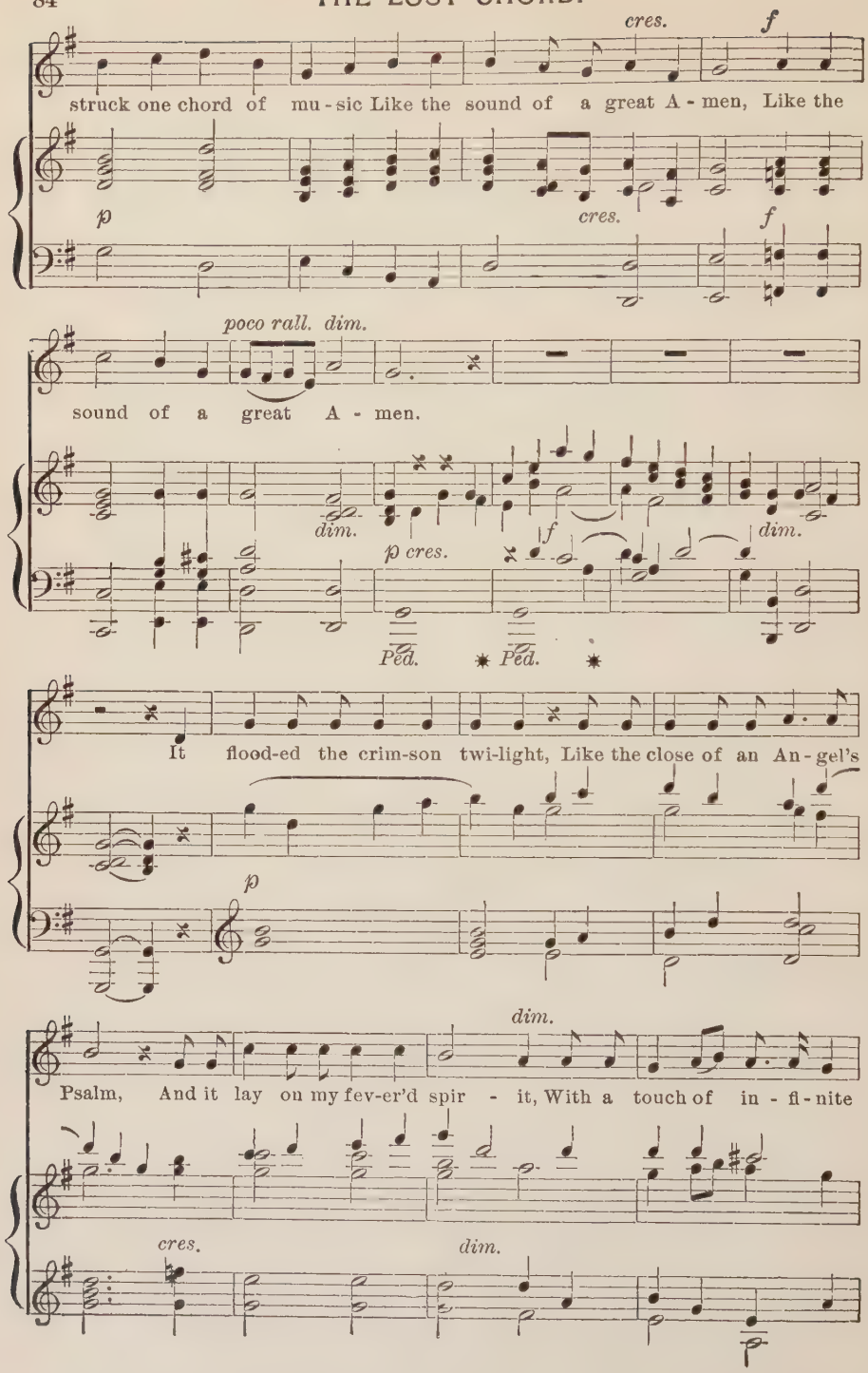
ease, And my fin - gers wandered i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys; I

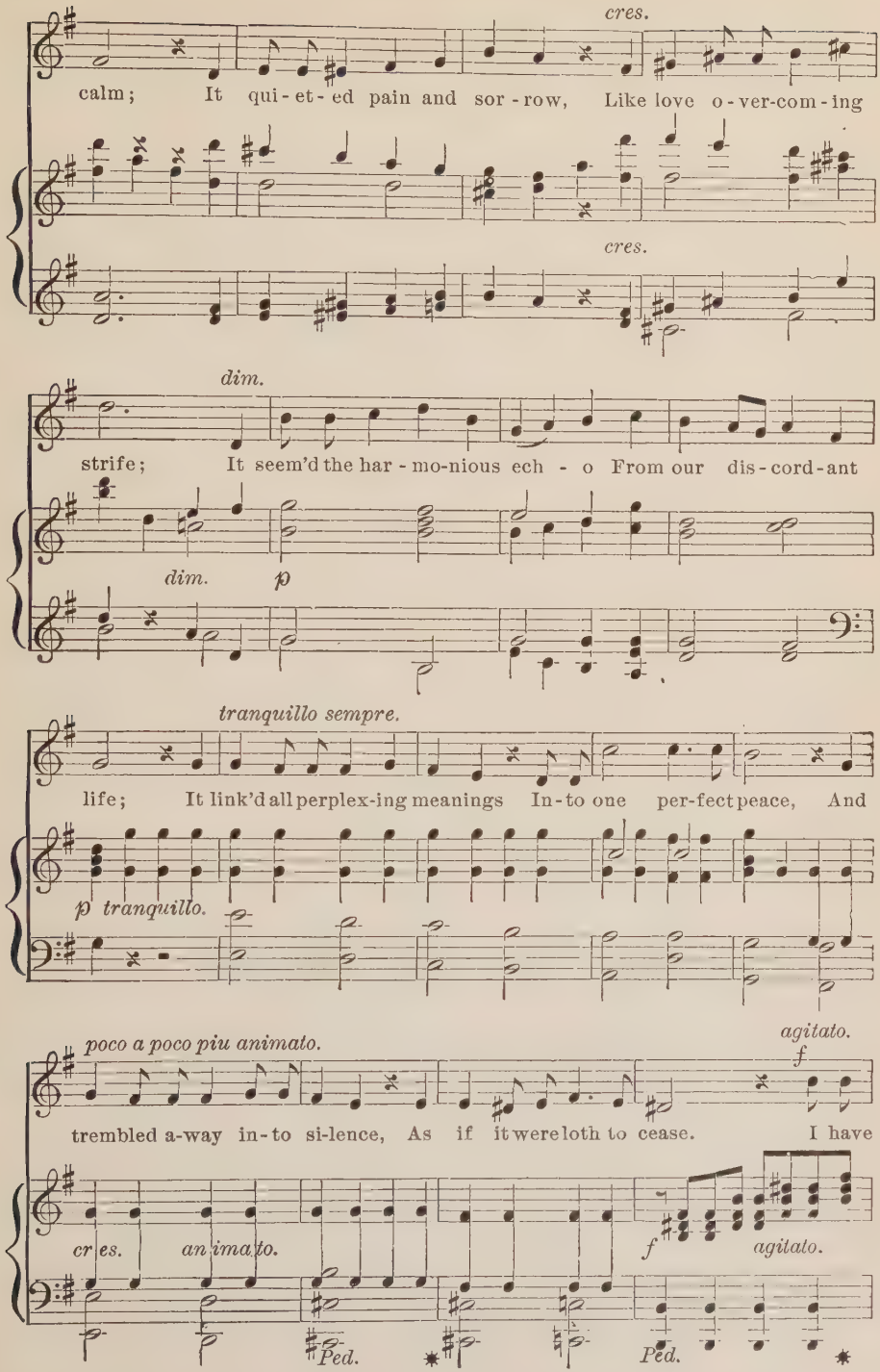
Ped. ✱

cres.

know not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I

cres. *dim.*


cres.
f
struck one chord of mu - sic Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the
p
cres.
f
poco rall. dim.
sound of a great A - men.
dim.
p cres.
f
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's
p
dim.
Psalm, And it lay on my fev-er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite
cres.
dim.


cres.
calm; It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing
cres.
dim.
strife; It seem'd the har-mo-nious ech-o From our dis-cord-ant
dim. p
tranquillo sempre.
life; It link'd all perplex-ing meanings In-to one per-fect peace, And
p tranquillo.
poco a poco piu animato.
agitato.
f
trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have
cres. animato.
f agitato.
Ped.
Ped.

sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which

f

Ped. ✱

came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to

grandioso.

f

mine. It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will

cres. molto rit. *f* *ff*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall

sempre. *ff*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will

sf *sf*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

ff *rit.*

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in

ff

con grand forza.

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. . . .

colla voce.
con grand forza.

a tempo.

rallentando.

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

THOU'RT LIKE A BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

H. Heine. A. Rubinstein.

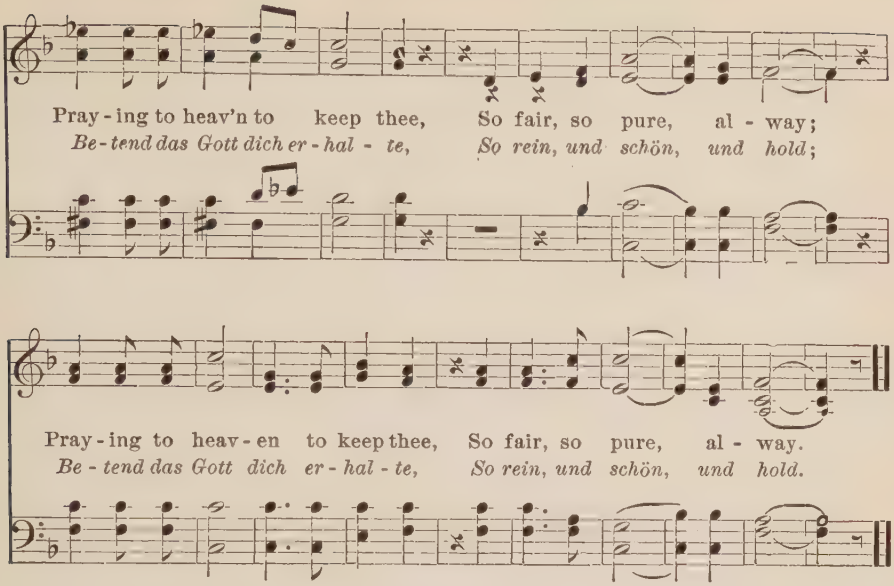
In moderate time.

Thou'rt like a beauteous flow - er, So fair, so pure, and bright; I
Du bist wie ei - ne blu - me, So hold, und schön, und rein. Ich

gaze on thee, and long - ing Comes o'er my heart's de - light. I
schau' dich an, und Weh - muth Schlecht mir ins Hertz hin - ein. Mir

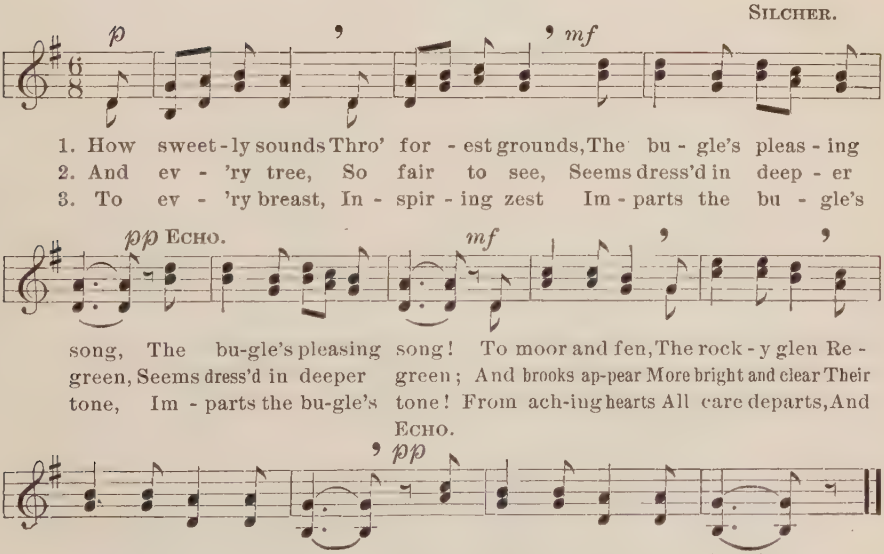
would that on those tress - es My hands might gen - tly lie, . . .
ist, als ob ich die hän - de Auf's Haupt dir le - gen soll't . .

Pray - ing to heav'n to keep thee, So fair, so pure al - way; . .
Be - tend das Gott dich er - hal - te, So rein, und schön, und hold; . .



THE BUGLE.

SILCHER.



THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.

(SANDMÄNNCHEN.)

Andante. JOH. BRAHMS.

1. The flow-'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray, They
birds that sang so sweet - ly When noonday sun rose high, With-
see, the lit - tle dust - man At the window shows his head, And
ere the lit - tle dust - man Is man - y steps a - way, Thy

molto p e dolce una corda.

nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way.
in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is drawing nigh.
looks for all good chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed.
pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.

The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and
The crick - et as it moves a - long A - lone gives forth its
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws dust in - to its
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And greet the sun - shine

low. Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one!
song.
eyes.
bright.

one!

2. The
3. Now
4. And

SPRING'S ARRIVAL.

Moderately.

1. All the bird - ies now are here, Joy - ful - ly they're sing - ing,
2. See how gay the war - blers are, As they now as - sem - ble;
3. Hear the song they sing to us And in mind be keep - ing,

Sweet-ly car - ol - ing their lays, With such charm-ing, grace-ful ways;
Thrush and rob - in, king - bird proud, All the joy - ous feath-ered crowd,
Let us all right mer - ry be, Hap - py as each bird - ie wee,

Spring is com - ing in these days, All the groves are ring - ing.
In full cho - ral an - them loud Set the woods a - trem - ble.
Here and there, on hill and lea, Sing - ing, danc - ing, leap - ing.

CRADLE SONG.

(WIEGENLIED.)

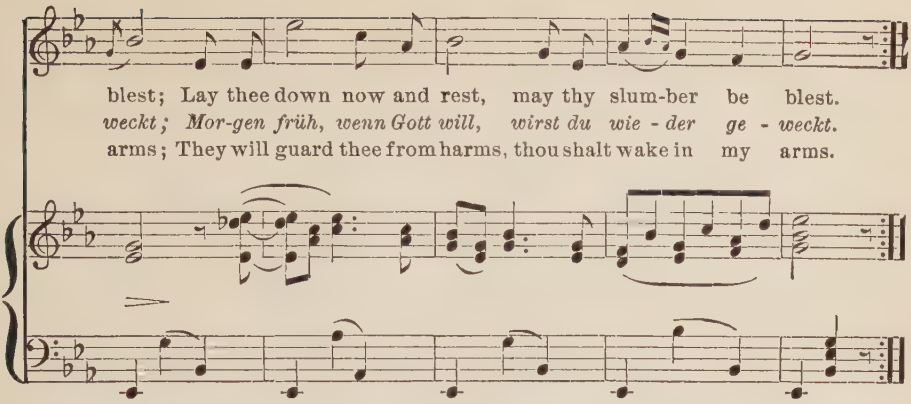
JOH. BRAHMS.

1. Lul-la-by and good-night, with
Gu-ten A-bend, gut' Nacht, mit
2. Lul-la-by and good-night, thy

p

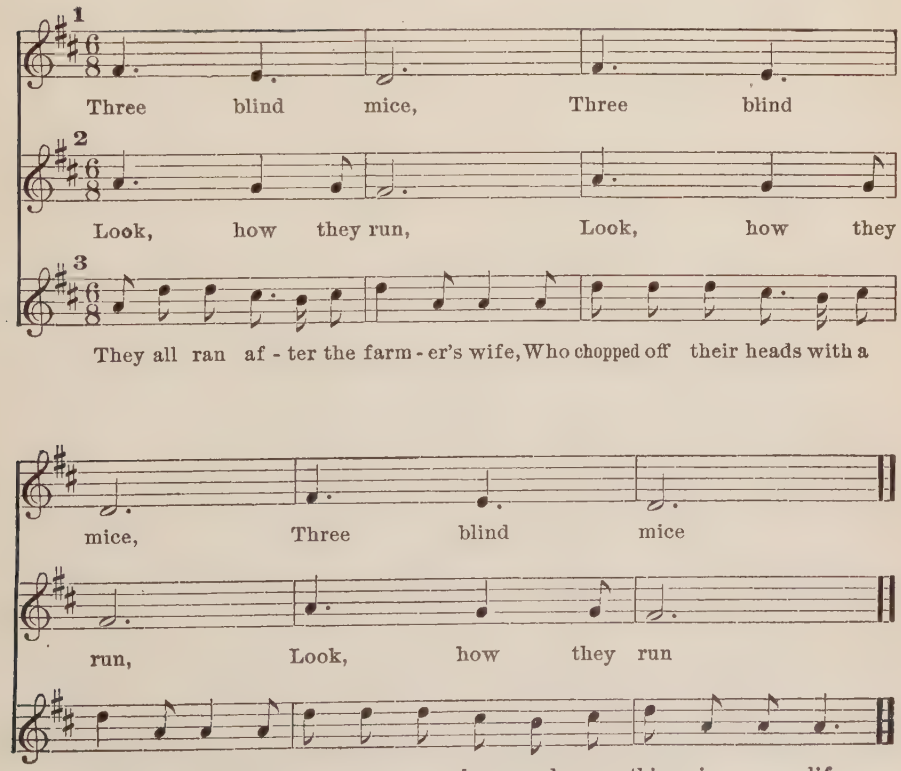
ro-ses be-dight, With lil-ies be-sted, is ba-by's wee
Ro-sen be-dacht, Mit Näg'-lein be-steckt schlupf' un-ter die
moth-er's de-light,— Bright an-gels a-round my dar-ling shall

bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be
Deck': Mor-gen früh; wenn Gott will, wirst du wie-der ge-
stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my



THREE BLIND MICE.

CATCH.



NIGHT, LOVELY NIGHT.

THREE OR FOUR-PART SONG.

Arr. from BERGER.

SOP. I. AND II.

O night,
O night, love-ly night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy cool, dew - y
night, love-ly night, With thy twi-light so soft, The moon's grateful

ALTO OR TENOR.

O night, love-ly night, Thou art ho - ly and calm, Thy cool, dew - y
night, love-ly night, With thy twi-light so soft, The moon's grateful

BASS.

The day with its
Thy soul breath-ing

breath to the worn brow is balm; The day with its heat and o'er-la - den with
ray, myr-iad peep-ing eyes a - loft; Thy soul breathing air, stealing o'er us so

f

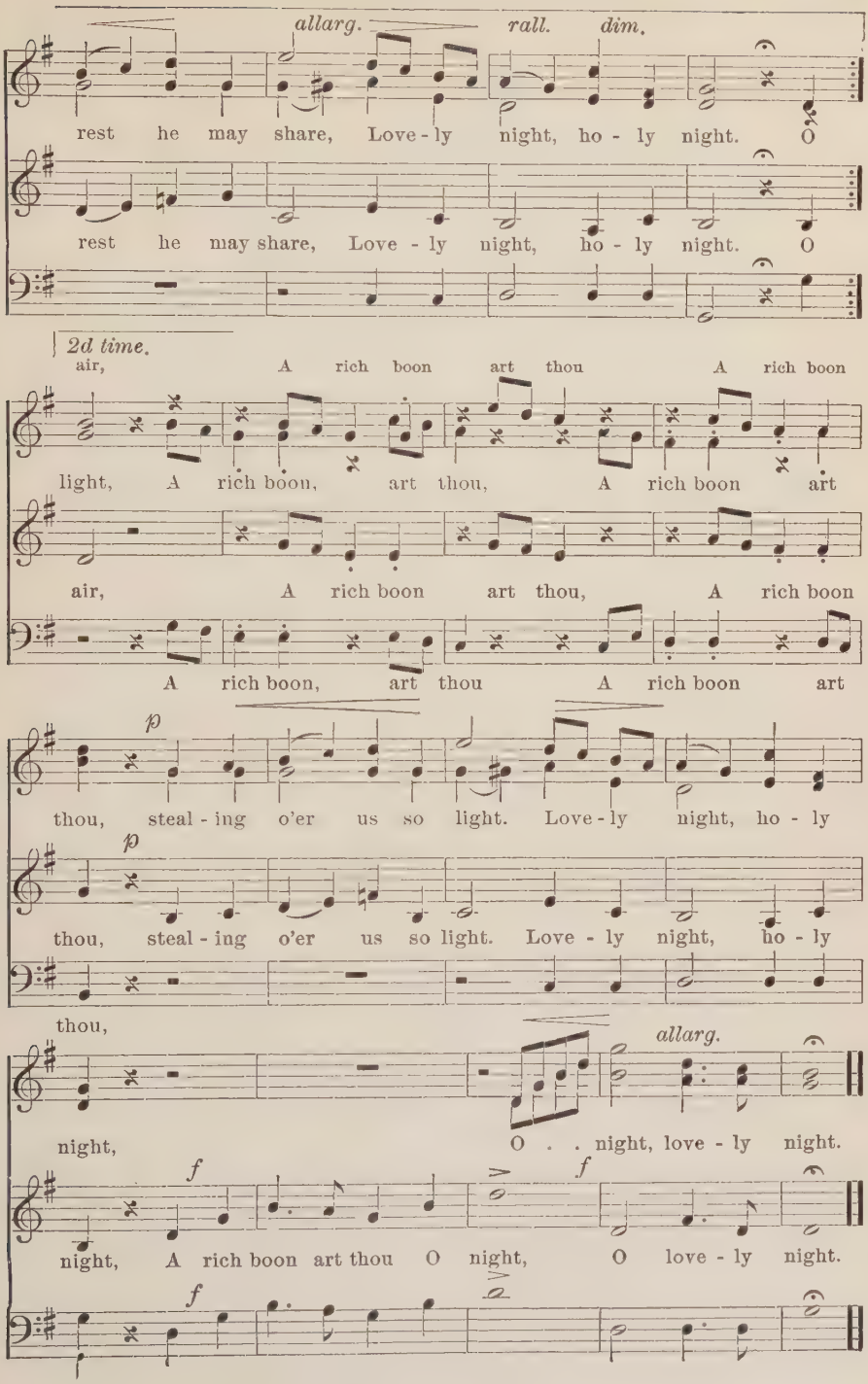
breath to the worn brow is balm; The day with its heat and its
ray myr-iad peep-ing eyes a - loft; Thy soul breathing air, breathing

1st time.

p

care, Toils on-ward and pants, toils on-ward and pants, That thy

care, Toils on-ward and pants, toils on-ward, and pants, That thy


allarg.
rall.
dim.
rest he may share, Love - ly night, ho - ly night. O
rest he may share, Love - ly night, ho - ly night. O
2d time.
air, A rich boon art thou A rich boon
light, A rich boon, art thou, A rich boon art
air, A rich boon art thou, A rich boon
A rich boon, art thou A rich boon art
p
thou, steal - ing o'er us so light. Love - ly night, ho - ly
p
thou, steal - ing o'er us so light. Love - ly night, ho - ly
thou,
allarg.
night, O . . night, love - ly night.
f
f
night, A rich boon art thou O night, O love - ly night.
f

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

MOLLOY.

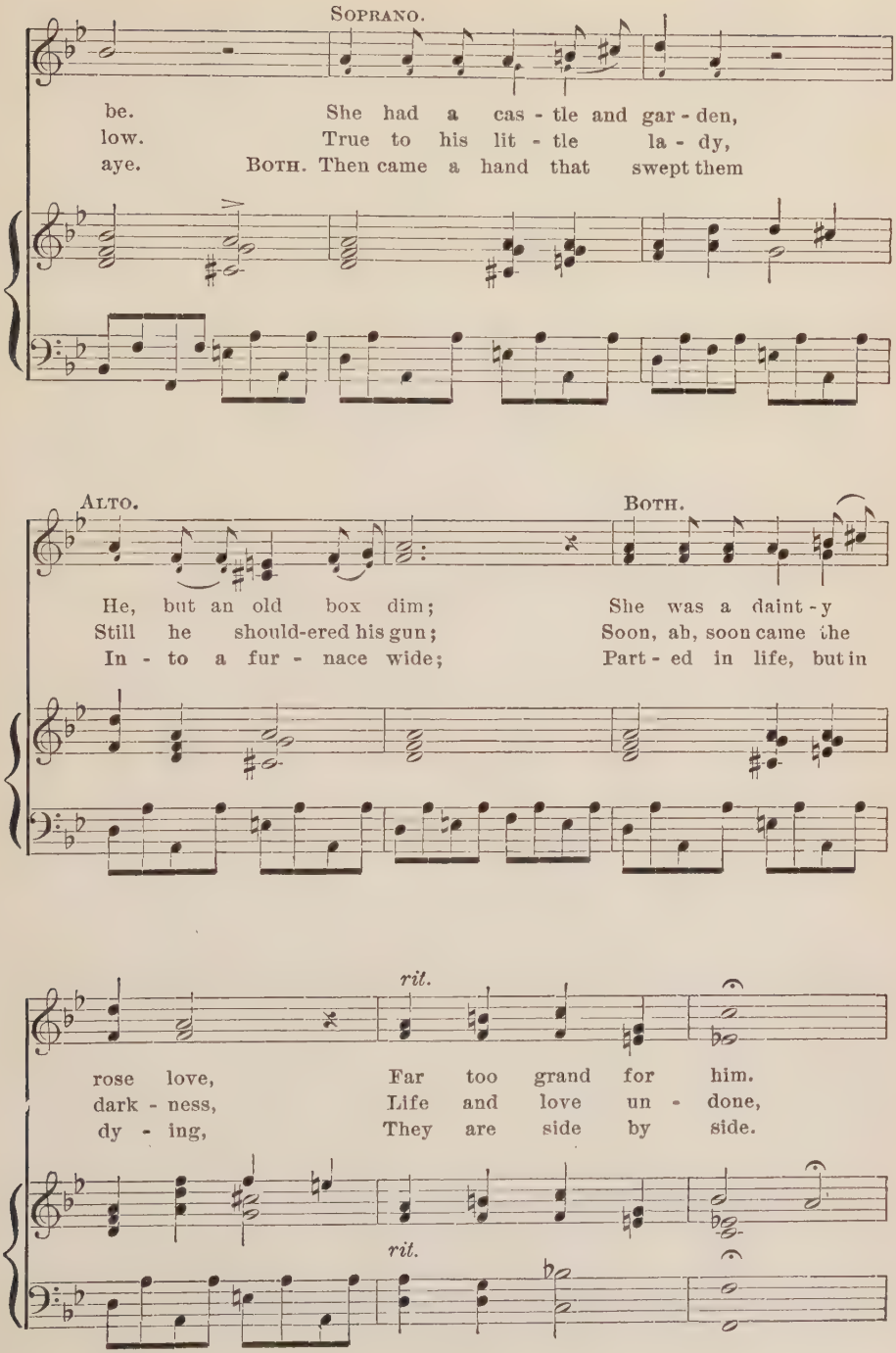
Moderato.

SOPRANO.

1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
2. Once as he watched his rose love, Winds from the north did blow,
3. Once more he sees his rose love, Still she is danc- ing gay;

ALTO.

She was a lit - tle fai - ry danc - er, Bright as bright could
Swept him out of the case-ment, Down to a stream be -
He is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al still for


SOPRANO.
be. She had a cas - tle and gar - den,
low. True to his lit - tle la - dy,
aye. BOTH. Then came a hand that swept them
ALTO.
He, but an old box dim;
Still he should-ered his gun;
In - to a fur - nace wide;
BOTH.
She was a daint - y
Soon, ah, soon came the
Part - ed in life, but in
rit.
rose love, Far too grand for him.
dark - ness, Life and love un - done,
dy - ing, They are side by side.
rit.

a tempo.

He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
Ah, for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah, for her cru - el

he; Brave-ly shouldered his mus - ket, Fain her love would
he; Ne'er in the world a lov - er Half so true could
part; There lies her rose in ash - es, There his loy - al

1st & 2d *3d*

be.
be.
heart.

Lento.

THE MINUET.

F. R. Rix.

Arr. from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Andante.

State - ly and proud the min - u - et, Lord - ly its for - mal

Lord - ly its for - - . mal

et - i - quette! Haught-y grand dames do curt - sy low, And

et - i-quette! And haughty grand dames do curt - sy low, And move with

move with ges-tures slow. slow. For - ward and back with

Pow - der and patch and

ges - - tures slow, state-ly slow, For - ward,

hands held high, Part-ners bow low with gal - lan - try;

stiff bro-cade, Wide skirts and fan and pom-pon high,

Then low they bow with gal - lan - try, Now march-ing

Wide skirts and fan and pom - pon high, With jew - els

D.C. al Fine using 2d ending.

FINE.

March-ing now they move with lift - ed head, With minc-ing steps they tread.

Jew - els rare on neck and arms displayed, A sight to please the eye.

move they now with lift - ed head, With minc-ing steps . . they tread.

rare on neck and arms displayed, A sight to please . . the eye.

COOPER'S SONG AND CHORUS.

Adapted from "Boccacio," VON SUPPE.

Brightly.

1. My wife de-lights in
2. It sets her nerves on

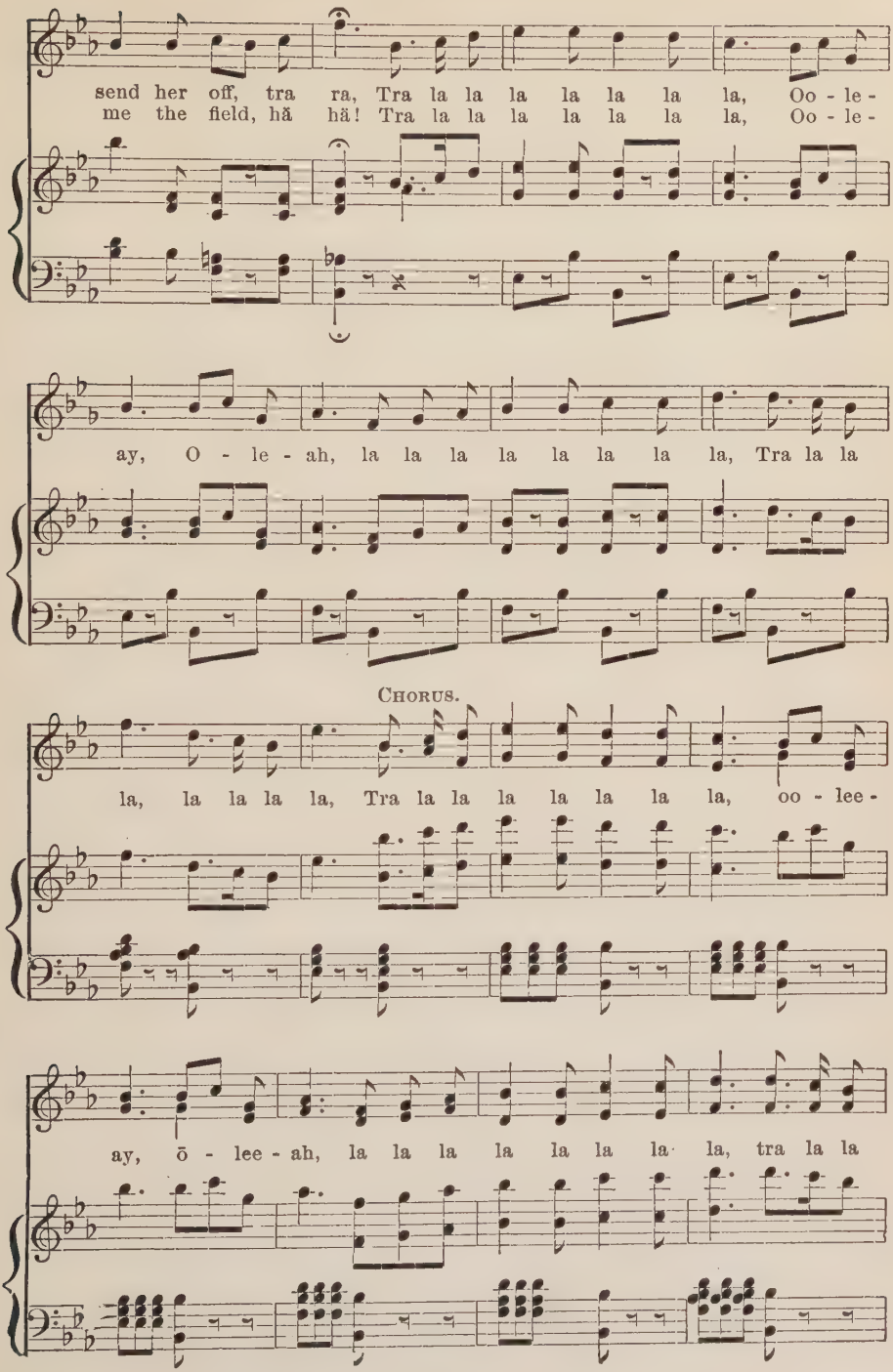
8va

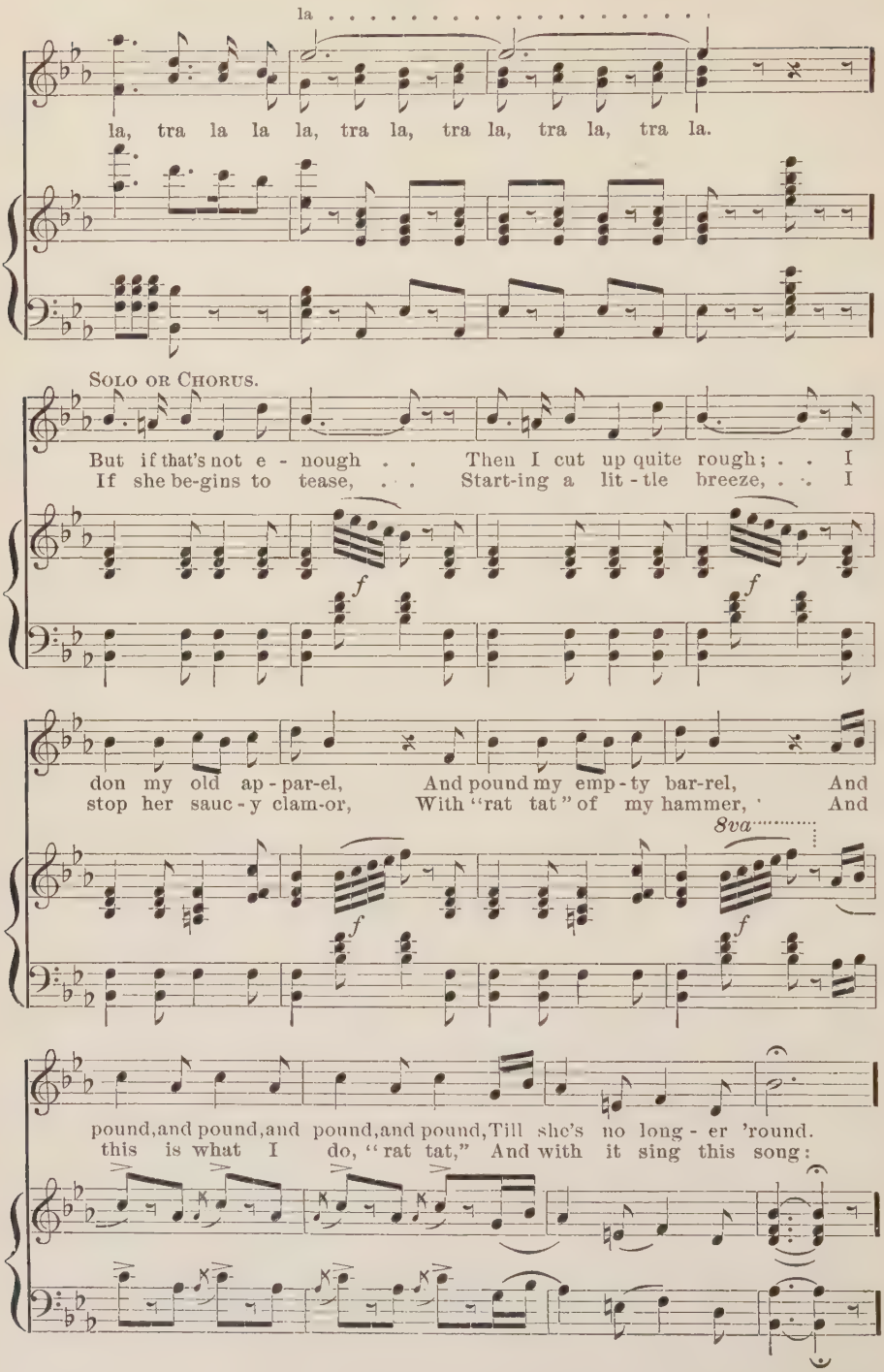
tr

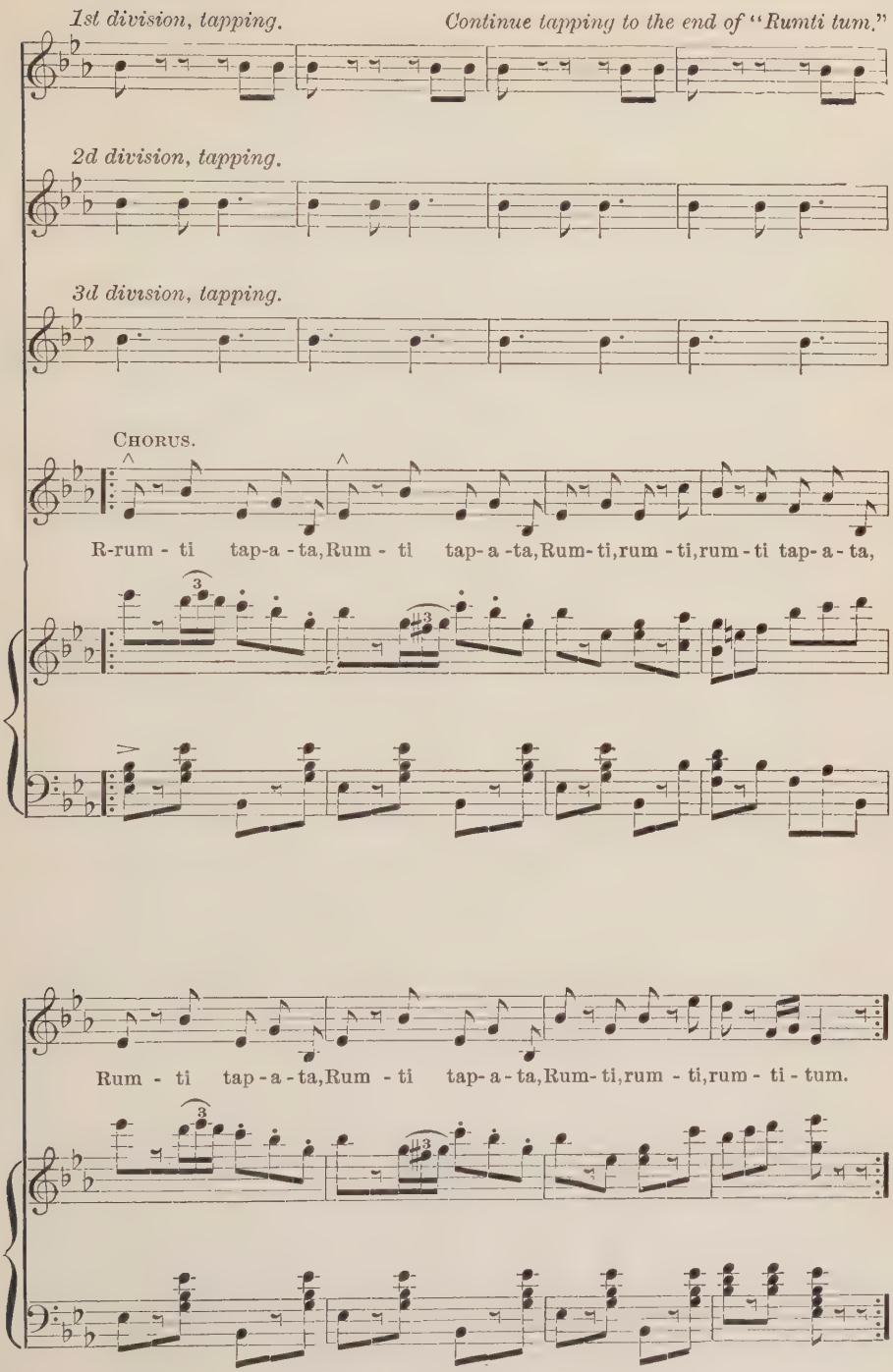
scold-ing me the whole day long, And how to stop her chat-ter, Is
edge to hear that pound, pound, pound, She can-not bear its ring-ing, And

tr

quite a se - rious mat-ter, And now my tra la la la . . Will
just the same with sing-ing, And so my tra la la la, . . Gives


send her off, tra ra, Tra la la la la la la la, Oo - le -
me the field, hä hä! Tra la la la la la la la, Oo - le -
ay, O - le - ah, la la la la la la la la, Tra la la
Chorus.
la, la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, oo - lee -
ay, ō - lee - ah, la la la la la la la la, tra la la


la . . . . . .
la, tra la la la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la.
Solo or Chorus.
But if that's not e - nough . . Then I cut up quite rough; . . I
If she be-gins to tease, . . Start-ing a lit - tle breeze, . . I
f
f
don my old ap - par-el, And pound my emp - ty bar-rel, And
stop her sauc - y clam-or, With "rat tat" of my hammer, And
8va
f
f
pound, and pound, and pound, and pound, Till she's no long - er 'round.
this is what I do, "rat tat," And with it sing this song:


1st division, tapping.
Continue tapping to the end of "Rumti tum."
2d division, tapping.
3d division, tapping.
CHORUS.
R-rum - ti tap-a - ta, Rum - ti tap- a -ta, Rum- ti, rum - ti, rum - ti tap- a - ta,
Rum - ti tap - a - ta, Rum - ti tap- a - ta, Rum- ti, rum - ti, rum - ti - tum.

That's how the coop-er, who- e'er he be, Is a jol - ly good chap, you

see; That's how the coop-er, who- e'er he be, Is a

D.C. for 2d stanza.

jol - ly good chap, you see, ...

SWEET THE ANGELUS IS RINGING.

(From the cantata, "KING RENE'S DAUGHTER.")

Words by FREDERICK ENOCH. Composed by HENRY SMART.

Andante Quasi Larghetto. ♪ = 78.

PIANO.

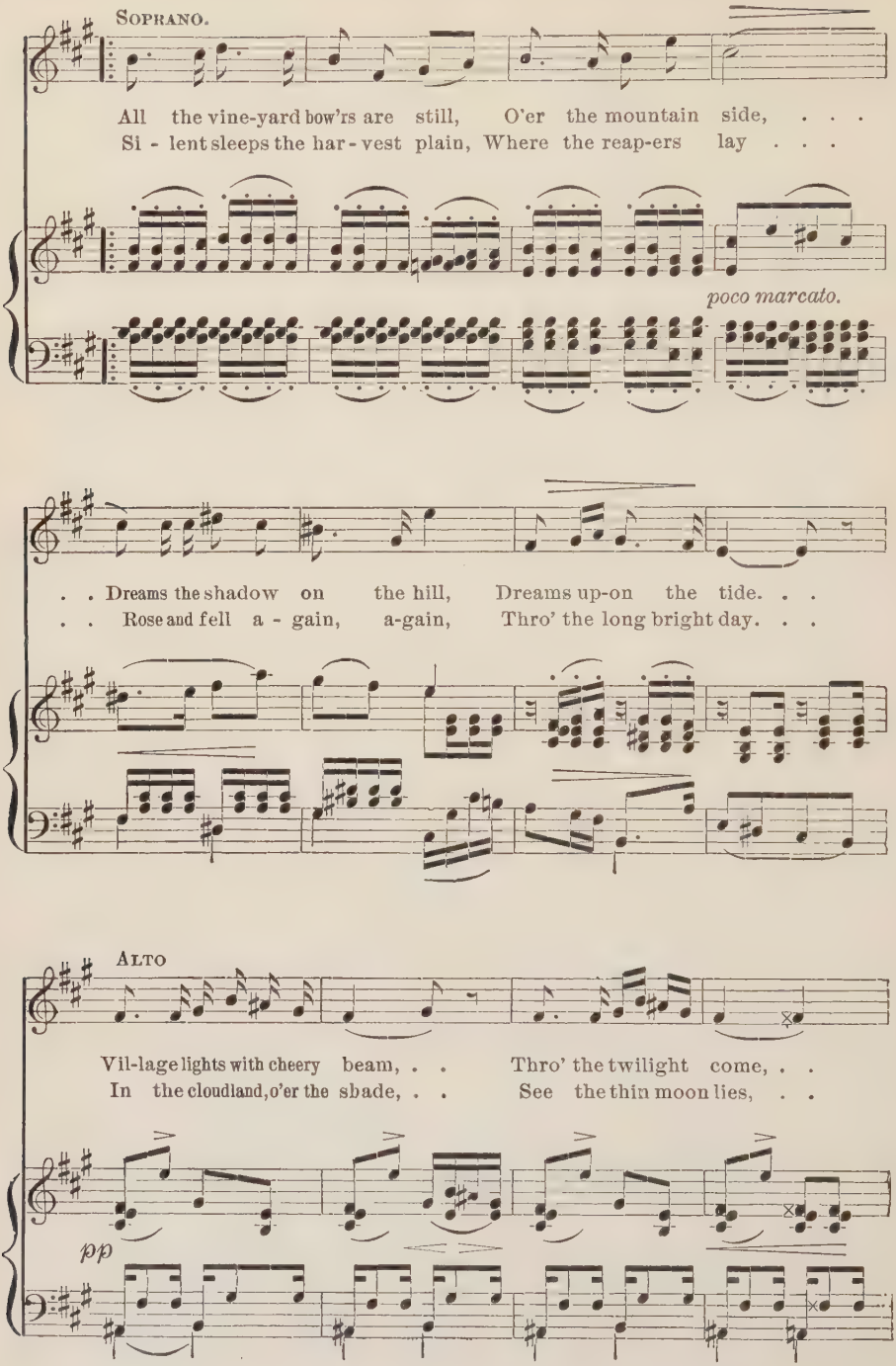
p

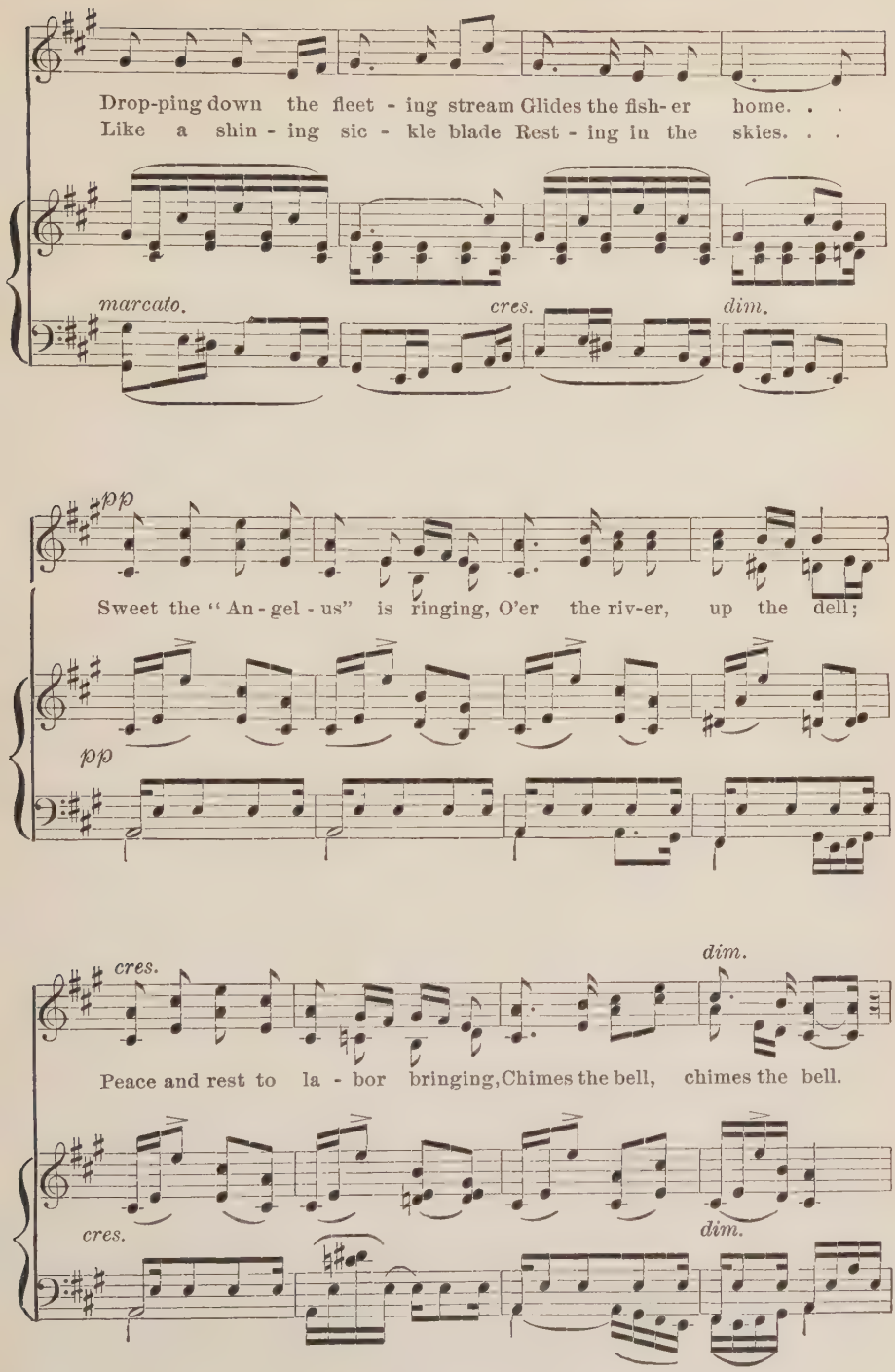
Ped.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. *p*

Sweet the "An-gel - us" is ring-ing, O'er the riv-er,

up the dell; Peace and rest to la - bor bring-ing, Chimes the bell, chimes the bell.


Soprano.
All the vine-yard bow'rs are still, O'er the mountain side, . . .
Si - lent sleeps the har - vest plain, Where the reap-ers lay . . .
poco marcato.
. . Dreams the shadow on the hill, Dreams up-on the tide. . .
. . Rose and fell a - gain, a-gain, Thro' the long bright day. . .
Alto
Vil-lage lights with cheery beam, . . Thro' the twilight come, . .
In the cloudland, o'er the shade, . . See the thin moon lies, . .
pp


Drop-ping down the fleet - ing stream Glides the fish- er home. . .
Like a shin - ing sic - kle blade Rest - ing in the skies. . .
marcato.
cres.
dim.
pp
Sweet the "An - gel - us" is ringing, O'er the riv-er, up the dell;
pp
cres.
dim.
Peace and rest to la - bor bringing, Chimes the bell, chimes the bell.
cres.
dim.

1st time.

2d time.

pp

Peace and rest to la-bor bring - ing, Chimes,

pp

Ped.

pp

chimes the bell, chimes the bell. . . .

pp

THE SPRING.

A CATCH.

HAYES.

1

The spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.

2

Hark, hark, I hear them sing:

3

The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Adapted from "Il Trovatore," VERDI.

Allegretto.

Fly - ing with flow - ing sail

O - ver the sum - mer sea, Sheer thro' the seeth - ing gale,

tr *tr*

Home - ward bound are . . . . we. Fly - ing with

tr *tr*

feath - 'ry prow, Bound - ing with slant - ing keel, And glad .

. . is the sail - or lad As he sings . . at his wheel. .

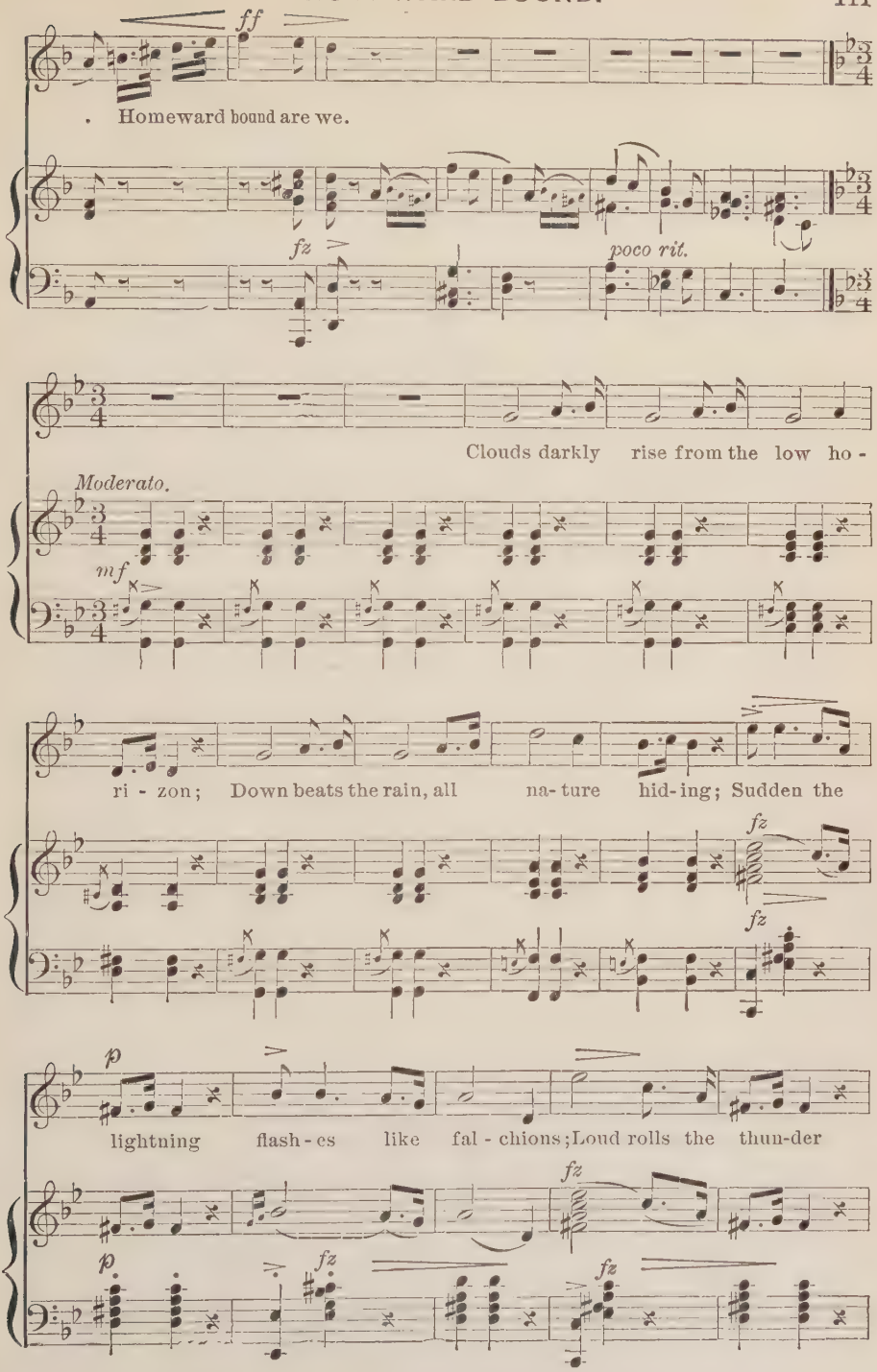
Fly - ing with flow - ing sail O - - - ver the

tr tr

sum - mer sea, Sheer thro' the seeth - - - ing

tr

gale, the seeth - ing gale, ...


ff
Homeward bound are we.
fz
poco rit.
Clouds darkly rise from the low ho-
Moderato.
mf
ri - zon; Down beats the rain, all na- ture hid- ing; Sudden the
fz
fz
p
lightning flash - es like fal - chions; Loud rolls the thun-der
fz
p
fz
fz

cross - - - - ing the sky. See, how the storm is

ff *sf*

slow-ly re - tir - ing, Sun-set now glows thro' the rifts in the clouds.

Allegro assai.

Bright is the flash - ing brine,

Blithe is the breeze of heav'n, Sweet-ly the star - ry shine smiles when the

day is done. Fresh is the fav-'ring wind fill-ing the fly-ing sail; Glad is the

tempo rubato. rit. *f a tempo.*

sail-or lad aft-er the gale; Light-house and shore quick-ly burst on our

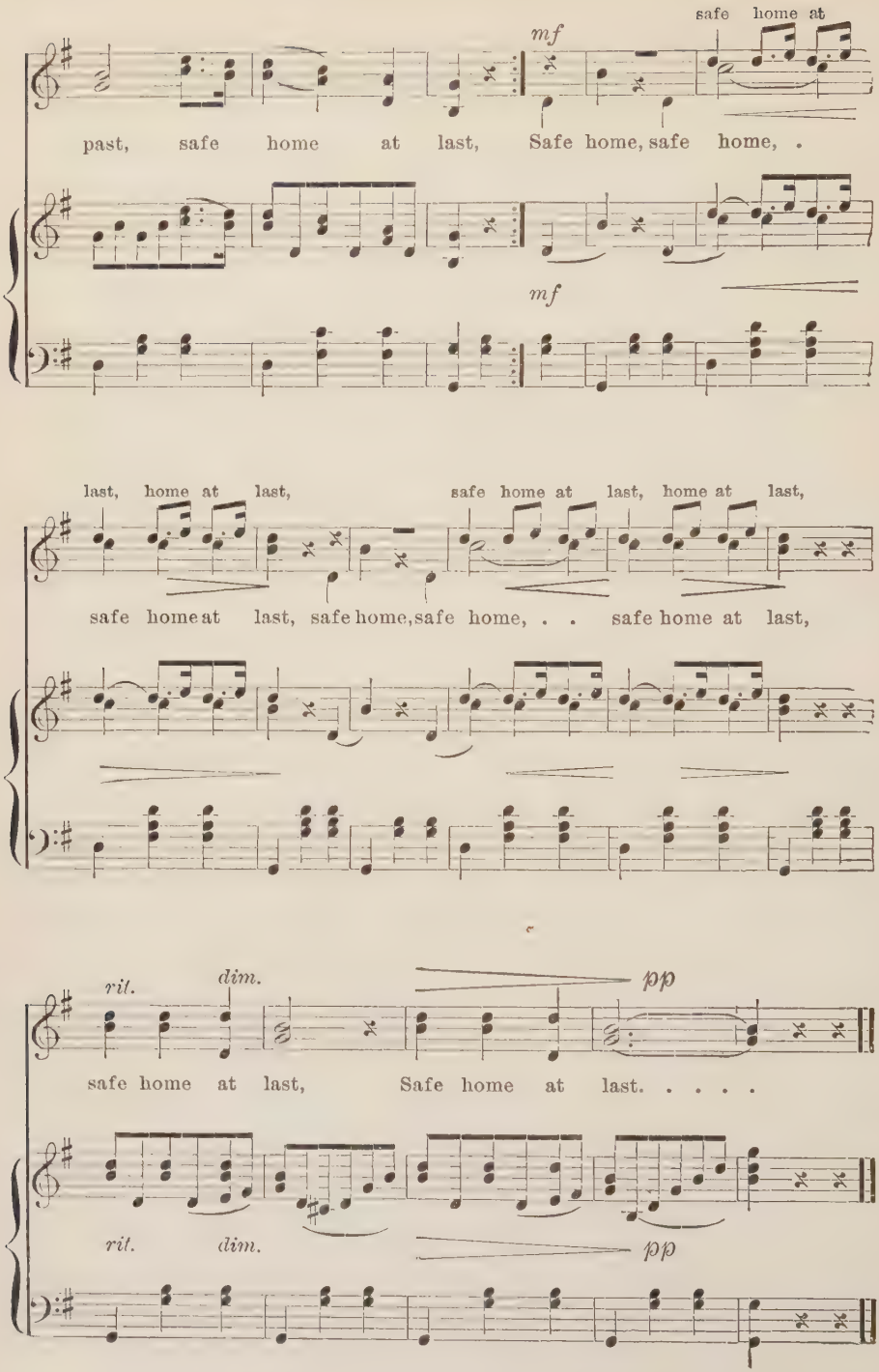
col. voce. *f*

sight, And gone are the fears and the dark-ness of night.

mf *f*

All dan-ger is past, safe home at last; All dan-ger is

mf


mf
safe home at
past, safe home at last, Safe home, safe home, .
mf
last, home at last,
safe home at last, home at last,
safe home at last, safe home, safe home, . . safe home at last,
rit.
dim.
pp
safe home at last, Safe home at last. . . . .
rit.
dim.
pp

WELCOME THE HAPPY FESTAL DAY.

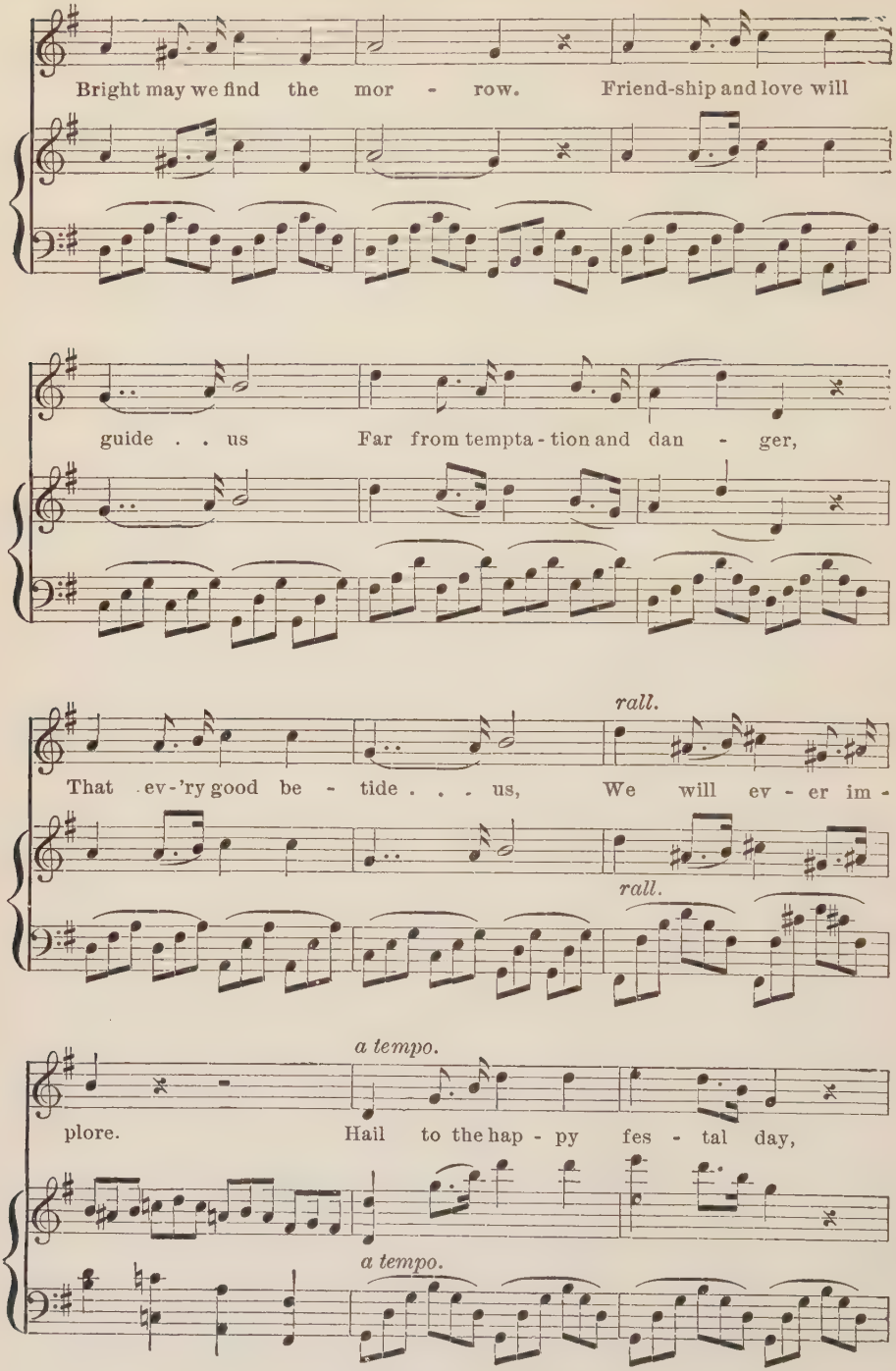
Arr. from "Lucia," DONIZETTI.

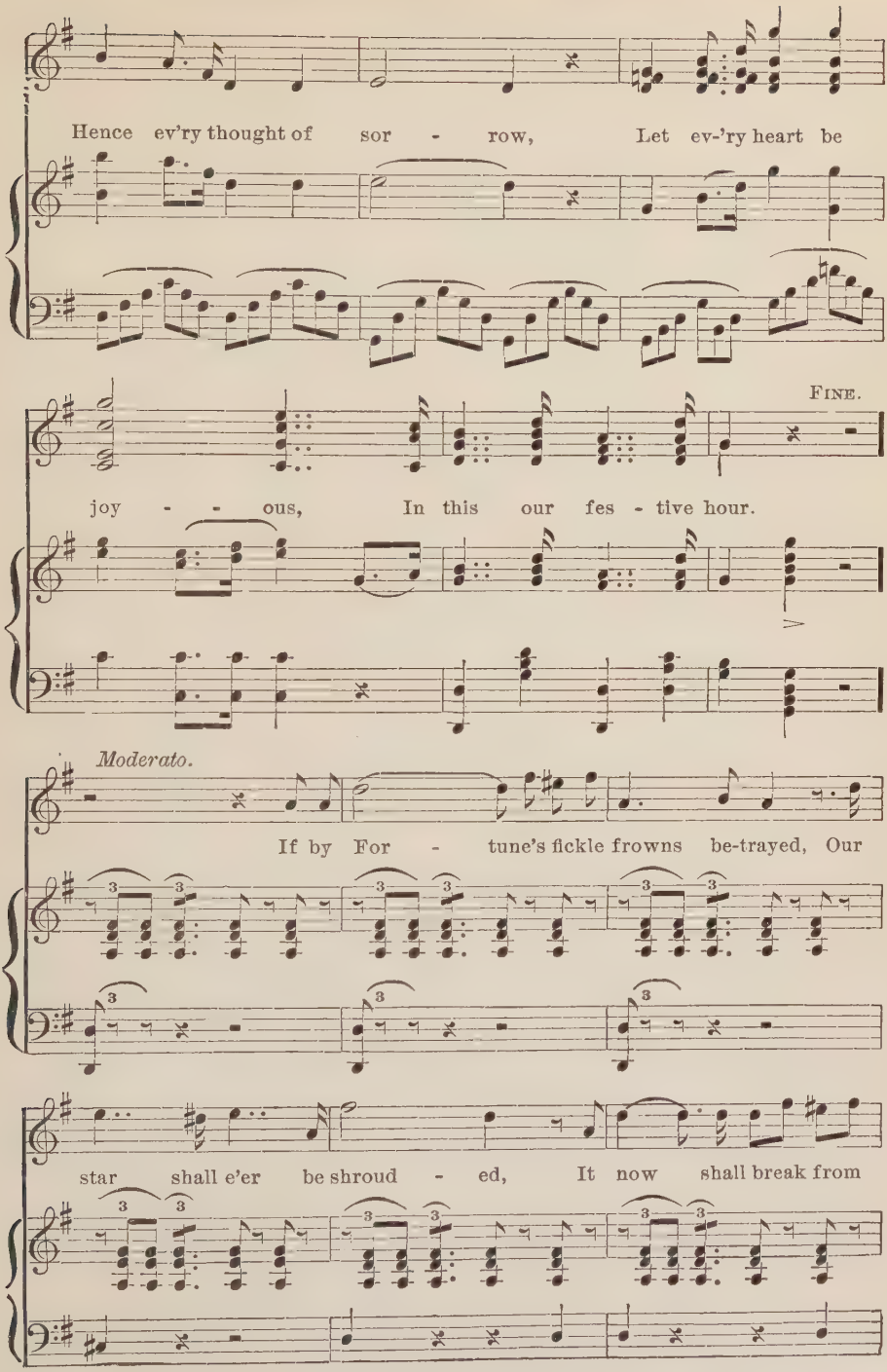
Allegro.

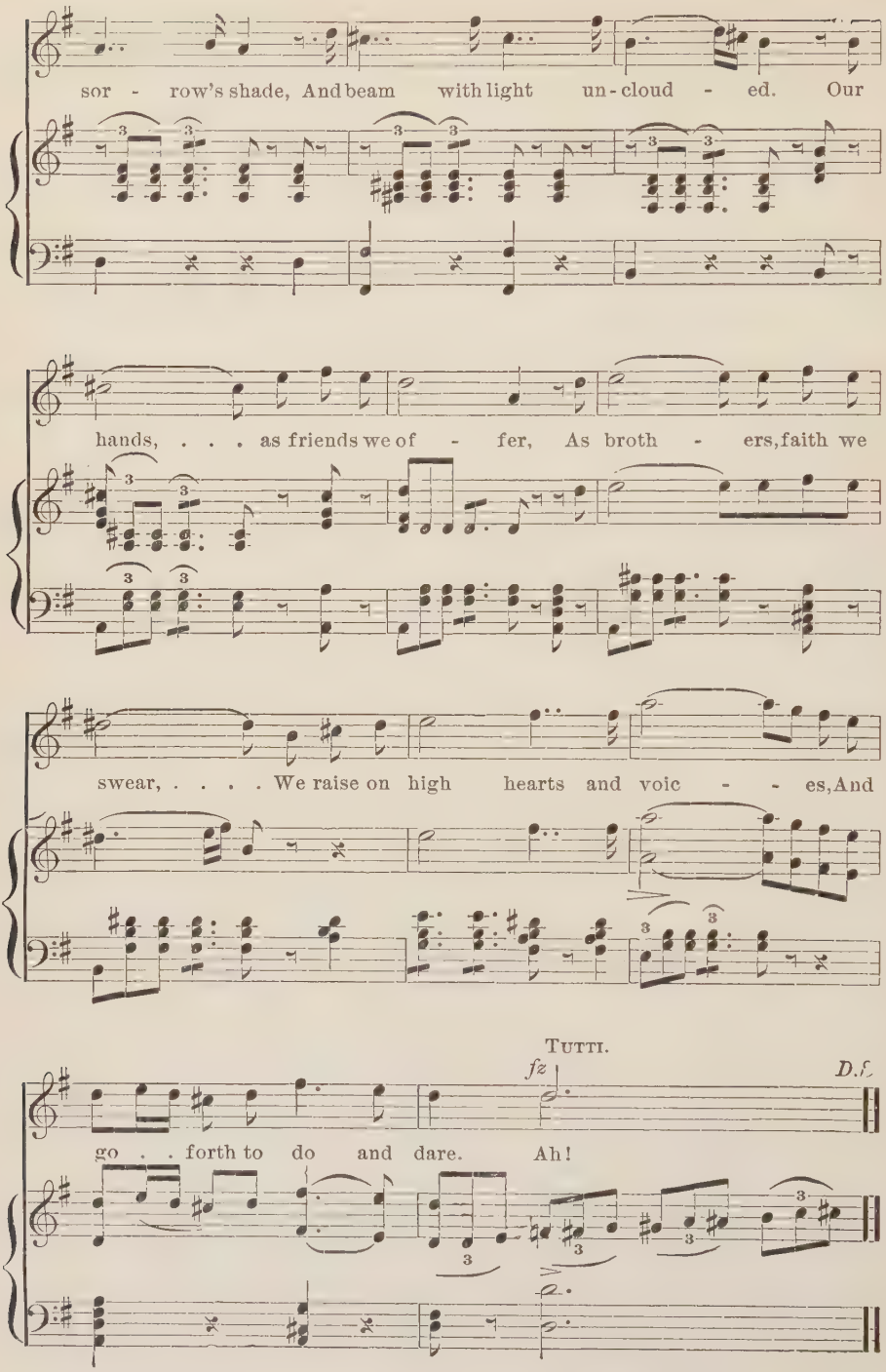
:S:

Wel - come the hap - py fes - tal day, Hence ev-'ry thought of

sor - row; Let ev - 'ry heart with hope be gay,


Bright may we find the mor - row. Friend-ship and love will
guide . . us Far from tempta - tion and dan - ger,
rall.
That ev-'ry good be - tide . . . us, We will ev - er im -
rall.
a tempo.
plore. Hail to the hap - py fes - tal day,
a tempo.


Hence ev'ry thought of sor - row, Let ev-'ry heart be
joy - - ous, In this our fes - tive hour.
FINE.
Moderato.
If by For - tune's fickle frowns be-trayed, Our
star shall e'er be shroud - ed, It now shall break from


sor - row's shade, And beam with light un-cloud - ed. Our
hands, . . . as friends we of - fer, As broth - ers, faith we
swear, ... We raise on high hearts and voic - - es, And
TUTTI.
fz
D.S.
go . . forth to do and dare. Ah!

RATAPLAN.

Adapted from "The Daughter of the Regiment,"
DONIZETTI.

1. Boys and girls love the drum with its plan - rat - a - plan, When the
2. Oh, the sound of the drum with its rub - dub - a - dub E - ven

sol-dier's on pa - rade, And their feet march in time to the trump's tantaran, And the
makes the war-horse gay, When he hears it . roll with a tat - rat - a -tat, And the

big drum's bim, boom, boom. Ev -'ry bos - om is thrilled with its
trumpet's loud call to the fray. When the con - flict is o'er, and the

rhyth- mi - cal sounds, Ev-'ry heart beats with stronger pulse, And the
en - e - my ours, Then the notes of the rat - tling drum Send its

sink - ing breast of the tim - id re-bounds, And he rush - es a-gainst the
ech - oes far to the anx - ious . friends, Who a-wait with a wel - come

foe.
home. } Then steadi-ly oh, and mer-ri - ly oh, We cheer-i - ly march a-

* *ad lib.*

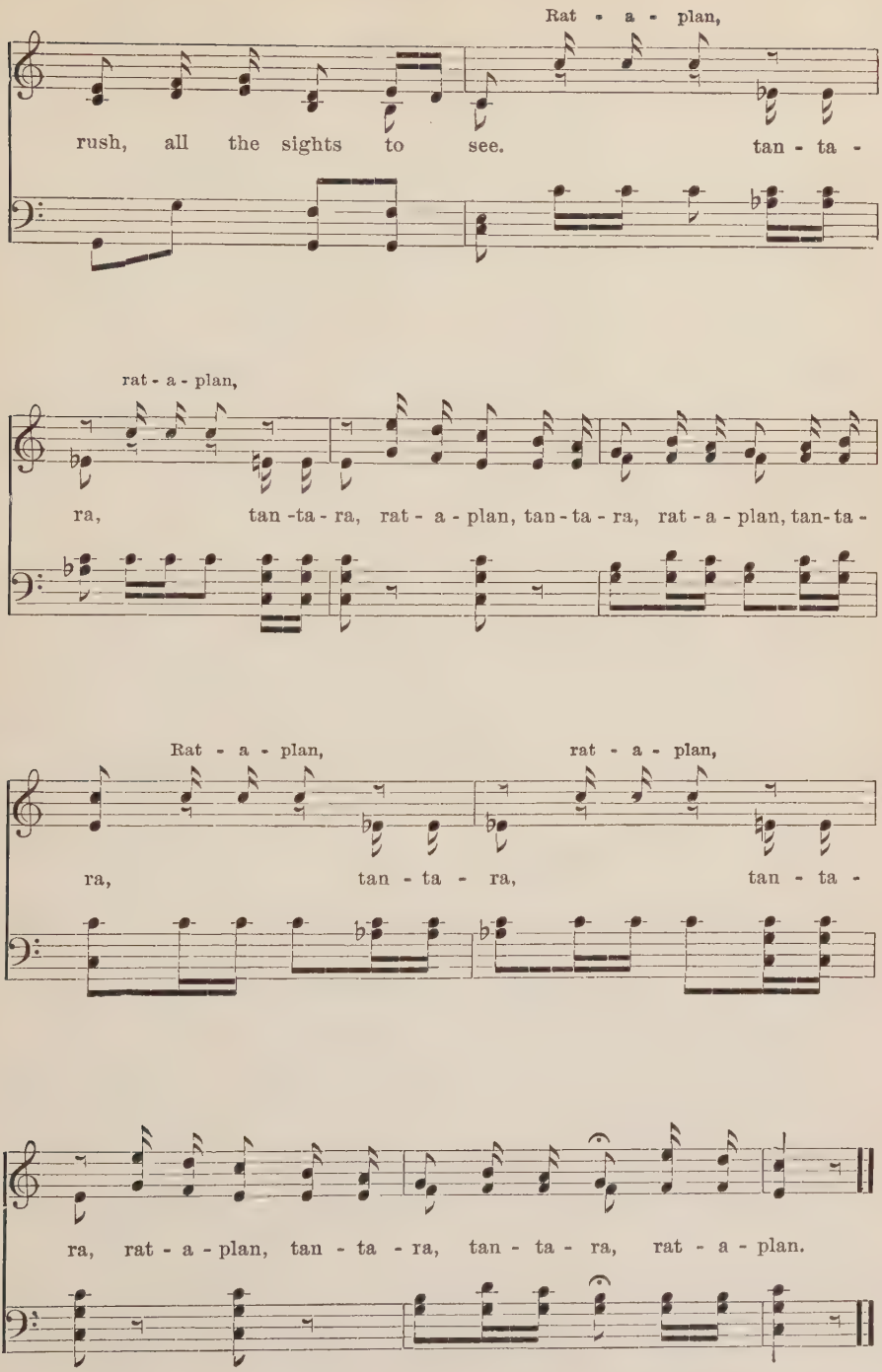
long, Rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat-a-plan. { *Spoken.* "Forward, March." } March a-

ff

way, march a - way, 'Tis a glo - ri - ous day, And the flags are wav - ing

free. On the street, in the field, Crowds are gather - ing thick, And they

* At the pause, any martial order may be spoken, as if by a commanding officer.


Rat - a - plan,
rush, all the sights to see. tan - ta -
rat - a - plan,
ra, tan -ta - ra, rat - a - plan, tan - ta - ra, rat - a - plan, tan- ta -
Rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan,
ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -
ra, rat - a - plan, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, rat - a - plan.

GRADUATION SONG.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

HELEN SAWTELLE. FRANK R. RIX.

Moderato.

We pause a mo-ment ere we leave the school life of our

8va.

choice; For faults and wasted time we grieve, For knowledge gained re-

joice. The past, be - hind in shadow lies, Still speeds the pres - ent

hour; The fu-ture, thought of fear de - fies, With trust in High-er

rall.

rall.

f

dim.

a tempo.

Pow'r. The watch-word "On - ward" guide our life, To tri - umph

be our call, Despairing never, e'en in strife, For La - bor con - quers all,

f

con - quers all.

8va

GOODNIGHT.

ROUND.

1 2

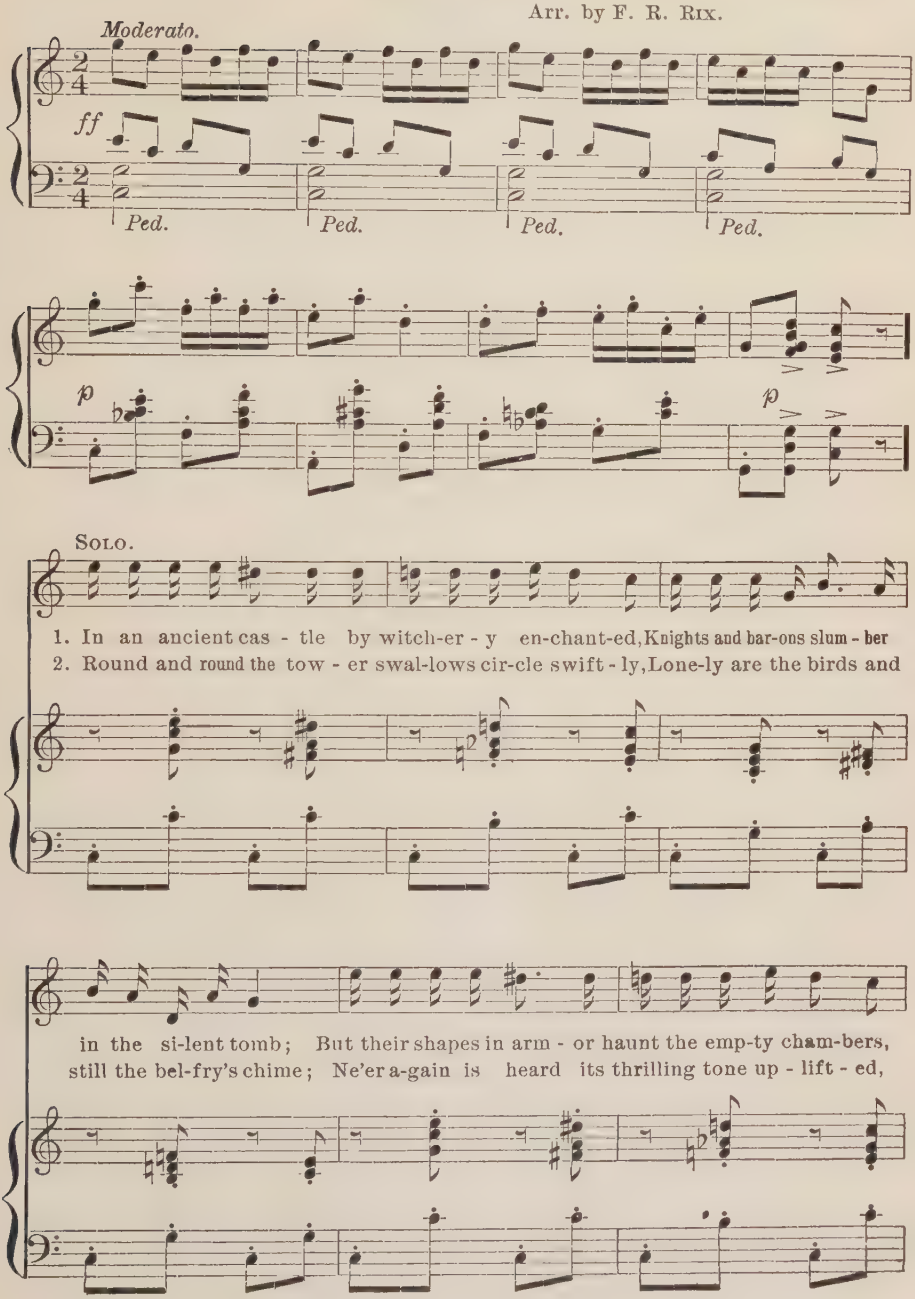
Good - night, slum - ber sound in

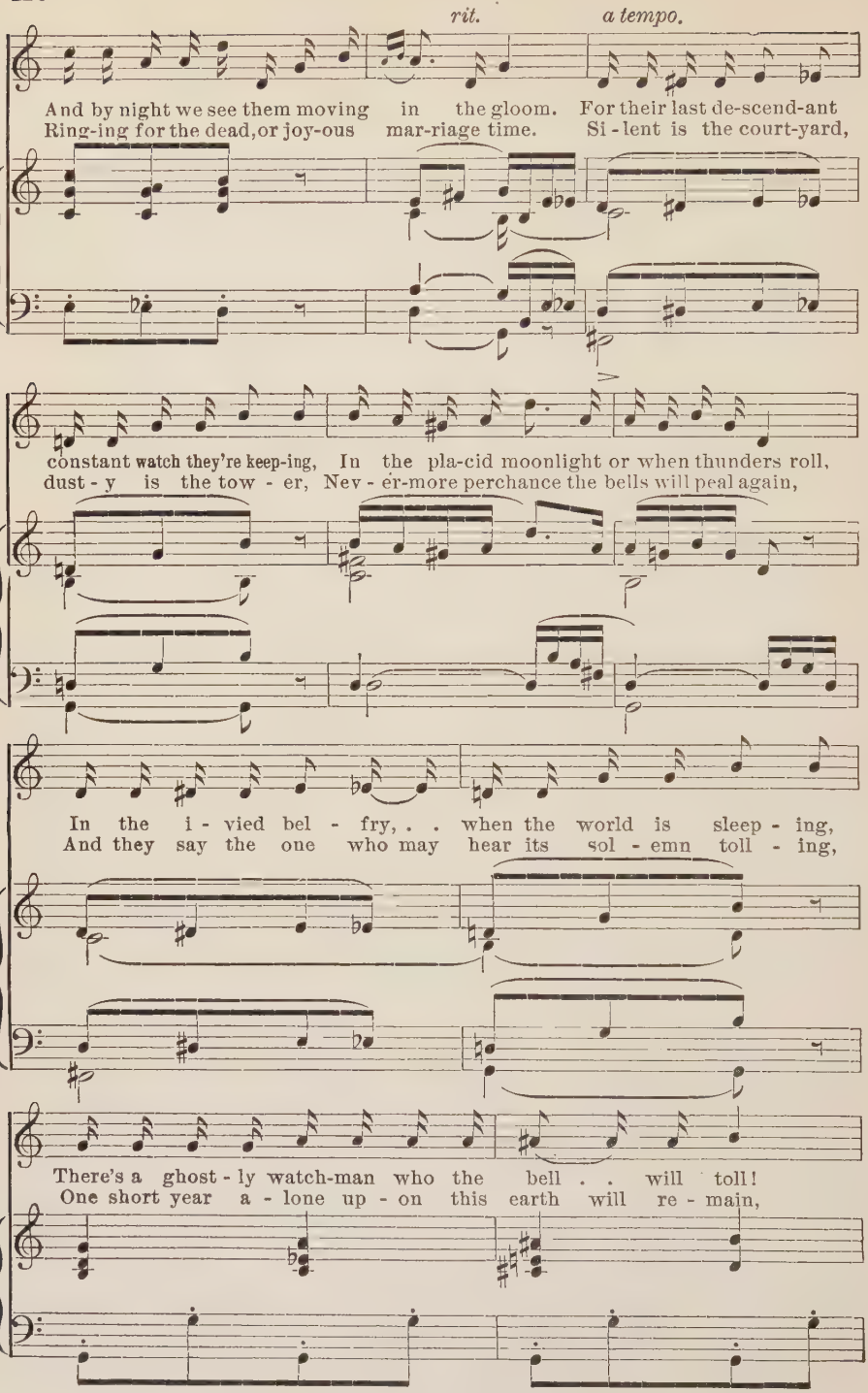
3 4

peace pro - found, till morn - ing's light.

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

From "The Chimes of Normandy," PLANQUETTE.
Arr. by F. R. RIX.




rit.
a tempo.
And by night we see them moving in the gloom. For their last de-scend-ant
Ring-ing for the dead, or joy-ous mar-riage time. Si-lent is the court-yard,
constant watch they're keep-ing, In the pla-cid moonlight or when thunders roll,
dust-y is the tow-er, Nev-er-more perchance the bells will peal again,
In the i-vied bel-fry, . . when the world is sleep-ing,
And they say the one who may hear its sol-emn toll-ing,
There's a ghost-ly watch-man who the bell . . will toll!
One short year a-lone up-on this earth will re-main,

There's a ghost - ly watch-man who the bell . . . will toll!
One short year a - lone up - on this earth will re - main.

mf *cres* - - - *cen* - - *do.* *f*

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell!

p

So the le-gend run - neth, so the old men tell. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! When the heir re - turn - eth, will clang the bell.

1st and 2d Soprano.

ding, dong,ding, ... ding, dong, ding, ... ding, dong, ding, ...

Ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong, ding,dong,ding,dong,

Alto.

Ding,dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

Bass.

Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,

8va

Ding, dong,ding,dong,ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

Ding, dong,ding,dong,ding, dong, ding, dong, .

bom, bom, bom, bom,

8va

ding, dong, ding,

ding,dong,ding,dong,ding,dong, ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong.ding, dong,ding,

ding, dong, ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding, dong,ding,

bom, bom, ding,dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding, dong,ding,

8va.... .....

dim.

1st time Solo, 2d time Chorus.

Ding,dong,ding, dong,ding, dong, ding, dong,ding, dong, bell! So the le-gend run-neth,

f

so the old men tell. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,

rall.

ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! When the long lost heir re-turn-eth, will clang the bell.

rall.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING.

ROUND.

1 2

Scotland's burn-ing! Scotland's burn-ing! See yon-der! See yon-der!

3 4

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Go fetch some more wa-ter!

PEACE AND CONCORD.

Arr. from "Lay of the Bell," ROMBERG.

Poco adagio.

p

Peace and concord, sweet and lovely, Lin - ger, lin - ger kind - ly al - ways

near these walls. Nev - er dawn that day of sor - row, When the

mf *p*

hordes of war shall rudely thro' this qui- et vale be rag - ing, When the

wel - kin which the ten - der blush of eve - ning paints so fair, With the

pp

hamlets', with the cit - ies' wild com-bus - tion fierce shall glare. Peace and

Solo.

Peace and concord, sweet and love-ly, Lin-ger kind - ly

con-cord, sweet and love-ly, Lin - ger, lin - ger kind - ly

lin - ger,

al - ways near these walls, lin - ger kind - ly al - ways near these walls.

al - ways near these walls, kind - ly al - ways near these walls.

linger always near these walls, linger always near these walls.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

F. R. Rix.

Allegro.

Music adapted from Lecocq.

Solo or Semi Chorus.

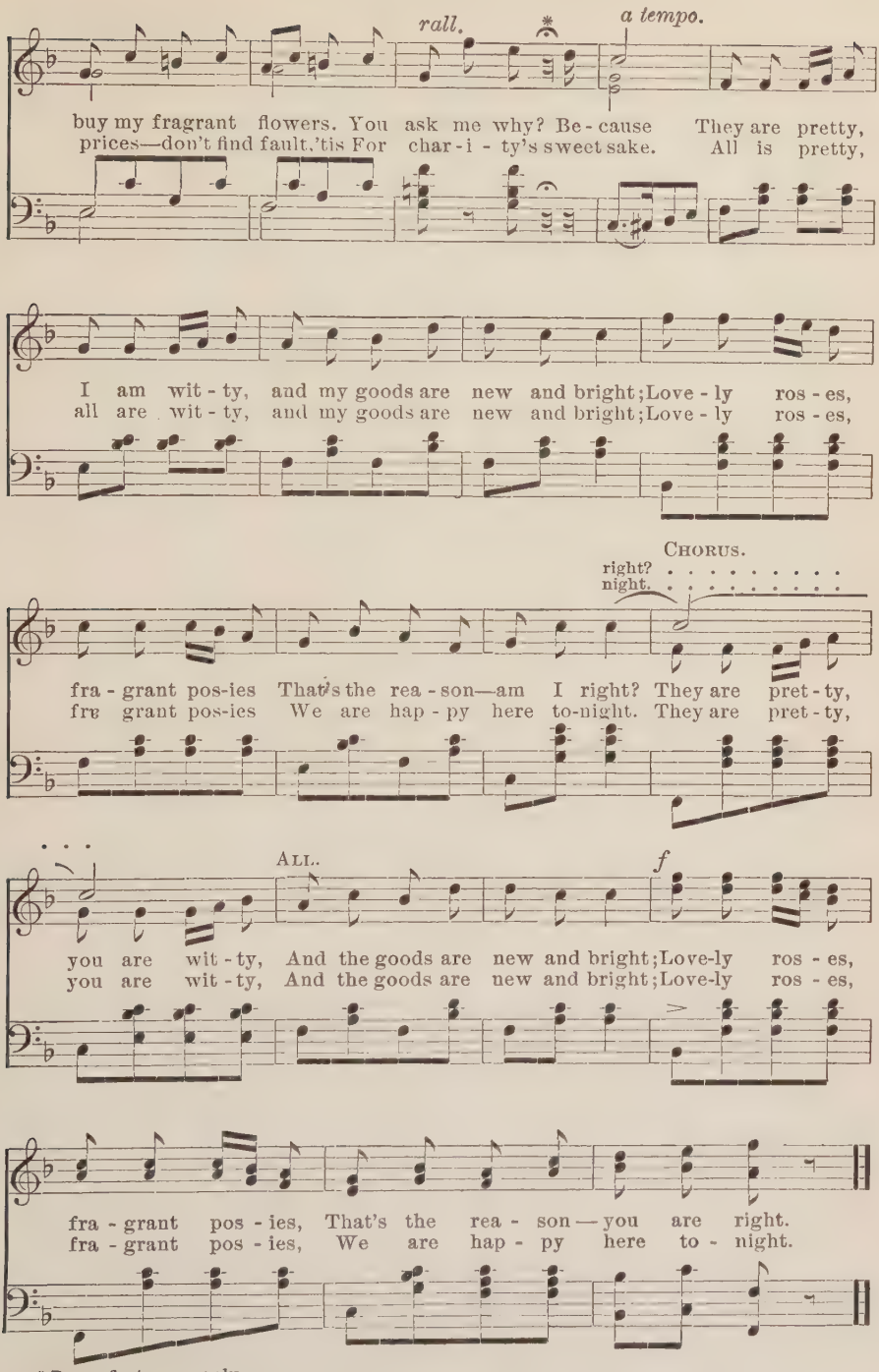
Moderato.

ff

1. Fair dames and gen - tle masters, I
2. Perhaps you may be hun-gry, Or

greet you one and all; I'm sure 'twill give you pleasure This fest-day to re -
thirst - y — all the same; The caf - é there is o - pen, Now aren't you glad you

call. I've bonbons for the children, And toys from San - ta Claus; Please
came? The bill of fare is tempting, With sal-ads, i - ces, cake; The



* Pause first verse only.

LIGHT AND GAY.

Adapted from "Martha."
FLOTOW.

Allegretto.

SOP. I. AND II.

Light and gay, All the day, Street and lane, Hill and

ALTO I. AND II.

1st time.

plain Ring a - long, Mer - ry song, Till the night si - lence bids. Light and

1st time.

2d time.

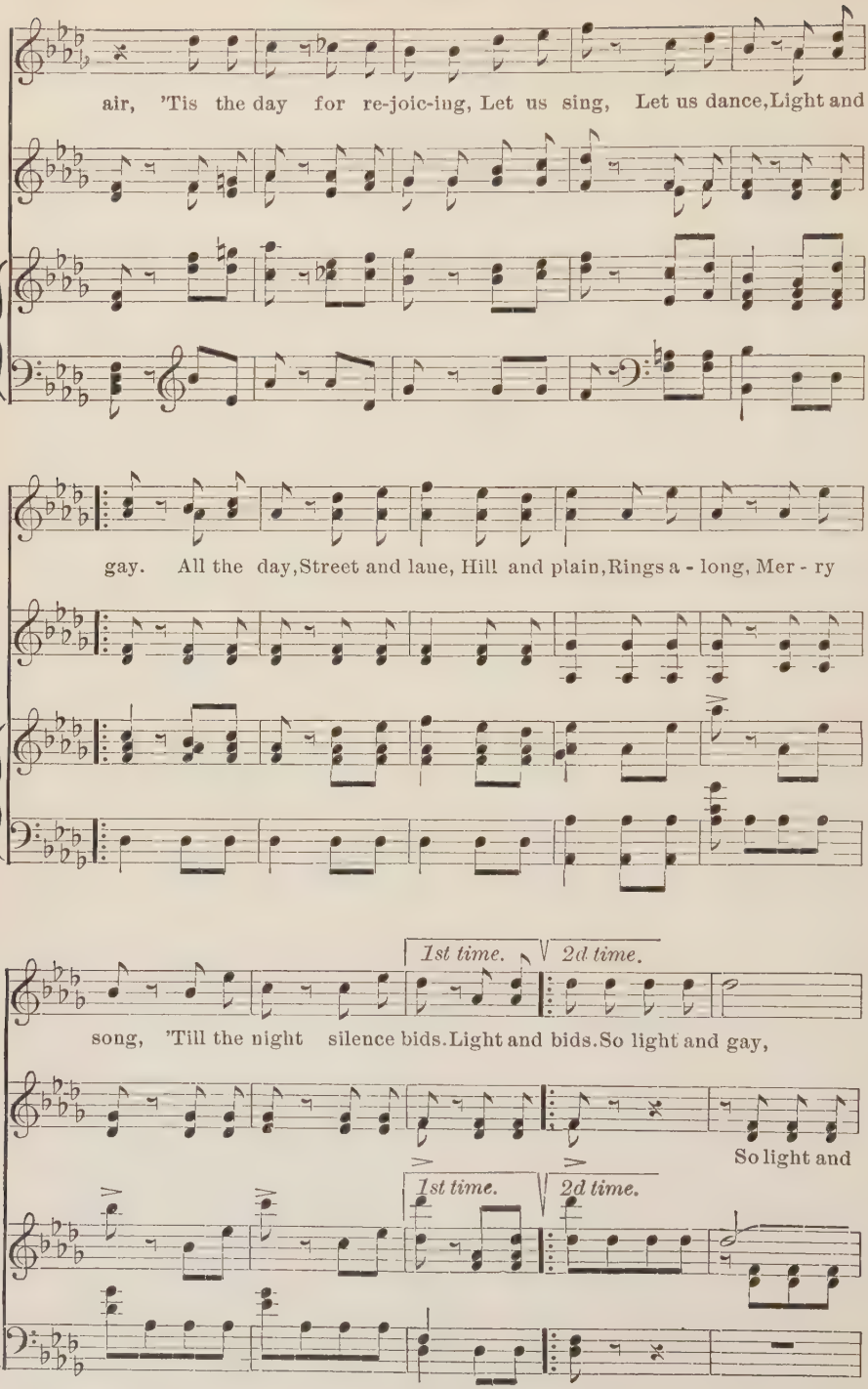
bids. Pleas-ure starts, Glee im-parts Cheer-ful song to youth-ful hearts. Liv-ing

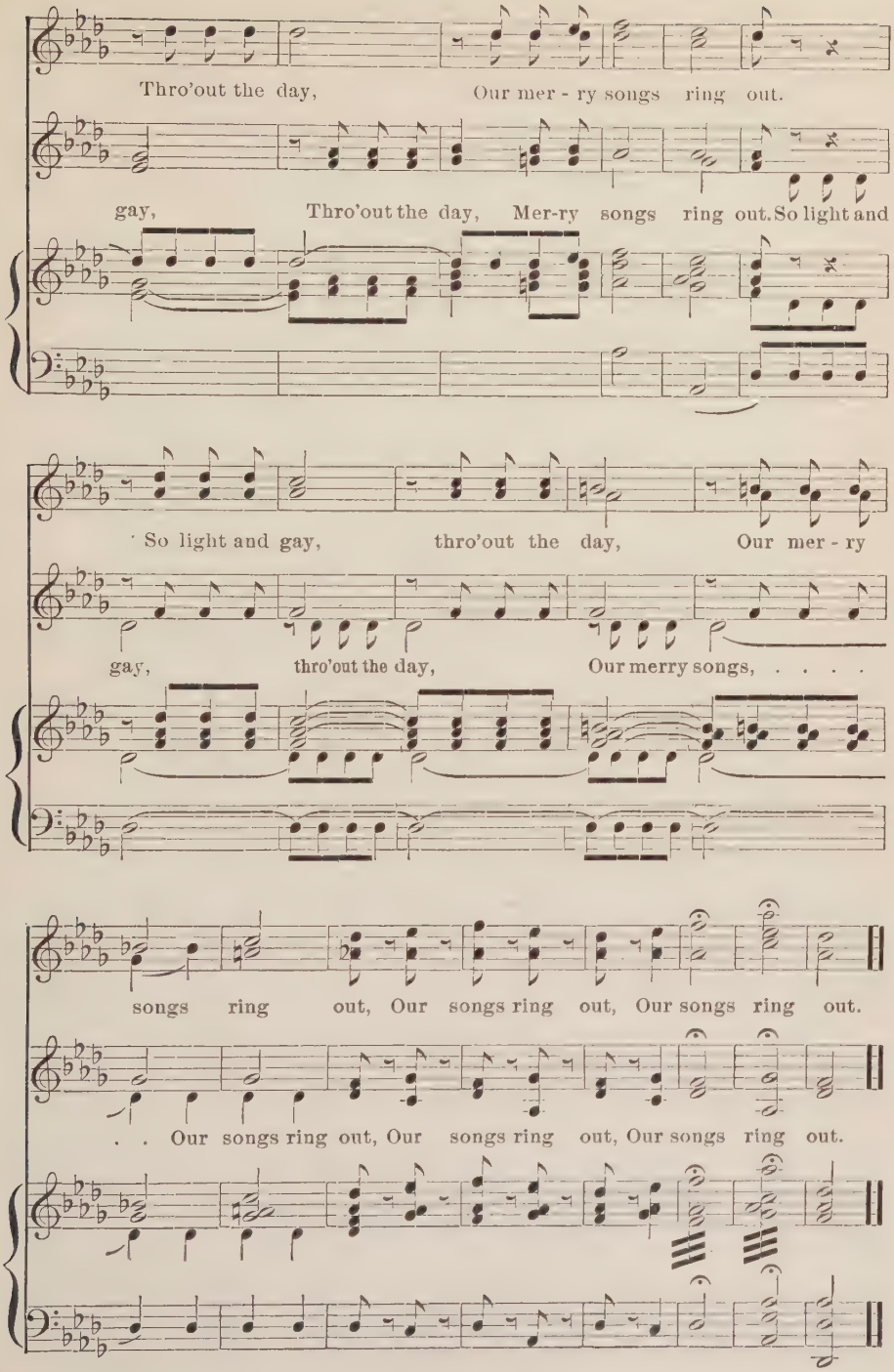
2d time.

thus, Free of care, As we go, now here, Now there. Maidens bright, Maidens

fair, Wel-come as the summer air, 'Tis the day for re-joic-ing, Let us

sing, Let us dance. Maidens bright, Maidens fair, Wel-come as the sum-mer


air, 'Tis the day for re-joic-ing, Let us sing, Let us dance, Light and
gay. All the day, Street and lane, Hill and plain, Rings a - long, Mer - ry
1st time.
2d time.
song, 'Till the night silence bids. Light and bids. So light and gay,
So light and
1st time.
2d time.


Thro'out the day, Our mer - ry songs ring out.
gay, Thro'out the day, Mer-ry songs ring out. So light and
So light and gay, thro'out the day, Our mer - ry
gay, thro'out the day, Our merry songs, ...
songs ring out, Our songs ring out, Our songs ring out.
. . Our songs ring out, Our songs ring out, Our songs ring out.

SMILING FATE.

Arr. from "The Huguenots,"
MEYERBEER, by F. R. RIX.

Allegro.

f

8va

p dolce.

Smil - ing fate on our path kind - ly

p dolce.

8va

blend - eth Ev - 'ry joy that can make young hearts blest; From a - bove

peace and love still at - tend - eth, While our days ne'er with grief are op -

f

prest. Peace and love from a - bove still at - tend - eth, While our days

f

SOPRANO. Now let joy and sweet mu - sic in - vit - ing, While in

p

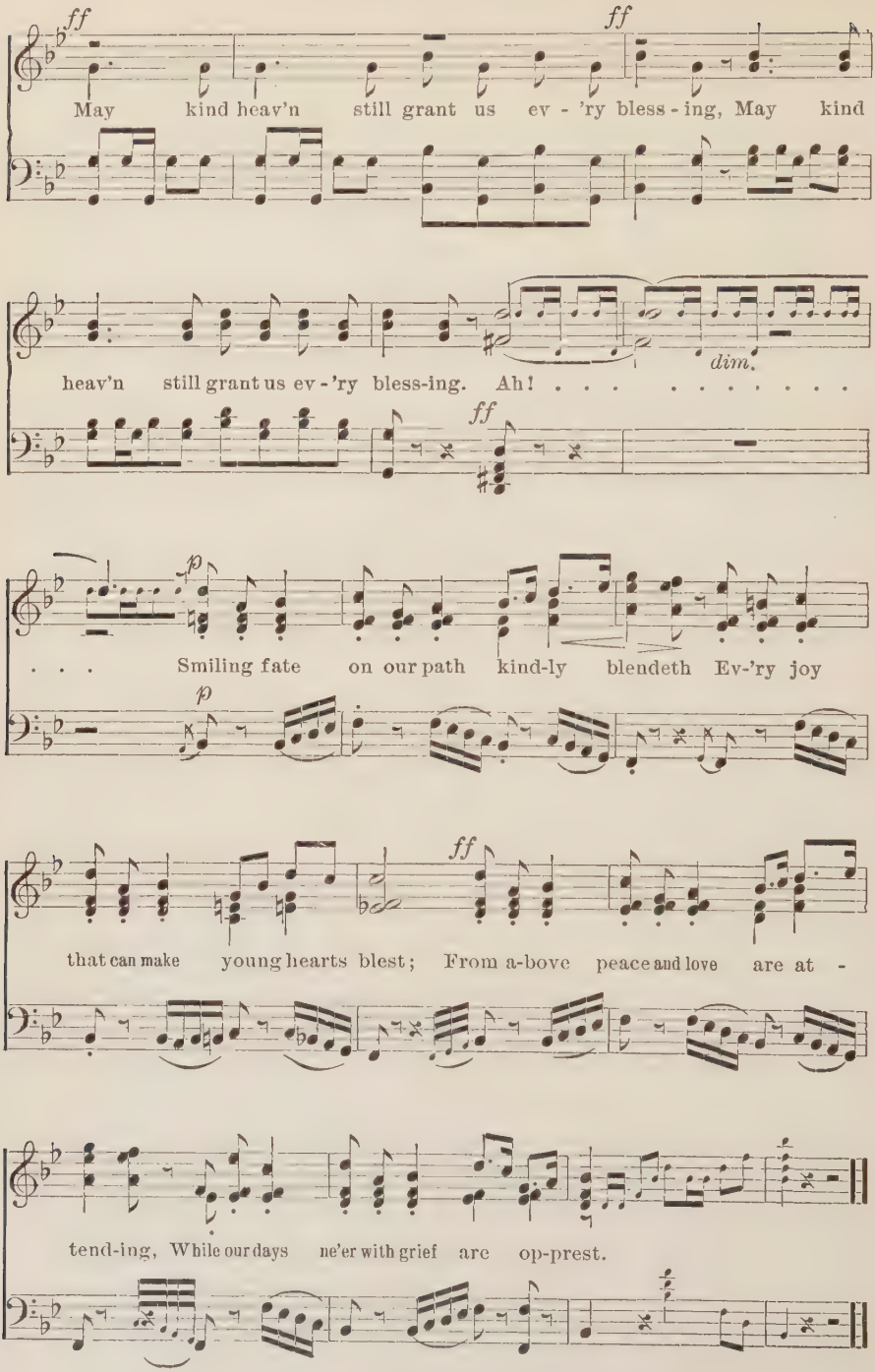
ne'er with grief are op-prest. ALTO. Let sweet mu-sic in - vit-ing,

song all our voi - ces u - nit - ing, Hearts with glad-ness and pleas-ure de

All our voi - ces u - nit - ing, Hearts with pleasure de -

light - ing, Call forth bless - ings up - on our throng.

light - ing, Call forth blessings up - on our throng.


ff
ff
May kind heav'n still grant us ev - 'ry bless - ing, May kind
heav'n still grant us ev - 'ry bless-ing. Ah! . . . . . .
dim.
ff
p
. . . Smiling fate on our path kind-ly blendeth Ev-'ry joy
p
ff
that can make young hearts blest; From a-bove peace and love are at -
tend-ing, While our days ne'er with grief are op-prest.

JOY AND GLADNESS.

CHORUS.
2 SOPRANOS AND ALTO,
OR BASS AND TENOR.

Adapted from "The Huguenots,"
MEYERBEER.

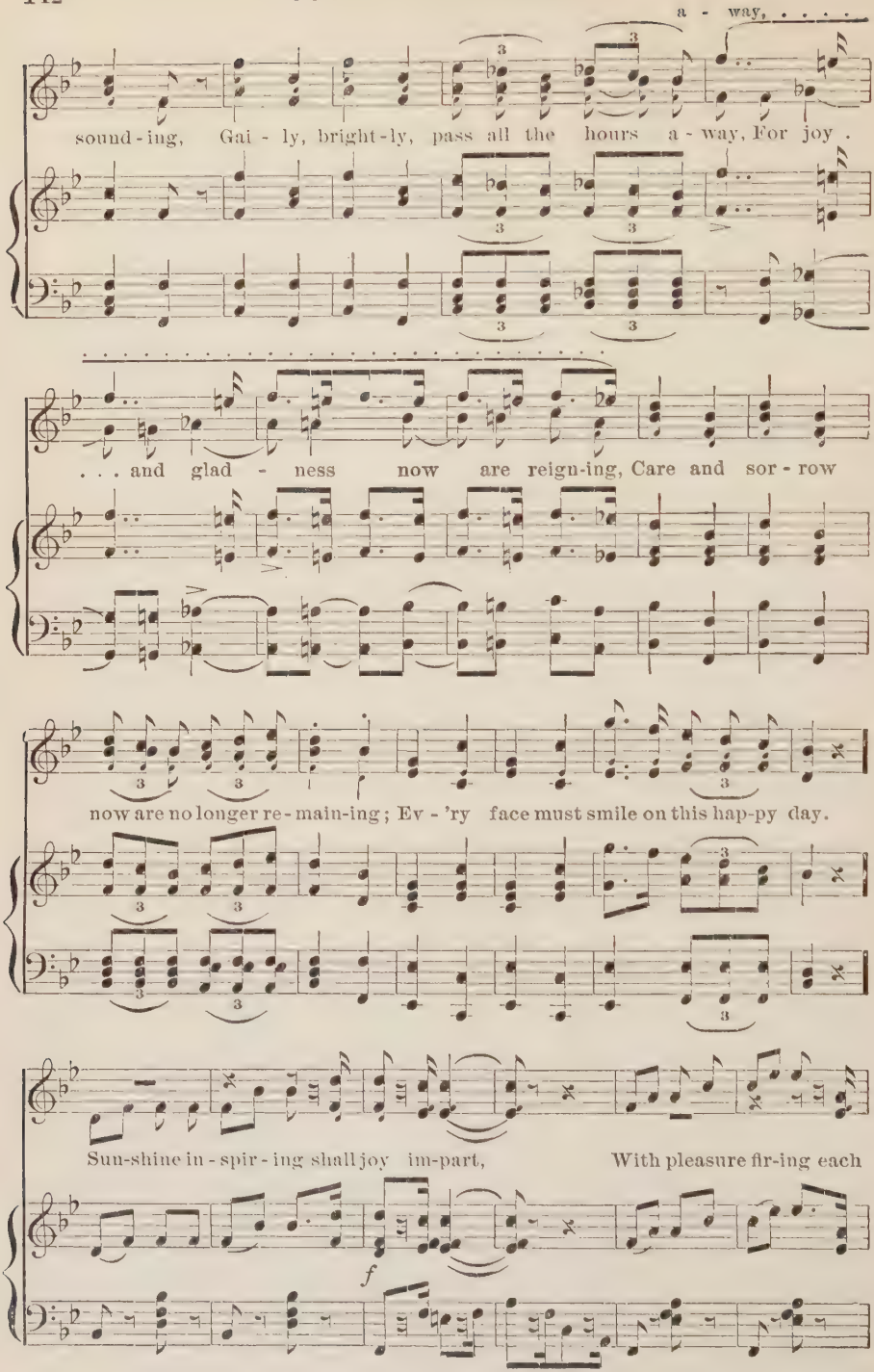
Joy and glad-ness in ev-'ry heart is reign-ing, Care and sor-row

Tempo di marcia.

Play first 8 measures for Prelude.

now are no longer remaining, Let the time no sadness or mis-er-y borrow, Ev-'ry

face must smile on this hap-py day. Mu-sic now is sounding, yes, mu-sic is


a - way, ...
sound - ing, Gai - ly, bright - ly, pass all the hours a - way, For joy .
. . . and glad - ness now are reign - ing, Care and sor - row
now are no longer re - main - ing; Ev - 'ry face must smile on this hap - py day.
Sun - shine in - spir - ing shall joy im - part, With pleasure fir - ing each
f

hap-py heart; Earth now is smil - ing, and we'll re-joice . .

Sor - row be - guil - ing with mu - sic's voice. Joy and

glad - ness in ev - 'ry heart is reign - ing, Care and sor - row

now are no long-er re-main - ing; Let the day no sad-ness or mis - er - y

bor - row, Ev - 'ry face must smile on this hap - py day.

GIRLS. BOYS.

Now each care and sor- row Ban-ish till the mor-row,

Moderato.

8va

GIRLS. BOYS.

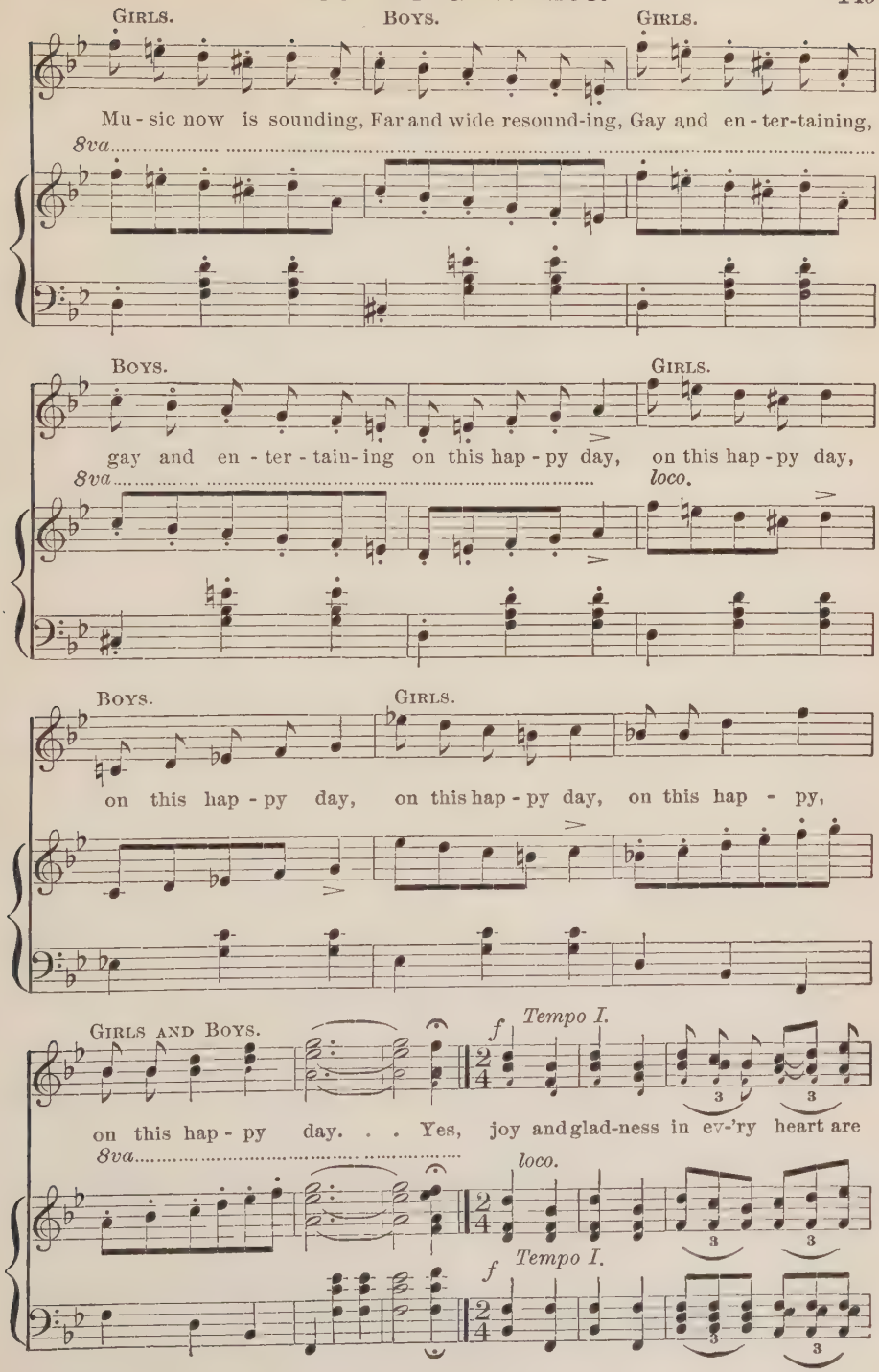
From the day we'll bor-row joys that are di - vine. Mu - sic now is sounding,

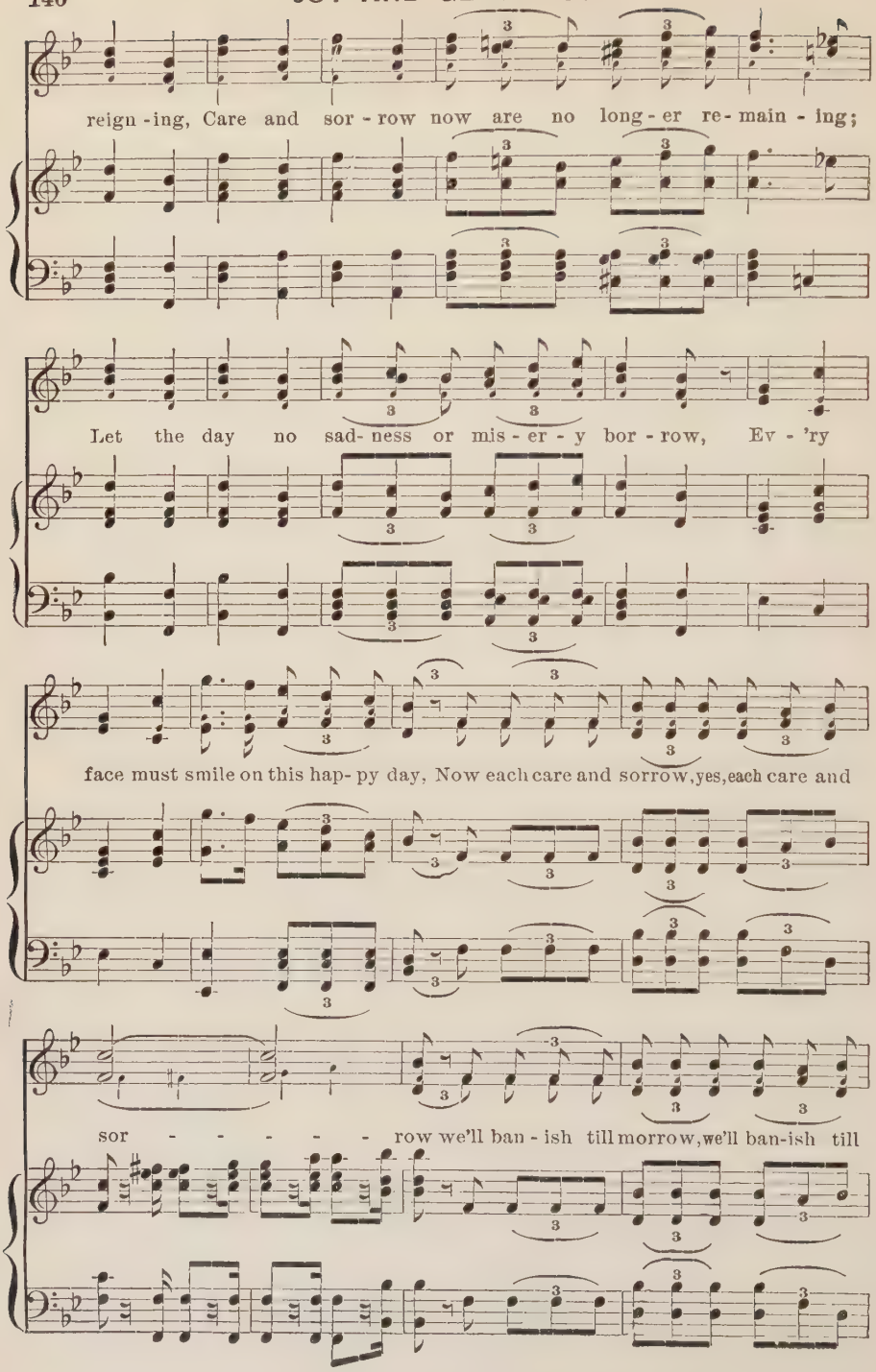
8va

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS.

Far and wide re-sounding, For no grief re- main-eth on this hap- py day.

8va


GIRLS.
BOYS.
GIRLS.
Mu - sic now is sounding, Far and wide resound-ing, Gay and en - ter-taining,
8va
BOYS.
GIRLS.
gay and en - ter - tain- ing on this hap - py day, on this hap - py day,
8va
loco.
BOYS.
GIRLS.
on this hap - py day, on this hap - py day, on this hap - py,
GIRLS AND BOYS.
f
Tempo I.
on this hap - py day. . . Yes, joy and glad-ness in ev-'ry heart are
8va
loco.
f
Tempo I.


reign-ing, Care and sor-row now are no long-er re-main-ing;
Let the day no sad-ness or mis-er-y bor-row, Ev-'ry
face must smile on this hap-py day, Now each care and sorrow, yes, each care and
sor - - - - - row we'll ban-ish till morrow, we'll ban-ish till

(GIRLS.) Now each care and sor - row mor - - - - - row. (BOYS.) Now each care and

ff

we'll ban - ish till mor - row, While mu - sic is sorrow we'll ban - ish till mor-row, reigning,

(ALL.) with smiles en-ter-tain- ing, No grief is re -main-ing this bright happy day, ... this bright day. .

8va

ff *sf*

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

R. Burns. Robert Schumann.

Andantino. *p* *rit.* *1st time.*

O, my love's like the red, red rose That's newly sprung in June. O,
my love's like the mel - o - dy That's sweetly play'd in

1st time. *p* *rit.*

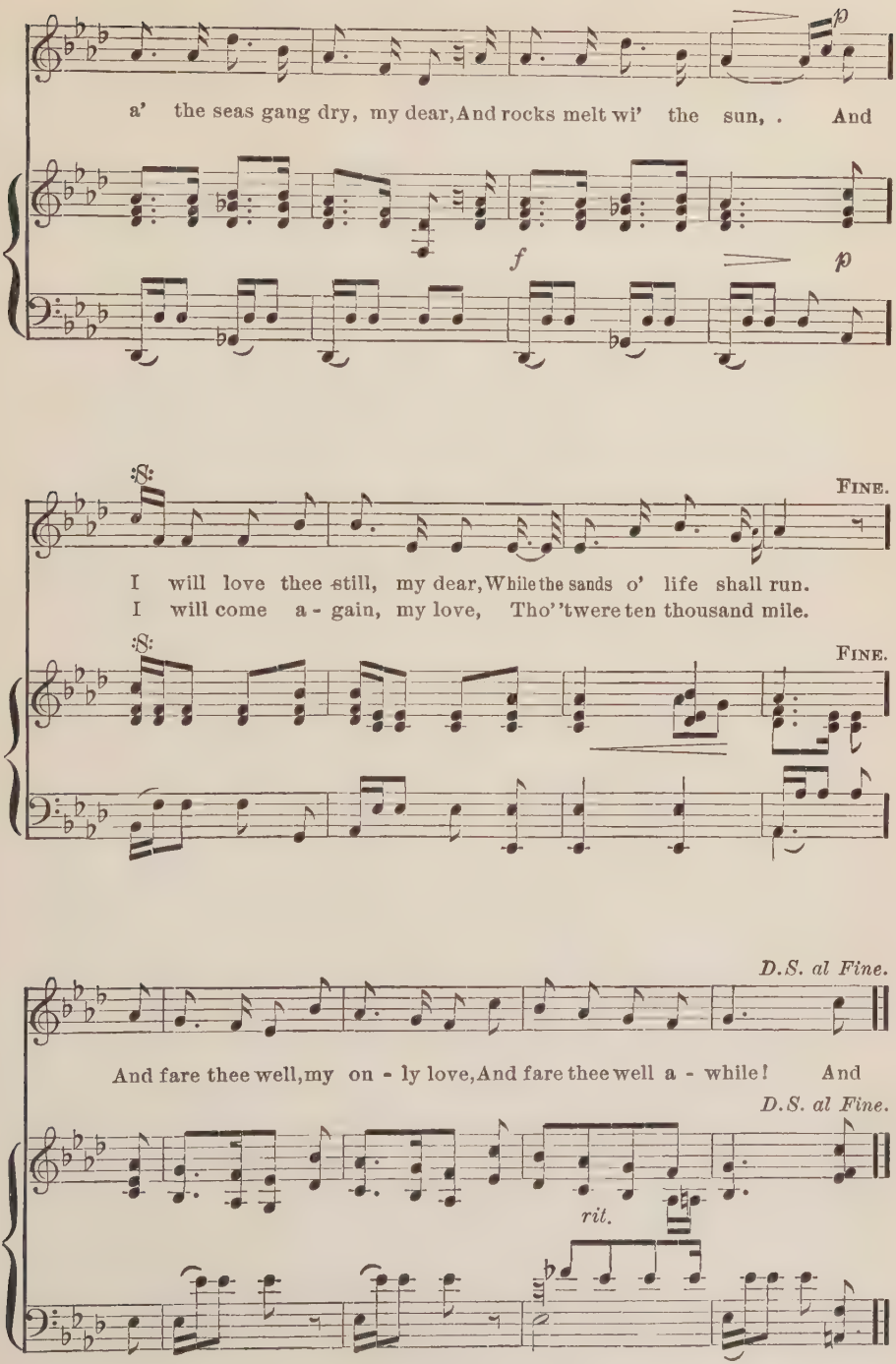
2d time. *rit.*

tune. As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am

2d time. *rit.*

I, . And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till

f *f*


p
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And rocks melt wi' the sun, . And
f
p
FINE.
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
FINE.
D.S. al Fine.
And fare thee well, my on - ly love, And fare thee well a - while! And
D.S. al Fine.
rit.

THE RICHMOND FAIR.

CHORUS. (BOYS AND GIRLS.)

Arr. from "Martha,"
FLOTOW.

Allegro moderato.

con 8va.

:S: BOYS. GIRLS *2d time.*

Maid - ens bright and gay, Draw near, draw near, Free is the Fair;

:S:

Hith - er hast - en quick, Thro' faith - ful la - bor comes good luck.

GIRLS.

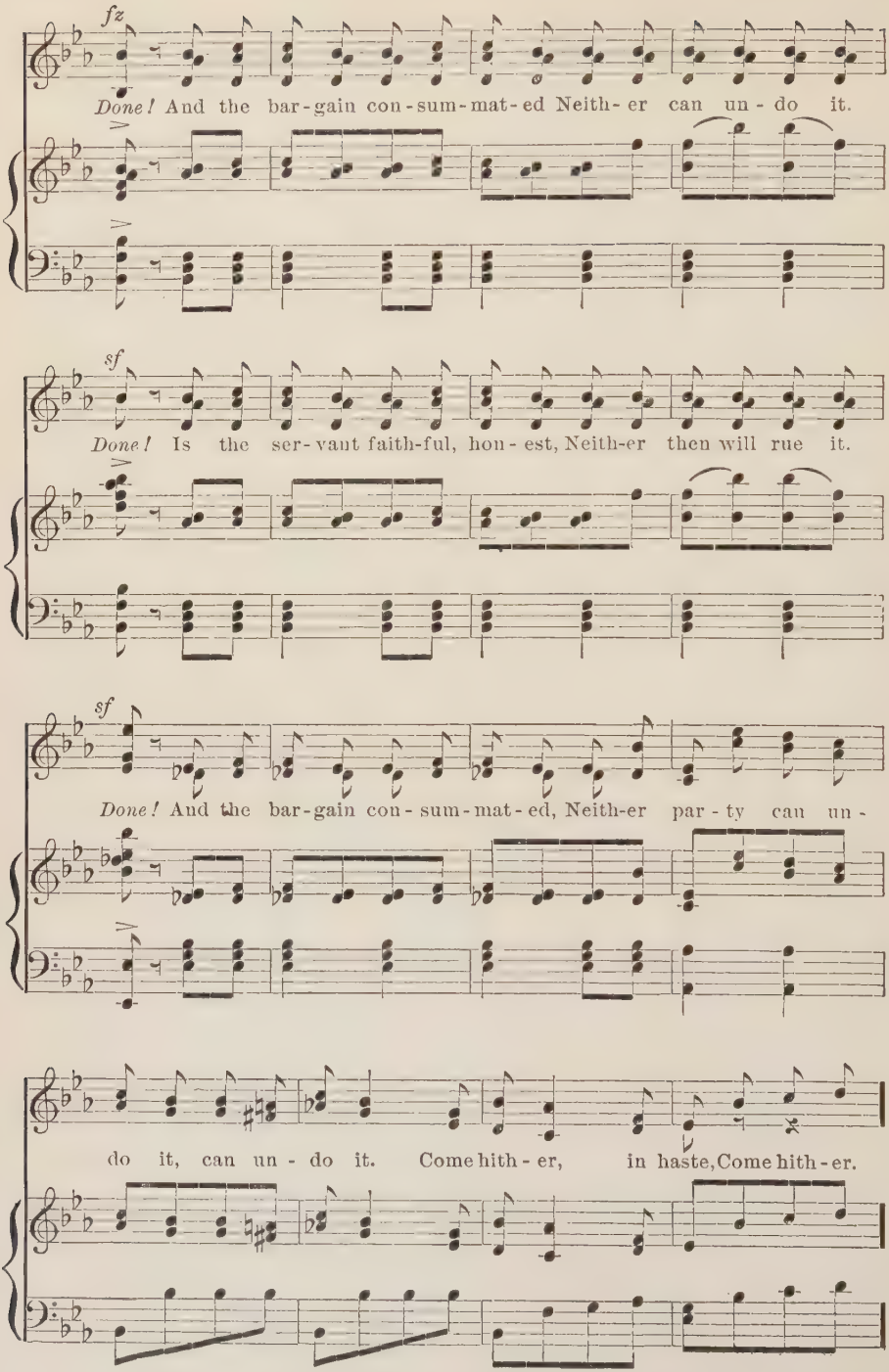
Hast - en, cheer-ful lass - ies, Be not tard - y on your way,

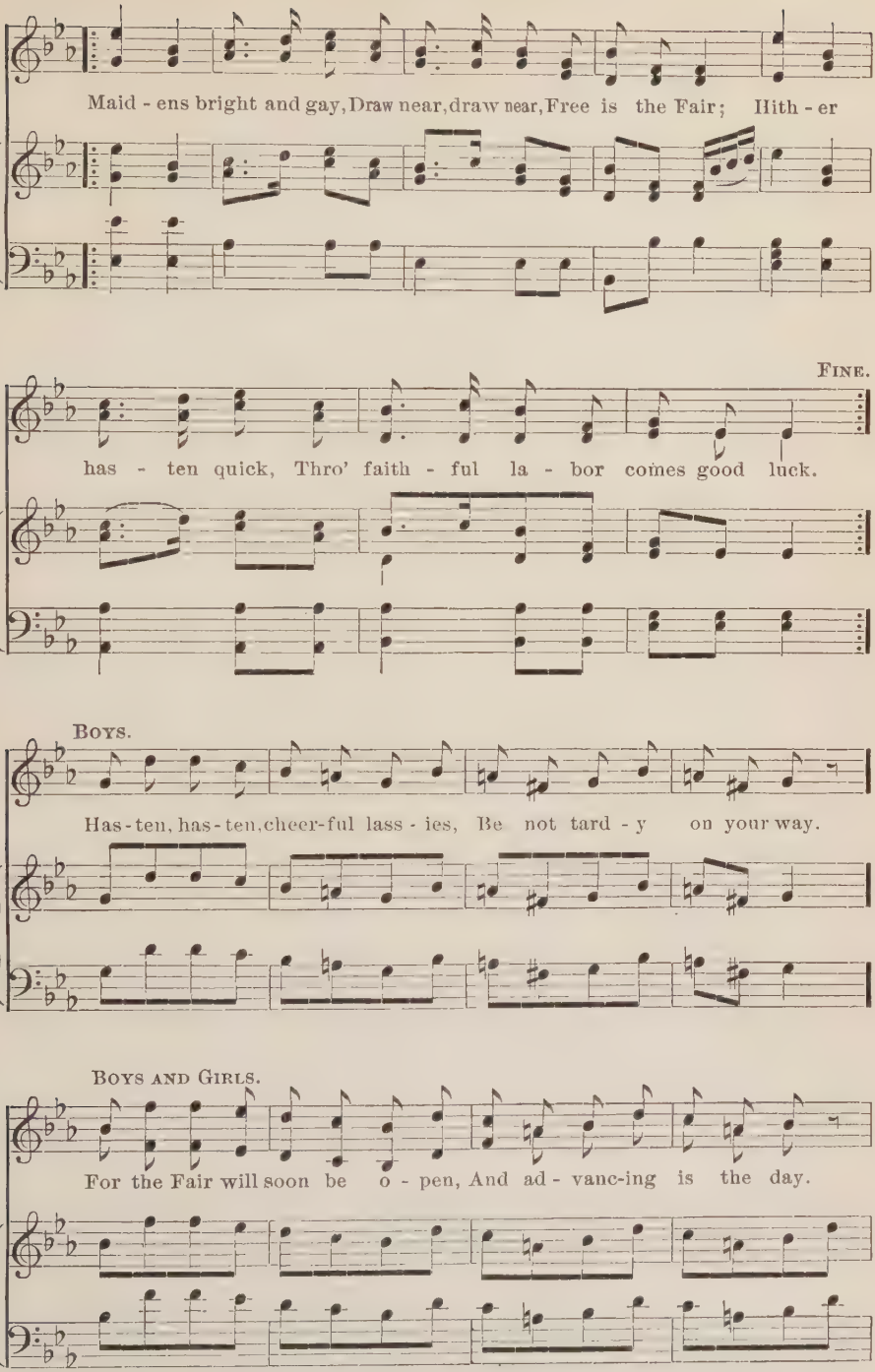
For the fair will soon be o - pen, And ad - vanc-ing is the day.

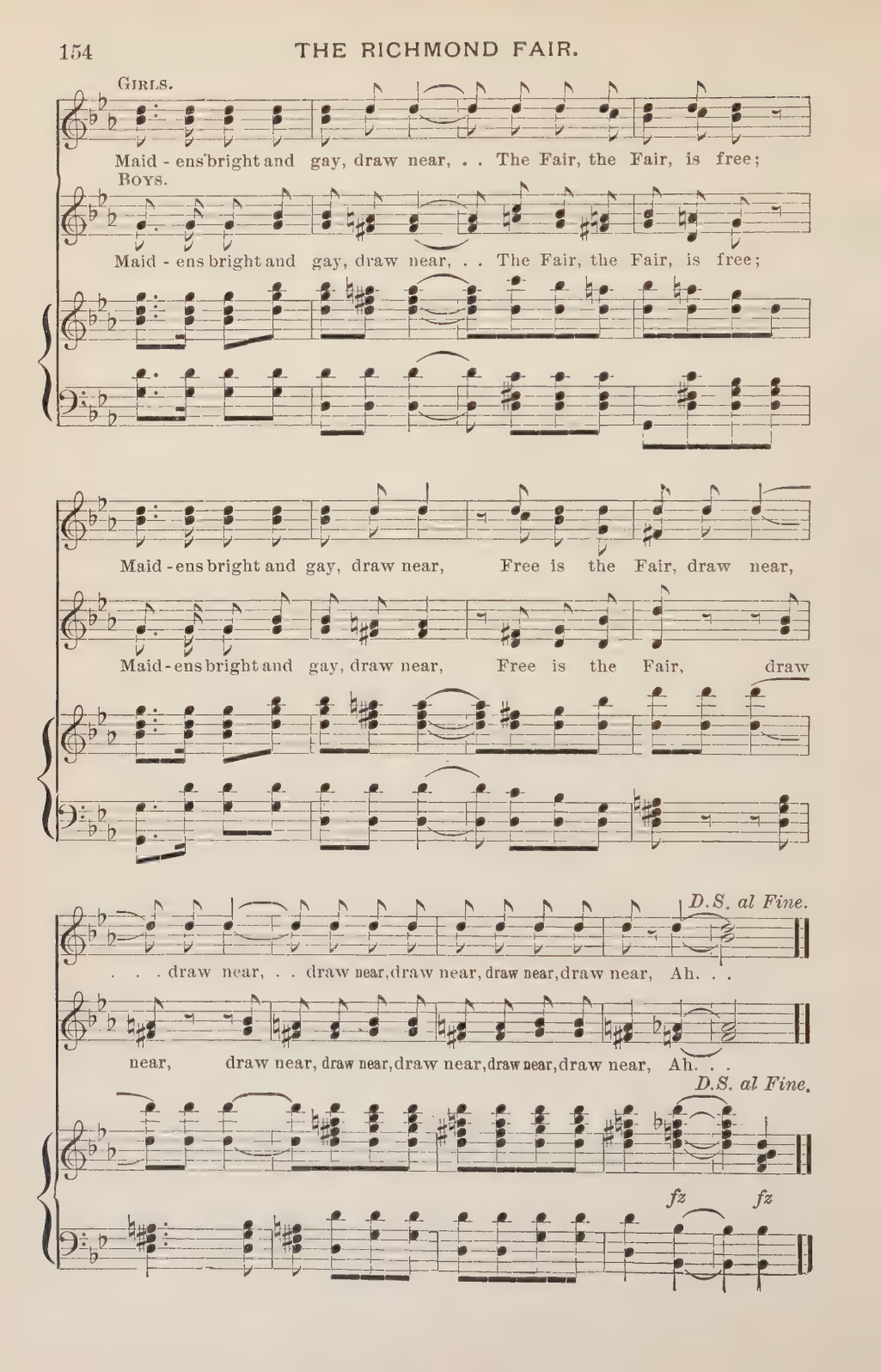
ALL.

Hast - en, cheer - ful lass - ies, Be not tard - y on your way,

For the fair will soon be o - pen, And ad - vanc - ing is the day.


fz
Done! And the bar-gain con-sum-mat-ed Neith-er can un-do it.
sf
Done! Is the ser-vant faith-ful, hon-est, Neith-er then will rue it.
sf
Done! And the bar-gain con-sum-mat-ed, Neith-er par-ty can un-
do it, can un-do it. Come hith-er, in haste, Come hith-er.


Maid - ens bright and gay, Draw near, draw near, Free is the Fair; Hith - er
FINE.
has - ten quick, Thro' faith - ful la - bor comes good luck.
BOYS.
Has - ten, has - ten, cheer-ful lass - ies, Be not tard - y on your way.
BOYS AND GIRLS.
For the Fair will soon be o - pen, And ad - vanc-ing is the day.


Girls.
Maid - ens bright and gay, draw near, . . The Fair, the Fair, is free;
Boys.
Maid - ens bright and gay, draw near, . . The Fair, the Fair, is free;
Maid - ens bright and gay, draw near, Free is the Fair, draw near,
Maid - ens bright and gay, draw near, Free is the Fair, draw
. . . draw near, . . draw near, draw near, draw near, draw near, Ah. . .
D.S. al Fine.
near, draw near, draw near, draw near, draw near, draw near, Ah. . .
D.S. al Fine.
fz
fz

SUMMER IS A COMIN' IN.

ROUNDEL.*

Words modernized.

Air from a MS. 600 years old.
Arr. by F. R. Rix.

Cheerfully.

1 2 3

1. Summer is a com - in' in, . Loudly sing, cuckoo, . . Meadows green a-
2. Prophet of the mer - ry throat, Loudly sing, cuckoo, . . For thou bring'st when

4

round are seen, Be-span-gled o'er with dew, sing, cuck - oo.
e'er thou sing'st, Good tid-ings, aye and true, sing, cuck - oo.

Young A - lein, the shep - herd swain, Is gath - 'ring vio - lets blue;
Ma - ry's love may fic - kle prove, False hopes the swain may rue;

p

He will car-ry wreaths to Ma - ry, Glad as thou, cuckoo, cuck - oo,
May's re-turning, falsehood spurning, Singest thou, cuckoo, cuck - oo,

cuck- oo, We welcome thee, cuckoo That wak'st the world anew.
cuck- oo, Hail bird of truth, cuckoo, That wak'st the world anew.

*One of the oldest recorded pieces of early English composition.

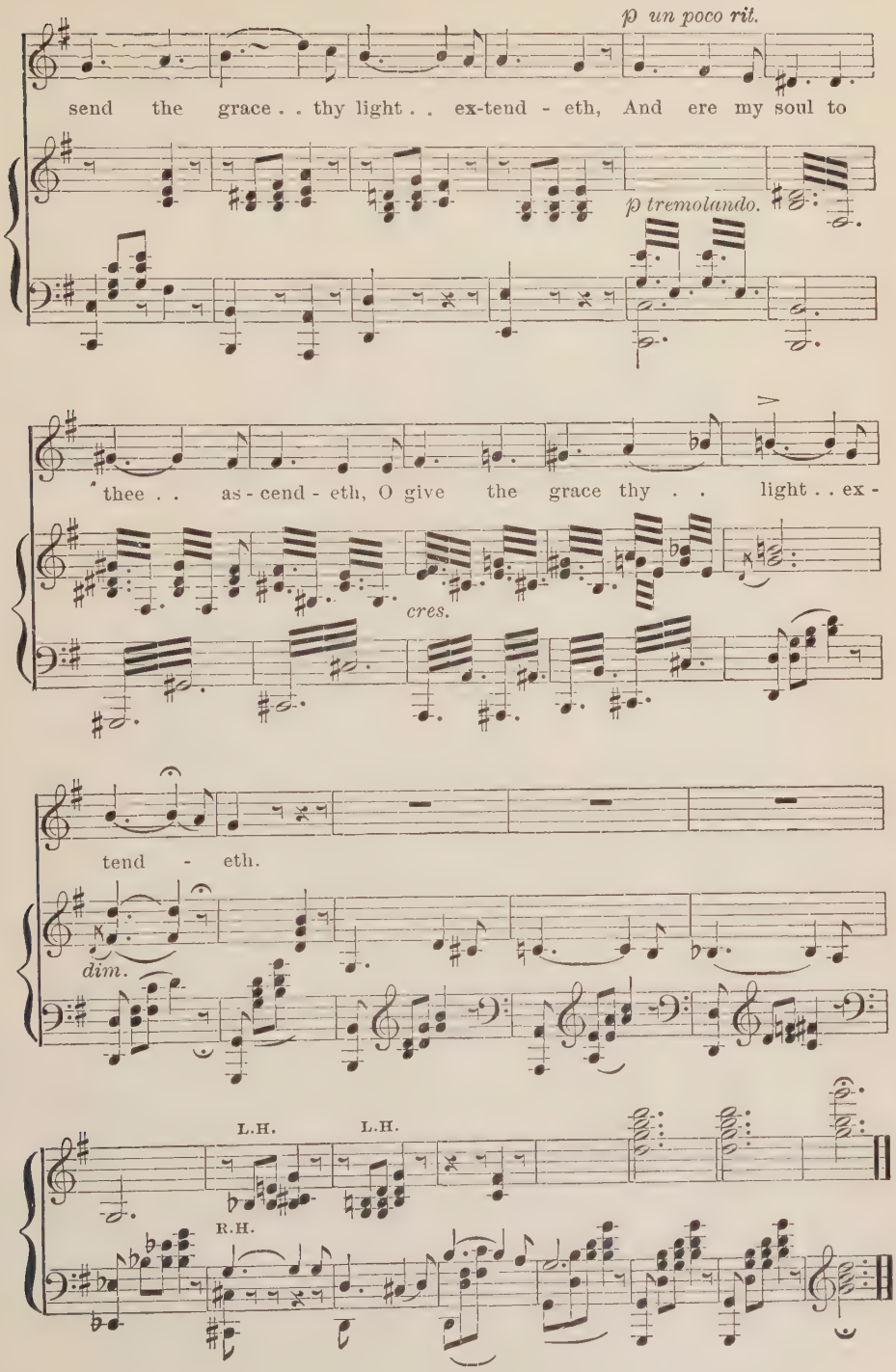
THOU STAR, RESPLENDENT.

"Tannhäuser." WAGNER.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Andante.

Thou star, re-splen-dent, pure, and bright, 'Mid hu-man life's dark care and night, Shed o-ver us thy stream of light, Shine clear from heav'n, and il-lume our sight. And ere my soul to thee as-cend-eth, O


p un poco rit.
send the grace . . thy light . . ex-tend - eth, And ere my soul to
p tremolando.
thee . . as - cend - eth, O give the grace thy . . light . . ex -
cres.
tend - eth.
dim.
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.

IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me,

p

Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God.

If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me, Ye shall ev - er surely

find Me, Thus saith our God, Thus . . saith our God.

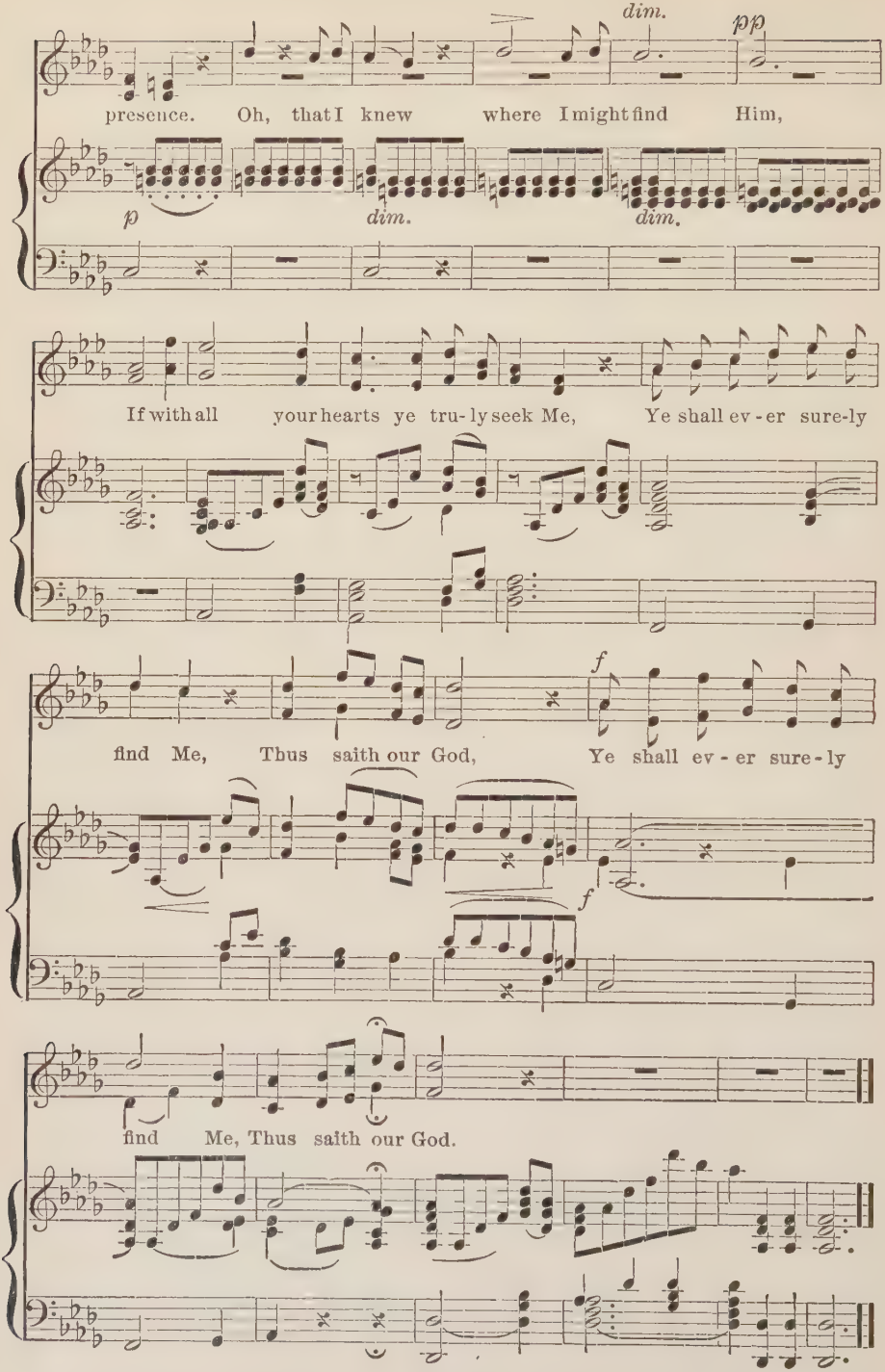
Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, That I might

e-ven come before His pres-ence, Oh! that I knew where I might

cres.

find Him, that I might e- ven come before His presence, Come before His

cres. *ff*


dim.
pp
presence. Oh, that I knew where I might find Him,
p
dim.
dim.
If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me, Ye shall ev-er sure-ly
find Me, Thus saith our God, Ye shall ev-er sure-ly
f
f
find Me, Thus saith our God.

AVE MARIA.

Sir W. Scott.

F. Schubert.
Arr. by F. R. Rix.

Moderato. ♩ = 80.

1. A - ve Ma - ri - a, moth - er mild, Oh,
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a, moth - er dear, The

deign to hear a maiden's pray'r. To thee I come, an humble
earth on which we now are sleep - ing, A down - y bed when thou art

child, To thee to ask a - gain thy lov - - ing care. The
near, Shall hold us in thy ho - ly keep - - - ing. When

soul with sin and sor - row la - den, Up - on thy breast shall find re -
thy sweet smile thy chil-dren cheer - eth, They dread no more the stormy

pose; Then hear, oh, hear a low - ly maid - en, And
gale, The e - vil one thy in-fluence fear - eth, And

calm the an-guish of her woes, . . A - ve Ma - ri - - a.
ill to break our rest shall fail, . . A - ve Ma - ri - - a.

CHORUS OF PILGRIMS.

ONCE MORE WITH JOY.

"Tannhäuser," WAGNER.

meet thee;

Once more with joy, oh, my home I may meet; Once

greet ye,

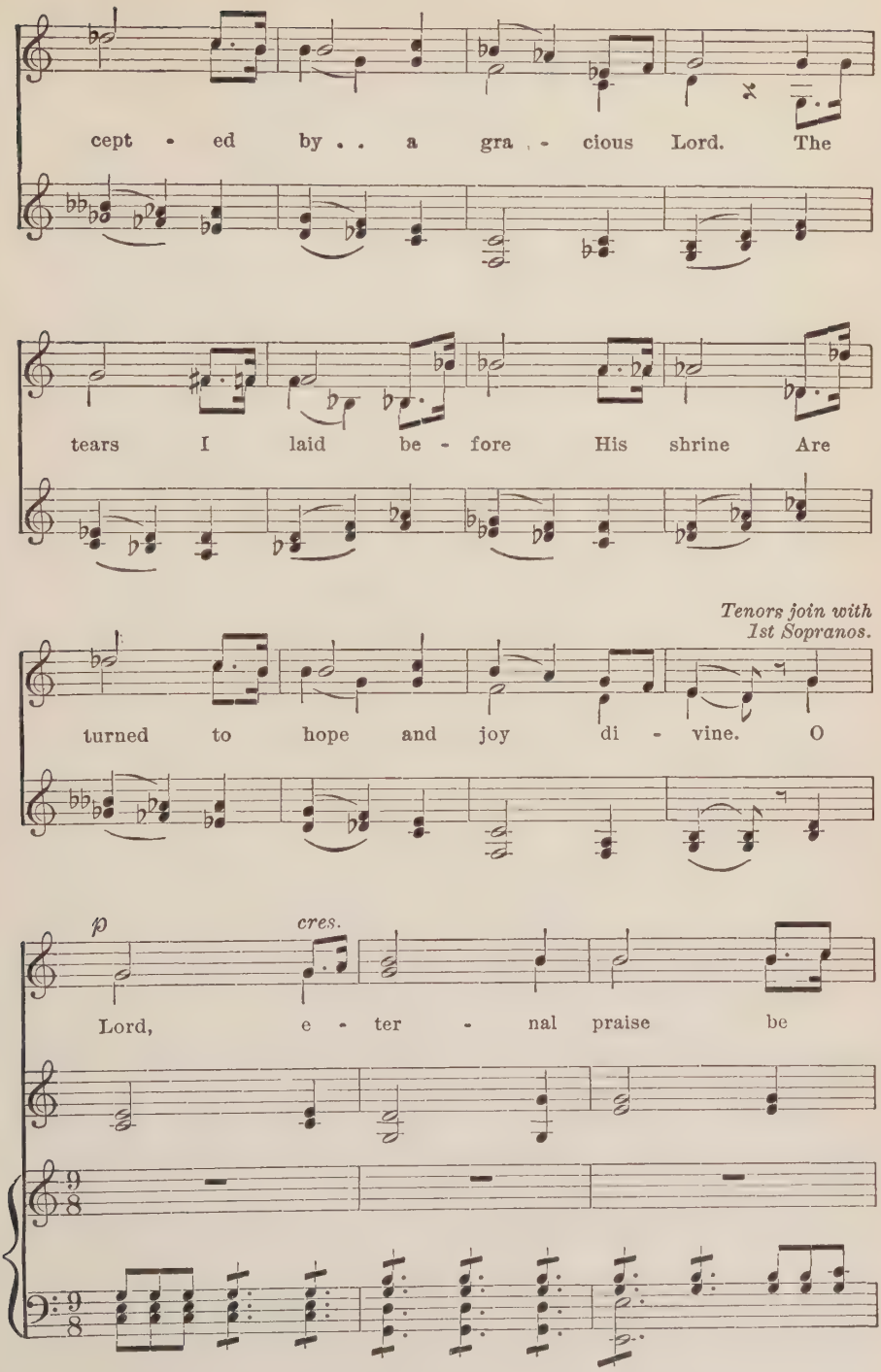
more, ye fair flow'r - y mead - ows, I may greet.

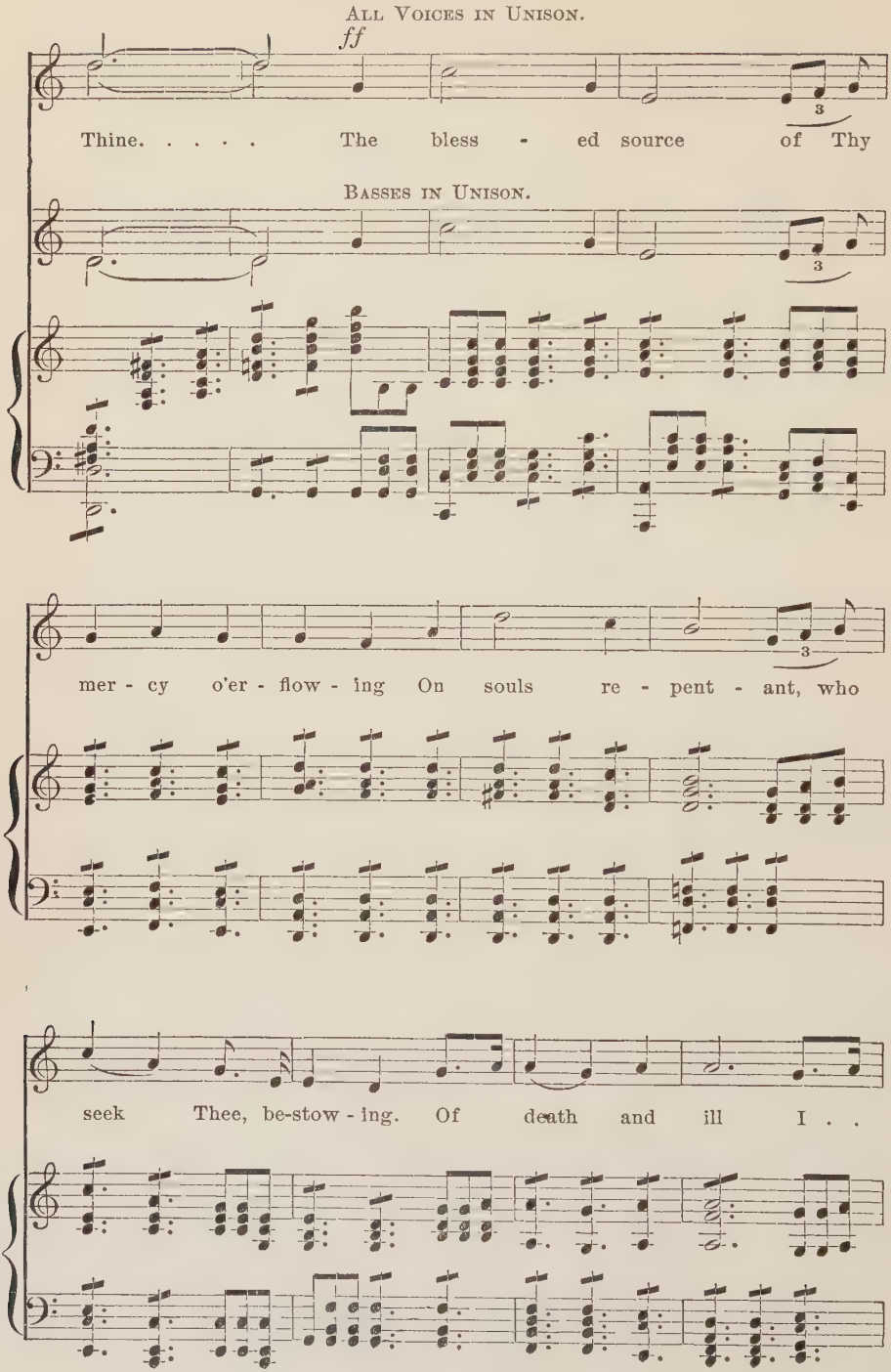
SOPRANO I AND II.

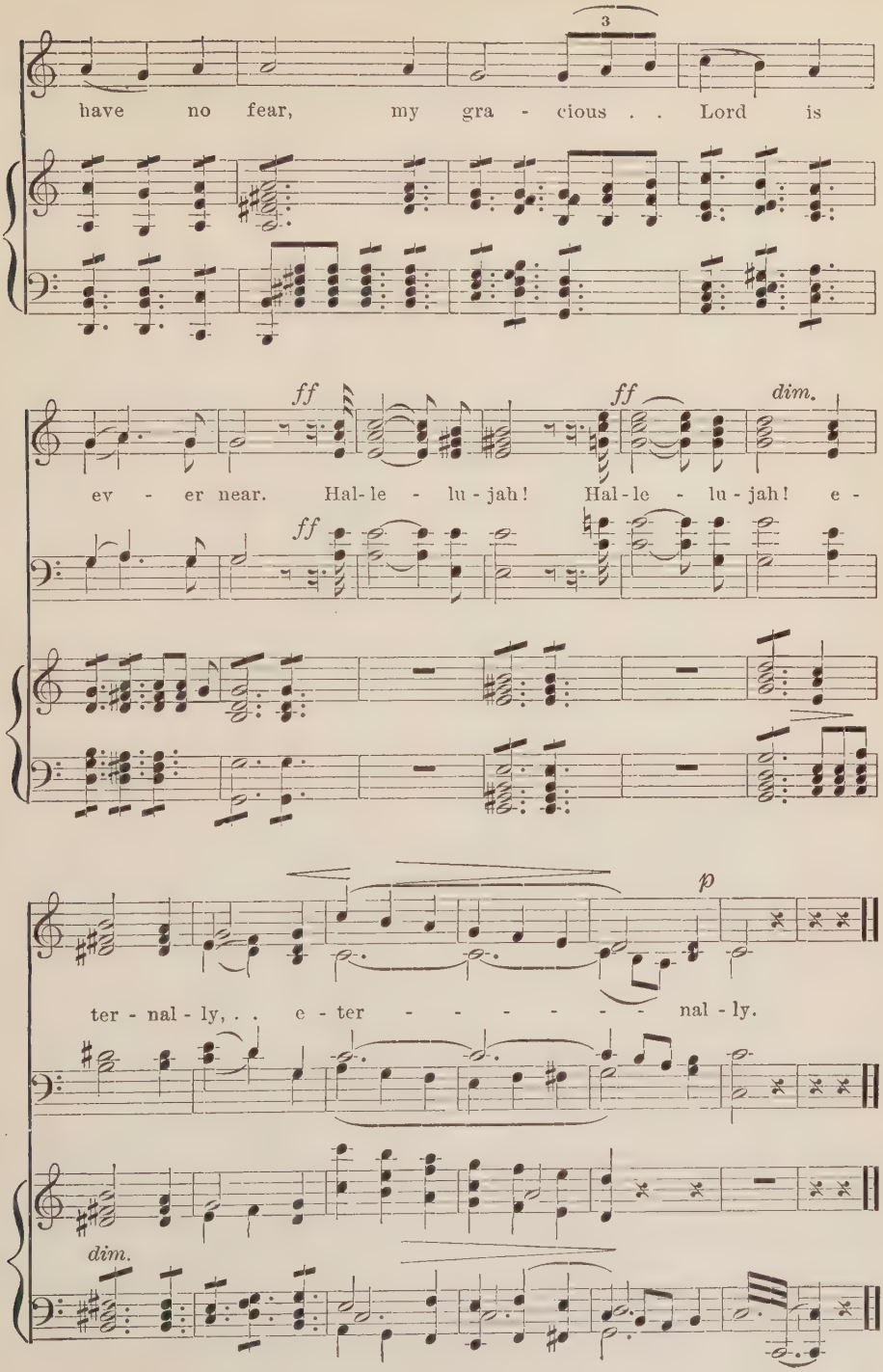
My pil - grim staff hence-forth may rest, Since heav'n's sweet peace is with-

ALTO I AND II.

in my breast; The sin - ner's plaint on high was heard, Ac -


cept - ed by . . a gra . - cious Lord. The
tears I laid be - fore His shrine Are
Tenors join with 1st Sopranos.
turned to hope and joy di - vine. O
p
cres.
Lord, e - ter - nal praise be


All Voices in Unison.
ff
Thine. . . . . The bless - ed source of Thy
Basses in Unison.
mer - cy o'er - flow - ing On souls re - pent - ant, who
seek Thee, be-stow - ing. Of death and ill I . .


3
have no fear, my gra - cious . . Lord is
ff
ff
dim.
ev - er near. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! e -
ff
p
ter - nal - ly, . . e - ter - - - - - - nal - ly.
dim.

HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Words adapted from the Psalms to Handel's Largo.

Largo.

VOICES IN UNISON. *1st time* SOPRANO.

pp cres. *f*

Hope . . . thou in God, Hope thou in God, O put thy

trust in Him, He is our hope and strength, a present help, Hope thou in God.

He is our hope and strength, He is our hope and strength, a pres - ent

help. Hope . . ye in God, Hope ye in God, Be strong and He shall es -

tablish your heart, that trust in the Lord, . . that trust in the Lord.

Full Chorus repeat in Unison.

HUNTER'S SONG.

TWO-PART OR FOUR-PART SONG.

E. Oxenford. J. Kinross. Arr.

Con anima.

mf

1. O the morn is fresh and fair, And the flow-'rets scent the air, While the
2. There's a sense of true de-light As we urge our on-ward flight, And en-

hounds are all quite ea-ger for the fray, for the fray. So a-
joy-ment in the mu-sic of the chase, of the chase. So let

fray. . . . . .
chase. . . . . .

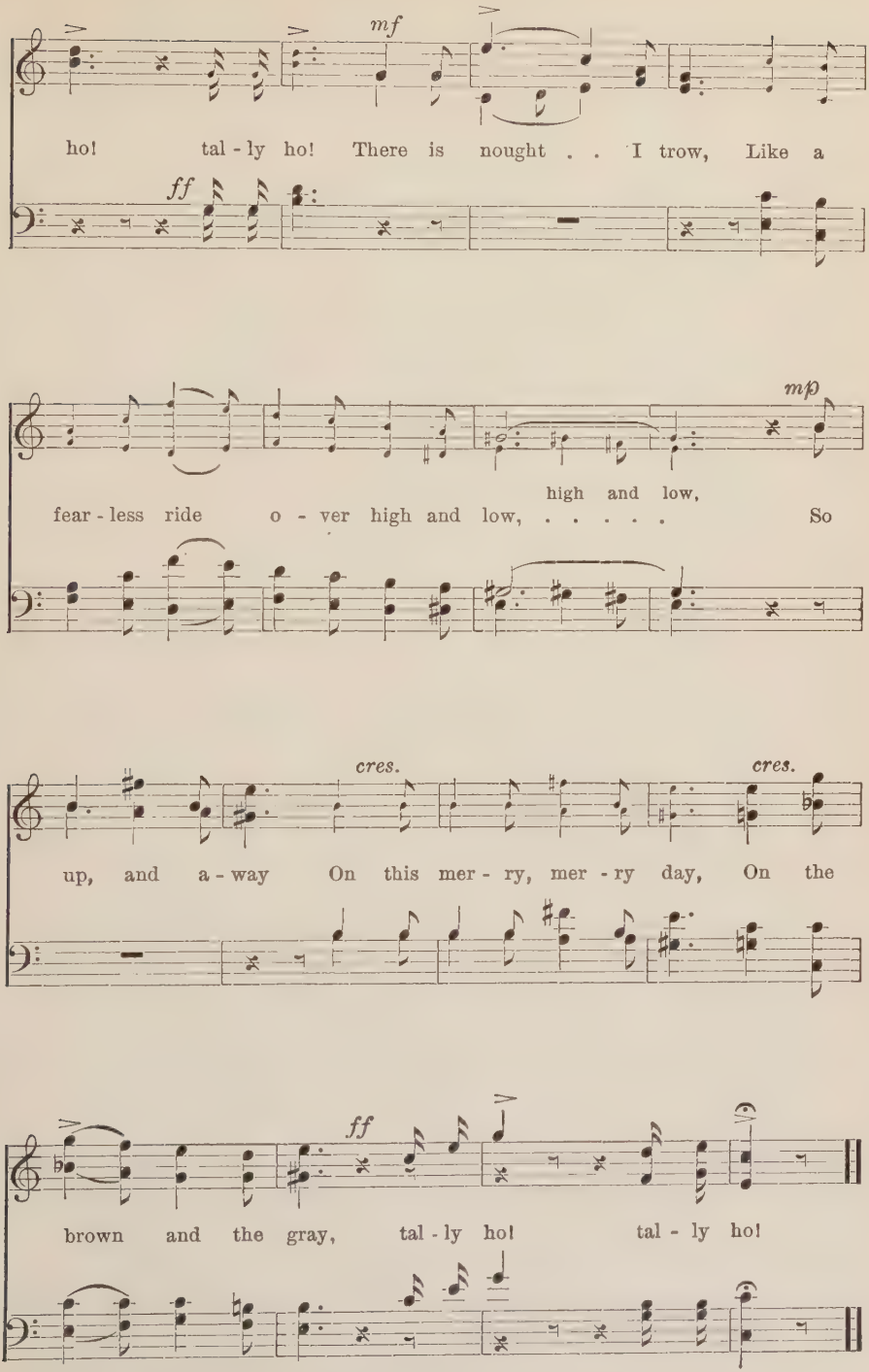
for the fray.
of the chase.

hunt-ing let us go, With a mer-ry "Tal-ly ho" And our
ev-'ry a-ble man Go a-hunt-ing if he can, And en-

day . . . . . .
race . . . . . .

ff

hearts shall full of fro-lic be to-day, be to-day. Tal-ly
deav-or to be fore-most in the race! in the race! Tal-ly


mf
ff
ho! tal - ly ho! There is nought . . I trow, Like a
mp
high and low,
fear - less ride o - ver high and low, ... So
cres.
cres.
up, and a - way On this mer - ry, mer - ry day, On the
ff
brown and the gray, tal - ly ho! tal - ly ho!

THE MONOTONE.

Cornelius. Arr.

Sopr. I.

I hear a tone so wondrous rare; It fills my heart, 'tis ev - er

p *pp* *p*

there. . . . . Ah, can it be the last faint

S. II, and Alto.

mf *p*

breath that moved thy pal-lid lips ere death? . . . Is it the

ere death, ere . . death?

cres.

ten-der mon - o - tone Of Church bell which for thee made moan, made

which for thee made moan, made

cres.

moan. . . . . Lo! still it comes, So full, so clear, As though thy

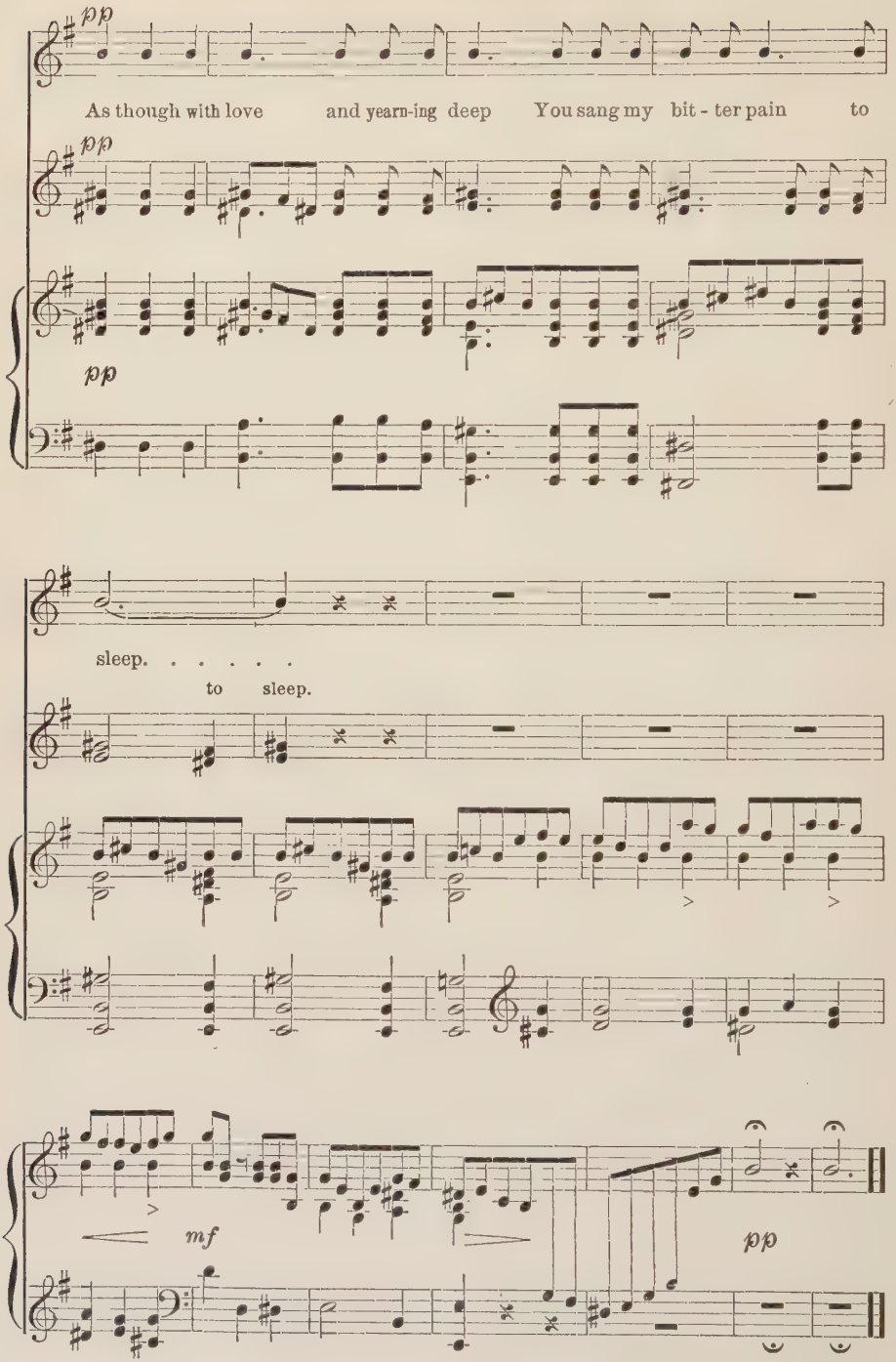
moan. . . . .

p *cres.*

soul were float - ing near. . . . . .

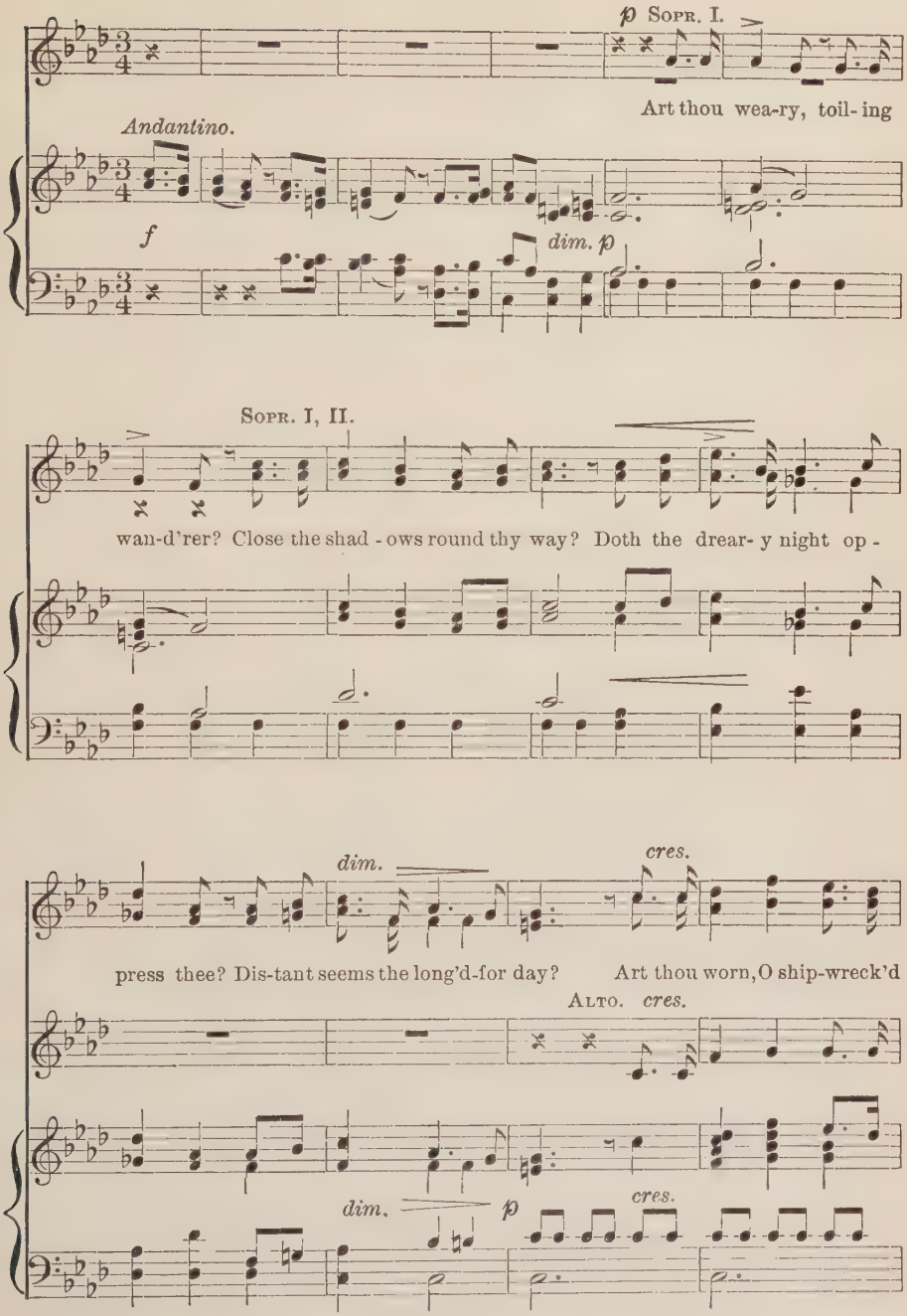
soul were floating near. . . . . .

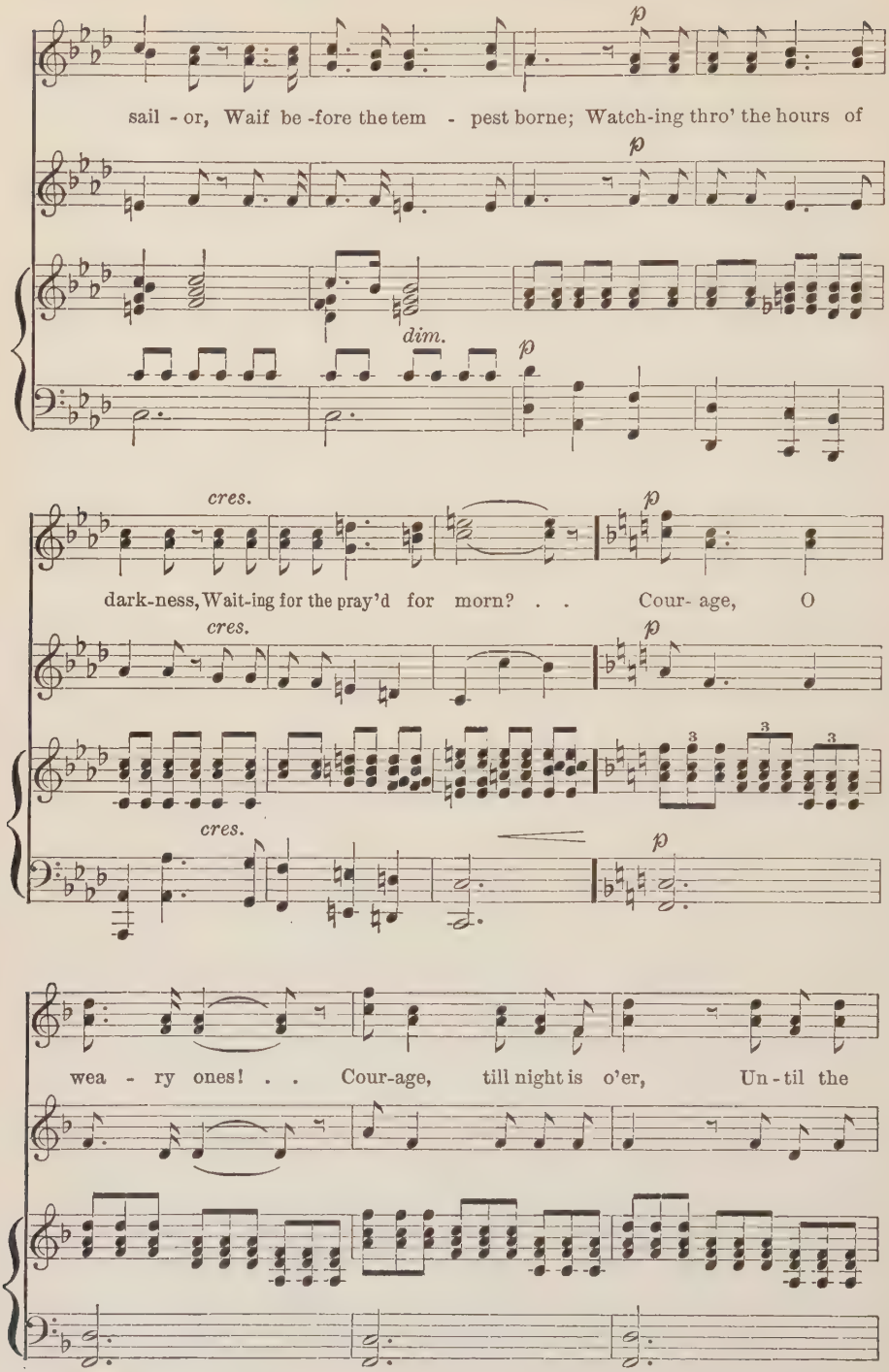
fp dim.


pp
As though with love and yearn-ing deep You sang my bit - ter pain to
pp
pp
sleep. . . . . .
to sleep.
mf
pp

UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS.

Ch. Gounod.
Arr. by F. R. Rix.




p
sail - or, Waif be -fore the tem - pest borne; Watch-ing thro' the hours of
p
dim.
p
cres.
p
dark-ness, Wait-ing for the pray'd for morn? . . Cour- age, O
cres.
p
cres.
p
wea - ry ones! . . Cour-age, till night is o'er, Un - til the

sun - rise lights the sea and shore, . . lights the sea and

cres. *dim.*

shore. . . . . And the day . . breaks, ...

p *cres.*

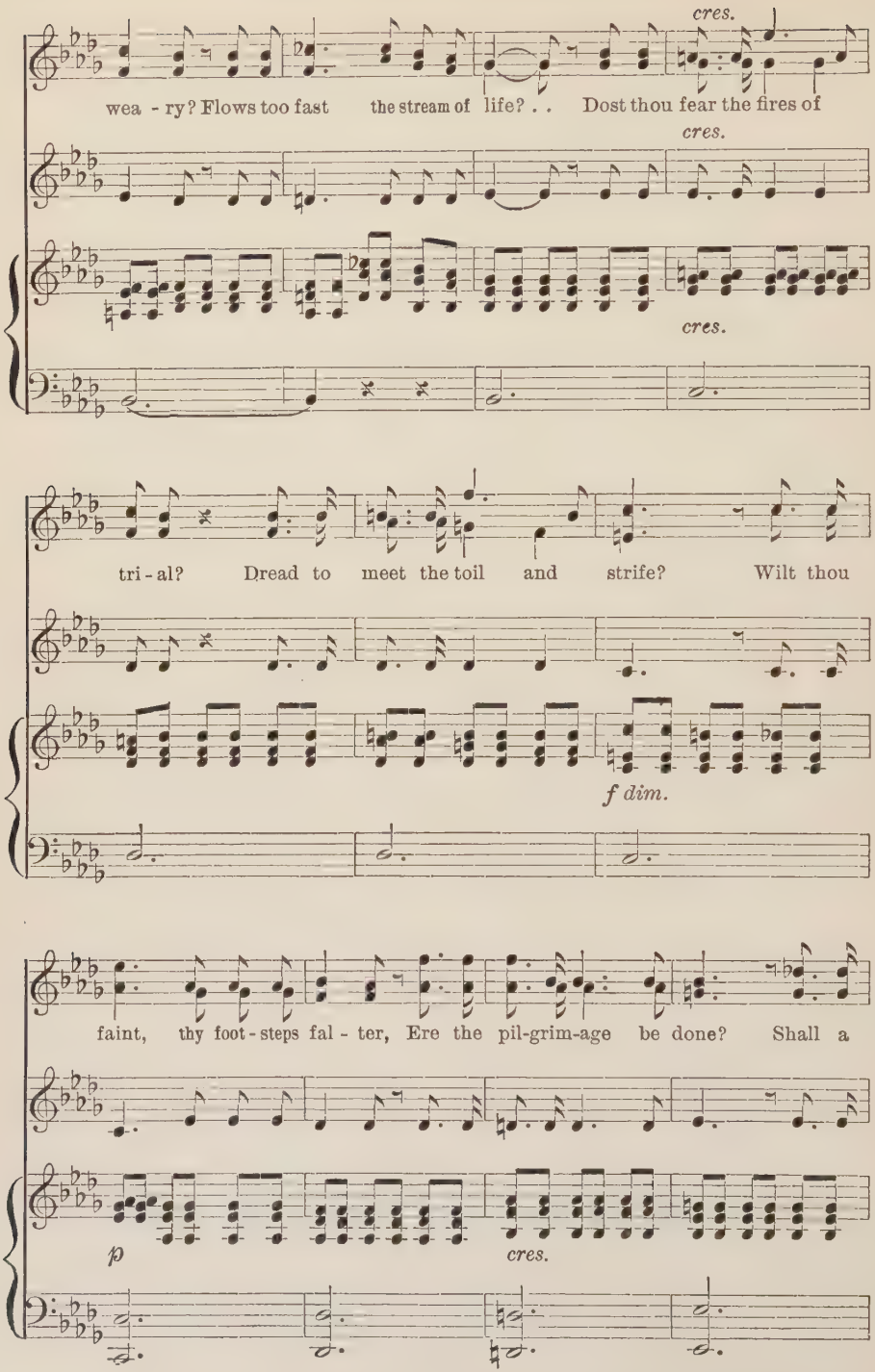
cres. *allarg.* *p*

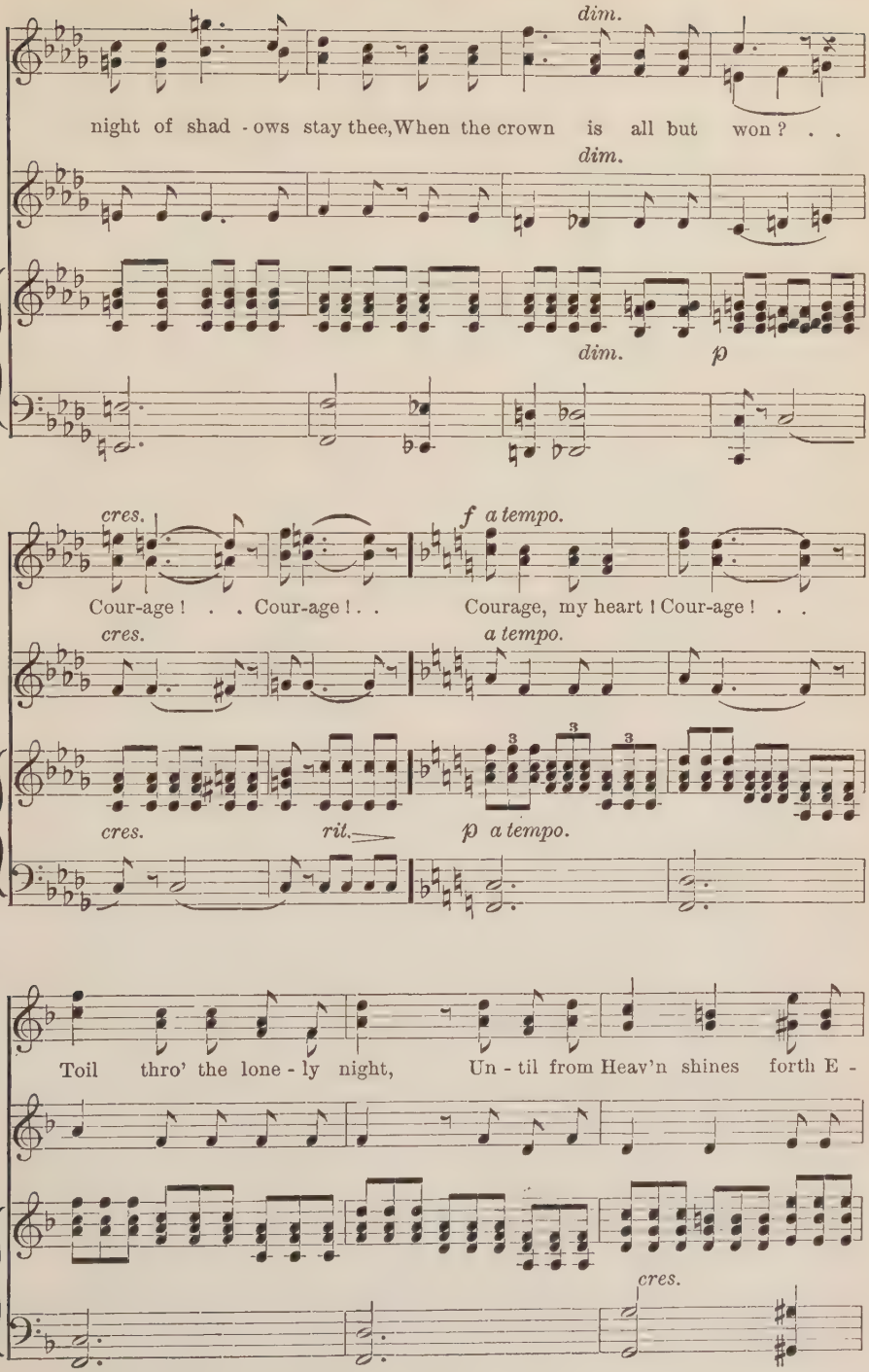
And the day breaks! . . O my soul, . art thou so

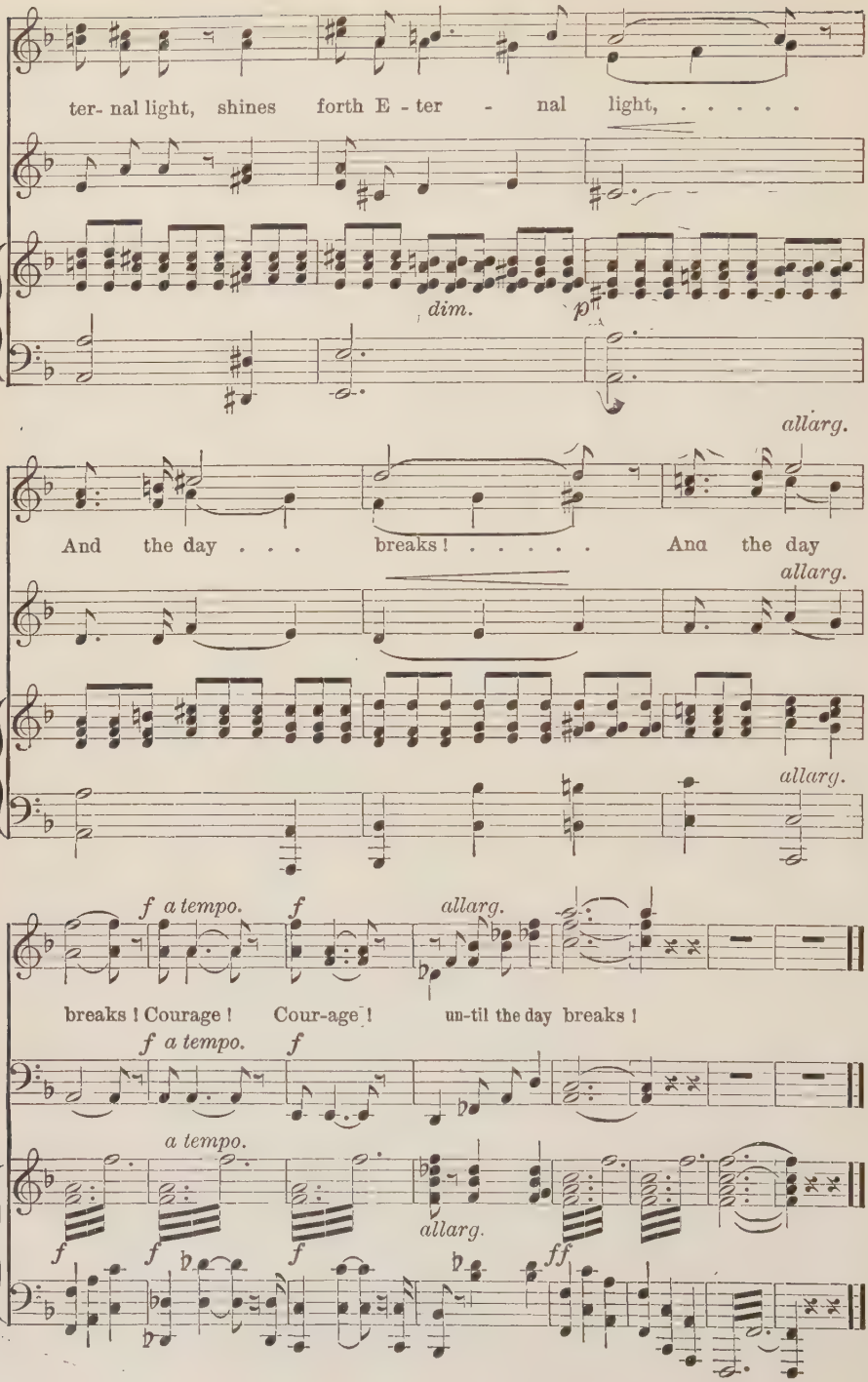
cres. *allarg.* O my soul, *p*

cres.

colla parte. *f* *dim.* *p*


cres.
wea - ry? Flows too fast the stream of life? . . Dost thou fear the fires of
cres.
cres.
tri - al? Dread to meet the toil and strife? Wilt thou
f dim.
faint, thy foot - steps fal - ter, Ere the pil-grim-age be done? Shall a
p
cres.


dim.
night of shad - ows stay thee, When the crown is all but won ? . .
dim.
dim.
p
cres.
f a tempo.
Cour-age ! . . Cour-age ! . . Courage, my heart ! Cour-age ! . .
cres.
a tempo.
cres.
rit.
p a tempo.
Toil thro' the lone - ly night, Un - til from Heav'n shines forth E -
cres.


ter- nal light, shines forth E - ter - nal light, ...
dim.
p
allarg.
And the day . . . breaks! . . . . . And the day
allarg.
allarg.
f a tempo.
f
allarg.
breaks! Courage! Cour-age! un-til the day breaks!
f a tempo.
f
a tempo.
allarg.
f
f
f
ff

ANGEL'S CHORUS.

Allegro non troppo. "Elijah." MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

SOP. ALTO. 1ST CHOIR.

p

For He shall give His an - gels charge o - ver thee, That they shall pro-

SOP. ALTO. 2D CHOIR.

tect thee in all the ways thou go - est, For He shall give His an - gels

cres. *cres.*

That . . they

charge o - ver thee, That they shall pro - tect thee, . . they shall pro-

go - est, ... in all the

tect thee in all the ways thou go - est, in all the ways thou

all the

ways thou go - est,

pp

go - - est, For He shall give His an - - gels

ways thou go - est,

pp

they . . . . . shall pro - tect . . . . . thee in

f

charge o - ver thee, they shall pro - tect thee,

they shall pro -

they . . . . . shall pro -

all the ways, ... the ways thou go - - est,

dim.

they shall pro - tect . . . thee, they shall pro - tect . . thee, shall pro -

tect thee, in all the ways thou go - est, . . . they shall pro - tect thee,

dim.

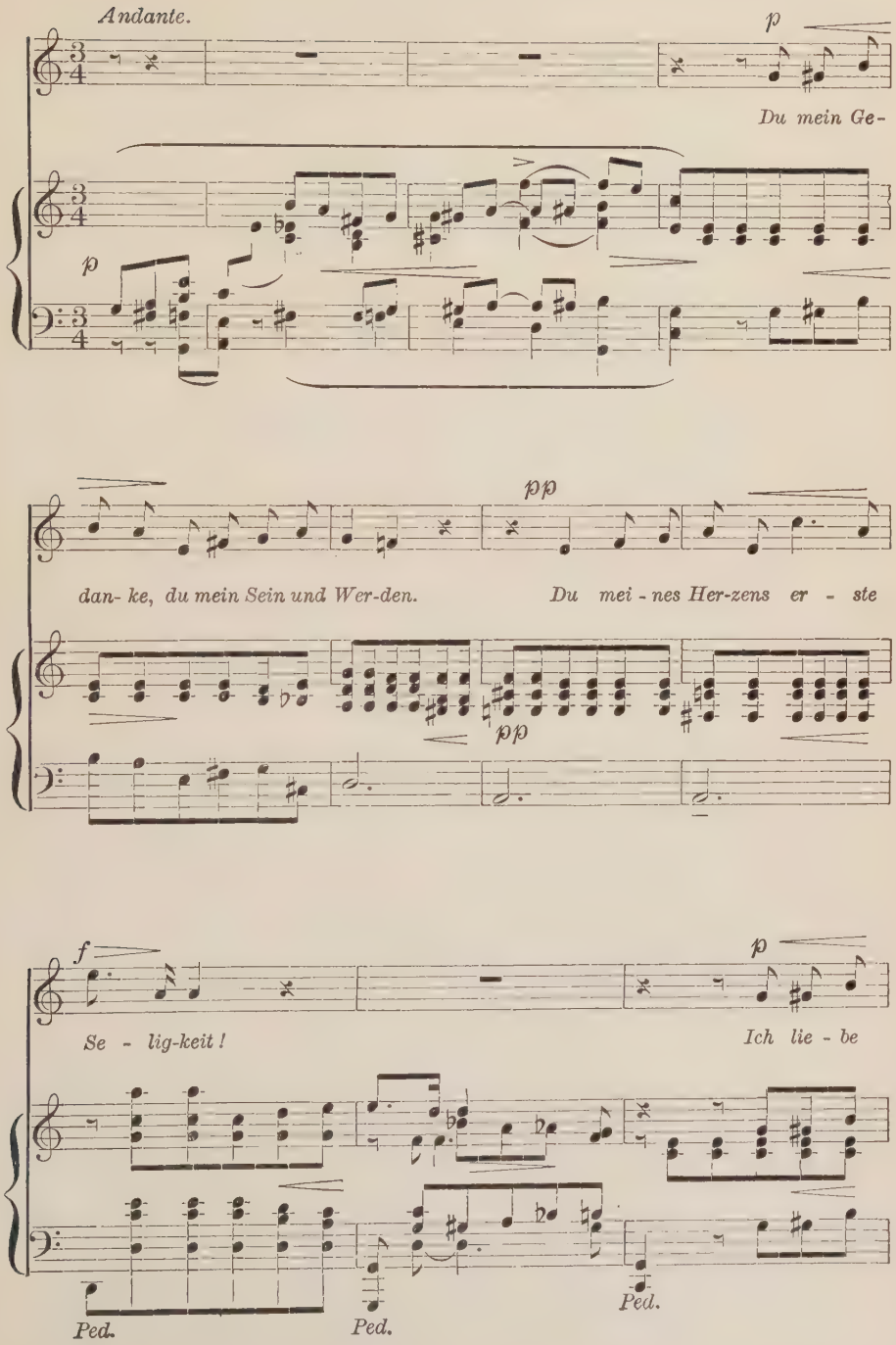
tect thee, ... in all the ways thou go - - est,

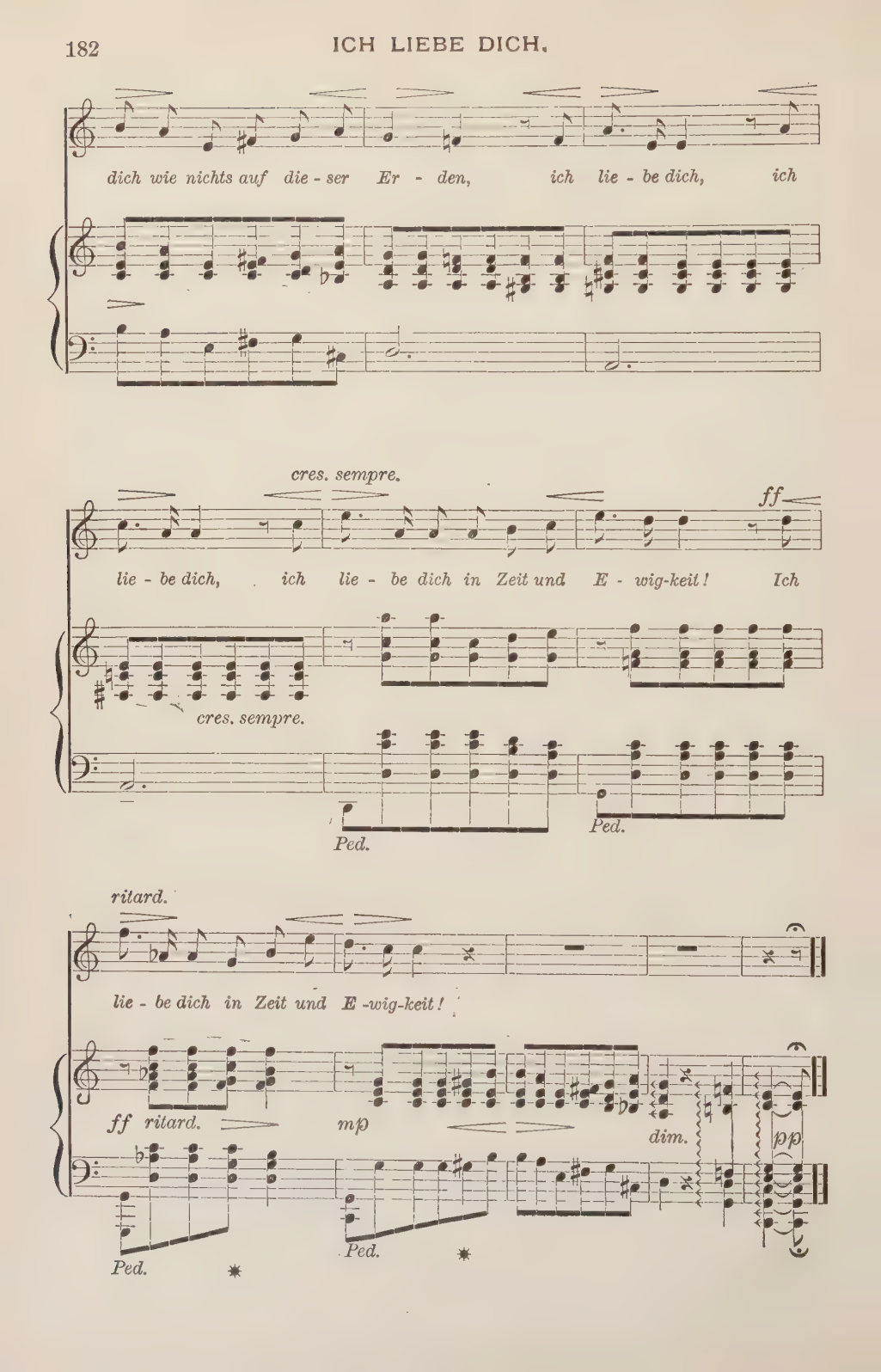
pp

tect . . . thee, they shall pro - tect . . . . . thee. . .

ICH LIEBE DICH.

Ed. Grieg.




dich wie nichts auf die - ser Er - den, ich lie - be dich, ich
cres. sempre.
ff
lie - be dich, ich lie - be dich in Zeit und E - wig-keit! Ich
cres. sempre.
Ped.
Ped.
ritard.
lie - be dich in Zeit und E -wig-keit!
ff ritard.
mp
dim.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

LADY SPRING.

A. Brown. Arr.

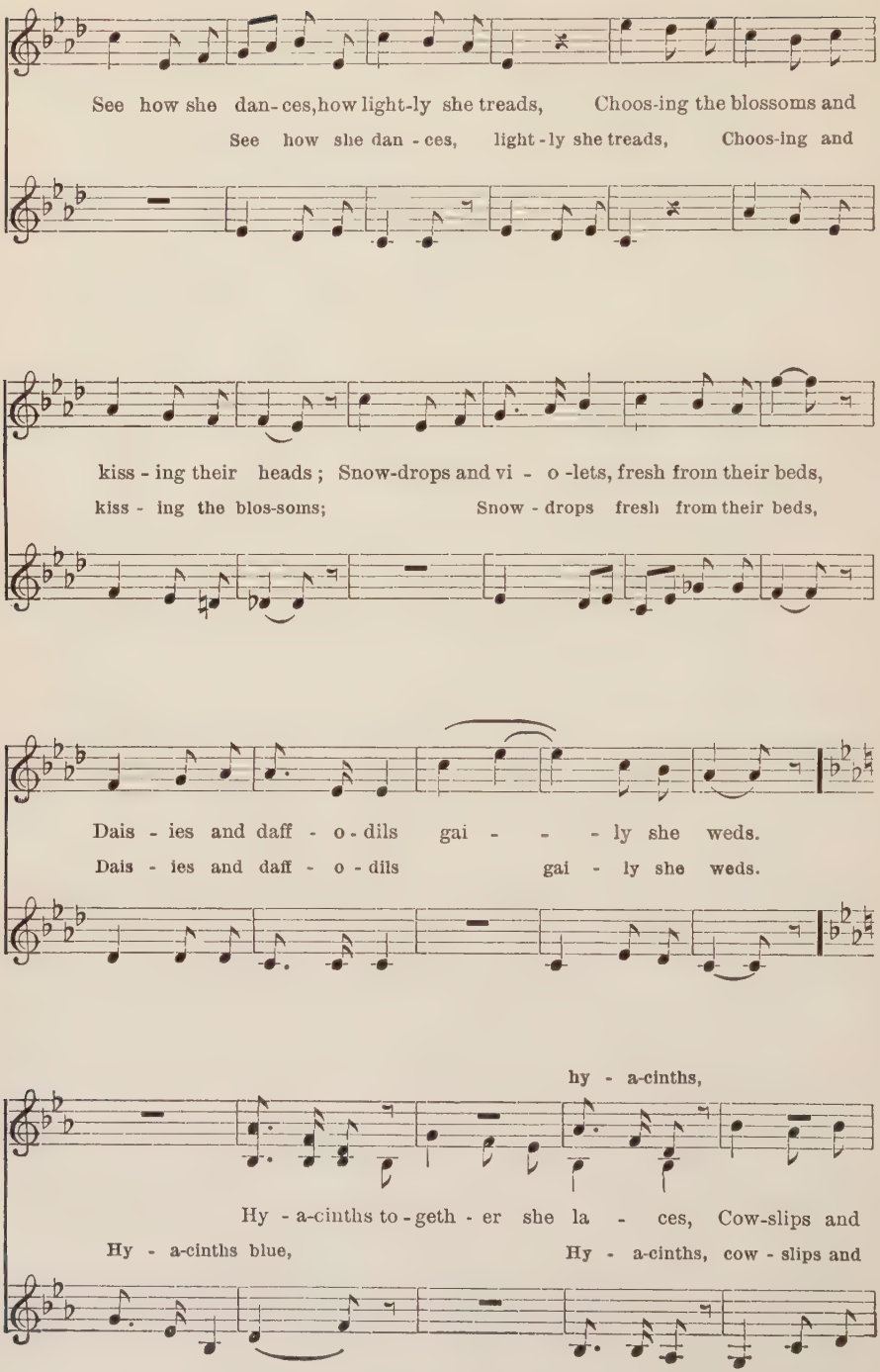
Allegretto.

Who is this la - dy? Who is this la - dy, so mer - ry and gay,

Strew-ing sweet flow-ers at each turn of the way, Smil-ing as

bright-ly with eyes full of play, Scat-ter - ing free - ly glad sun-beams all

day, Scat - ter - ing free - ly glad sun - beams all day?


See how she dan-ces, how light-ly she treads, Choos-ing the blossoms and
See how she dan-ces, light-ly she treads, Choos-ing and
kiss-ing their heads; Snow-drops and vi-o-lets, fresh from their beds,
kiss-ing the blos-soms; Snow-drops fresh from their beds,
Dais-ies and daff-o-dils gai-ly she weds.
Dais-ies and daff-o-dils gai-ly she weds.
hy-a-cinths,
Hy-a-cinths to-geth-er she la-ces, Cow-slips and
Hy-a-cinths blue, Hy-a-cinths, cow-slips and

Cow - slips and tu - - lips, li - lies white li - lies,

tu - lips, And the white fa - ces of li - lies so pure, O'er

tu - lips,

O'er all the pla - ces Ten - der green,

all . . the pla - ces Ten - der green leaves . . and

O'er all the pla - ces

green leaves, fai - ry - like la - ces.

fai - - - - ry like la - ces. How blithe- ly she

ten - der leaves, fai - ry - like la - ces. How

How blithe - ly,

sings as she wreathes in her hair, Prim - ros - es pale, Nar -

blithe - ly she sings, how blithe - ly, Prim - ros - es pale, and Nar -

cis - si so fair, De - light - ful - ly fra - grant in the fresh

air. Thanks, gen - tle la - dy, for the per - fumes so . .

p rit. *f a tempo.*

rare, Do ye not know her? Her name it is Spring. Hark to the

f

bells as gai - ly they ring! Her name they are sing - ing,

Spring, La - dy Spring, What beau - ti - ful gifts she al - ways does

rall.

bring! Spring, La - dy Spring, Spring, . . La - dy Spring!

GLORIOUS IS THY NAME.

(THE BASS OPTIONAL.)

MOZART.

f *Allegro.*

Glo - - ri-ous is Thy name, Al-might-y King,

ALTO-TENOR.

f

glo - rious is Thy name, is Thy name, O Lord,

Al - might - - - -

Glo - rious is Thy name, Glo - ri - ous is Thy name, Al-might-y, glo - rious

- -

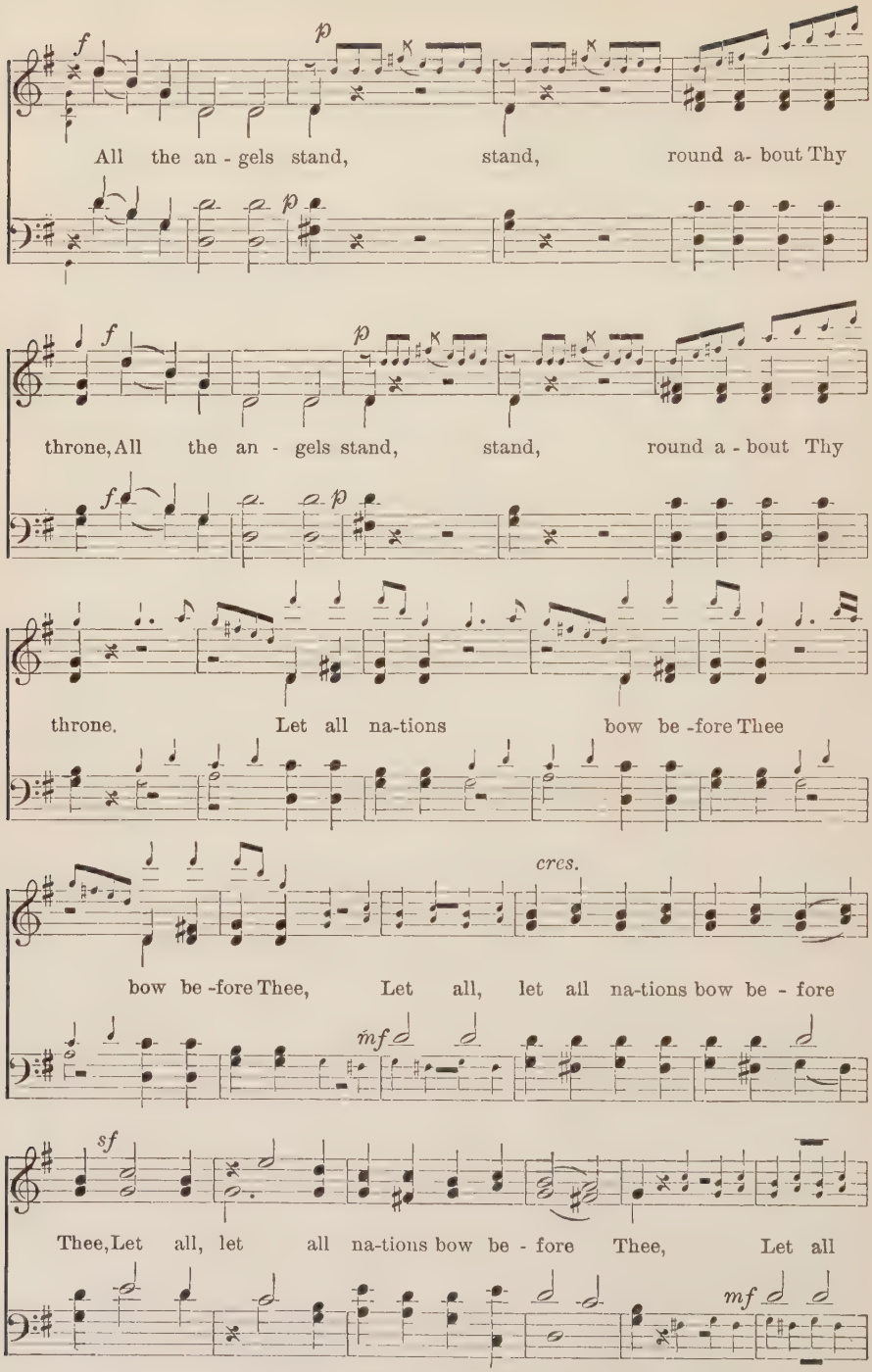
is Thy name, O Lord, glo - rious is Thy name, O Lord, glo - rious

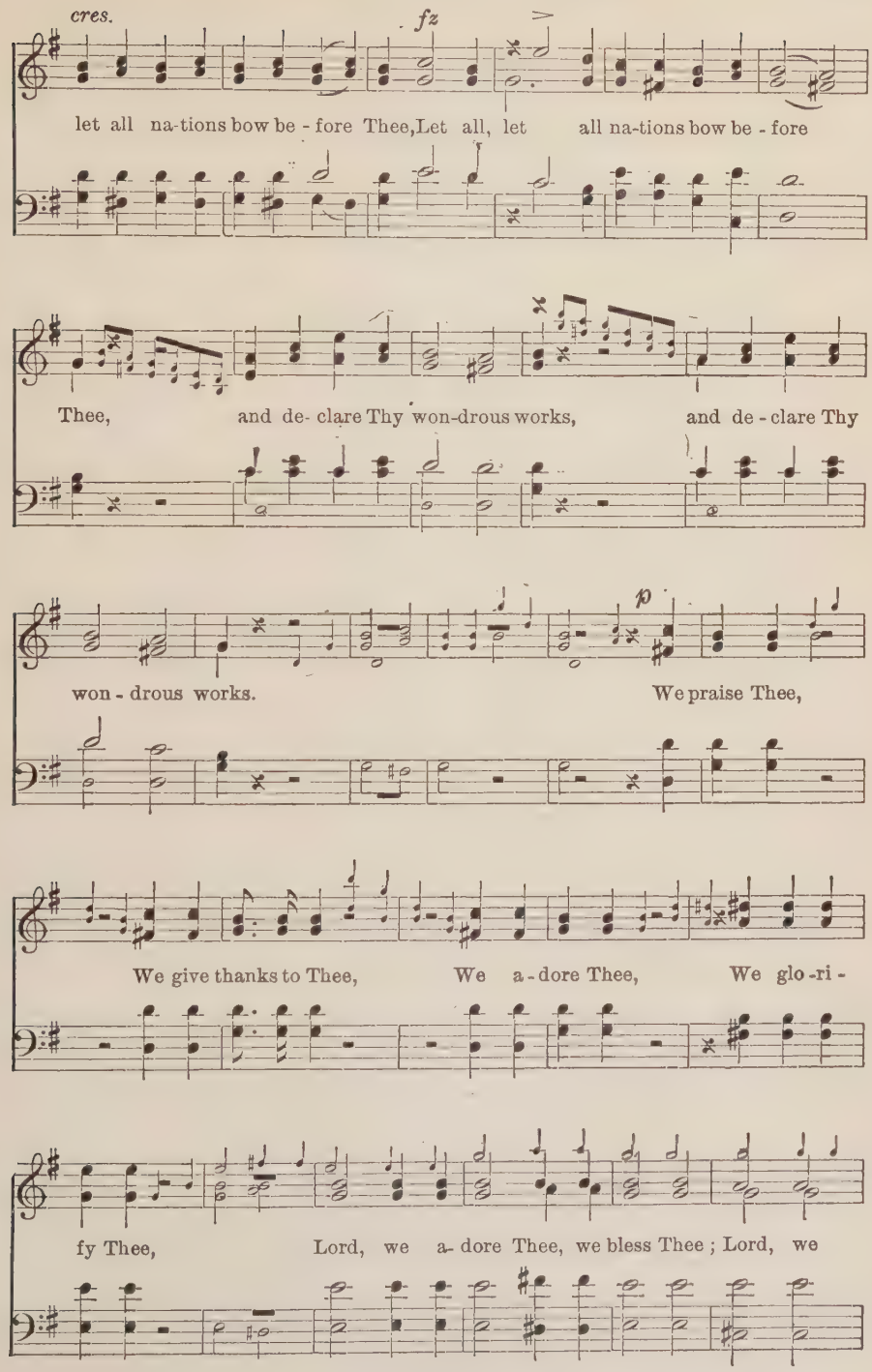
Glo - rious, glo-rious, is Thy name,

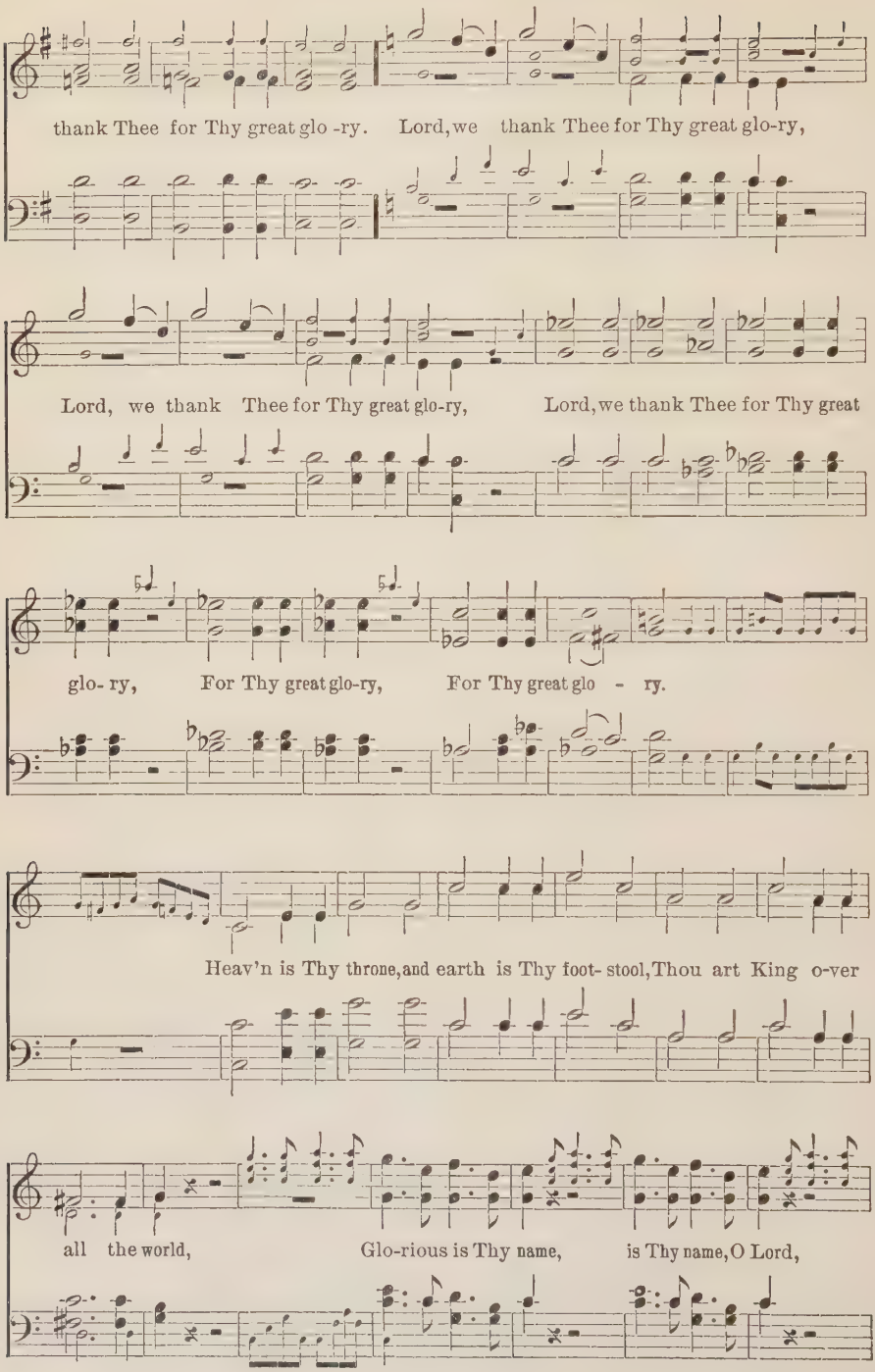
- - - y Lord.

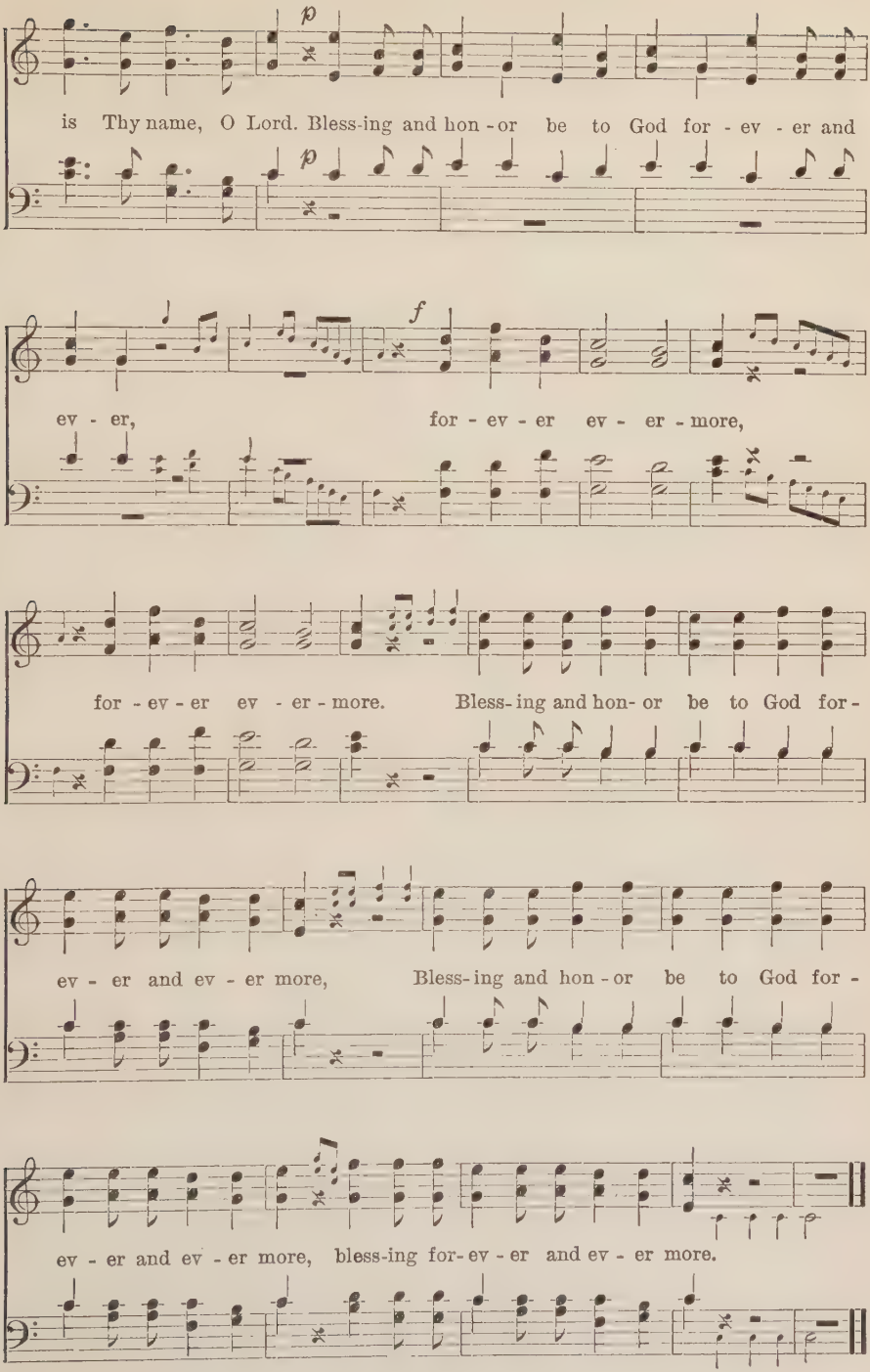
is Thy name, O Lord. Glo-rious is Thy name, Al-might-y Lord.

is Thy name.

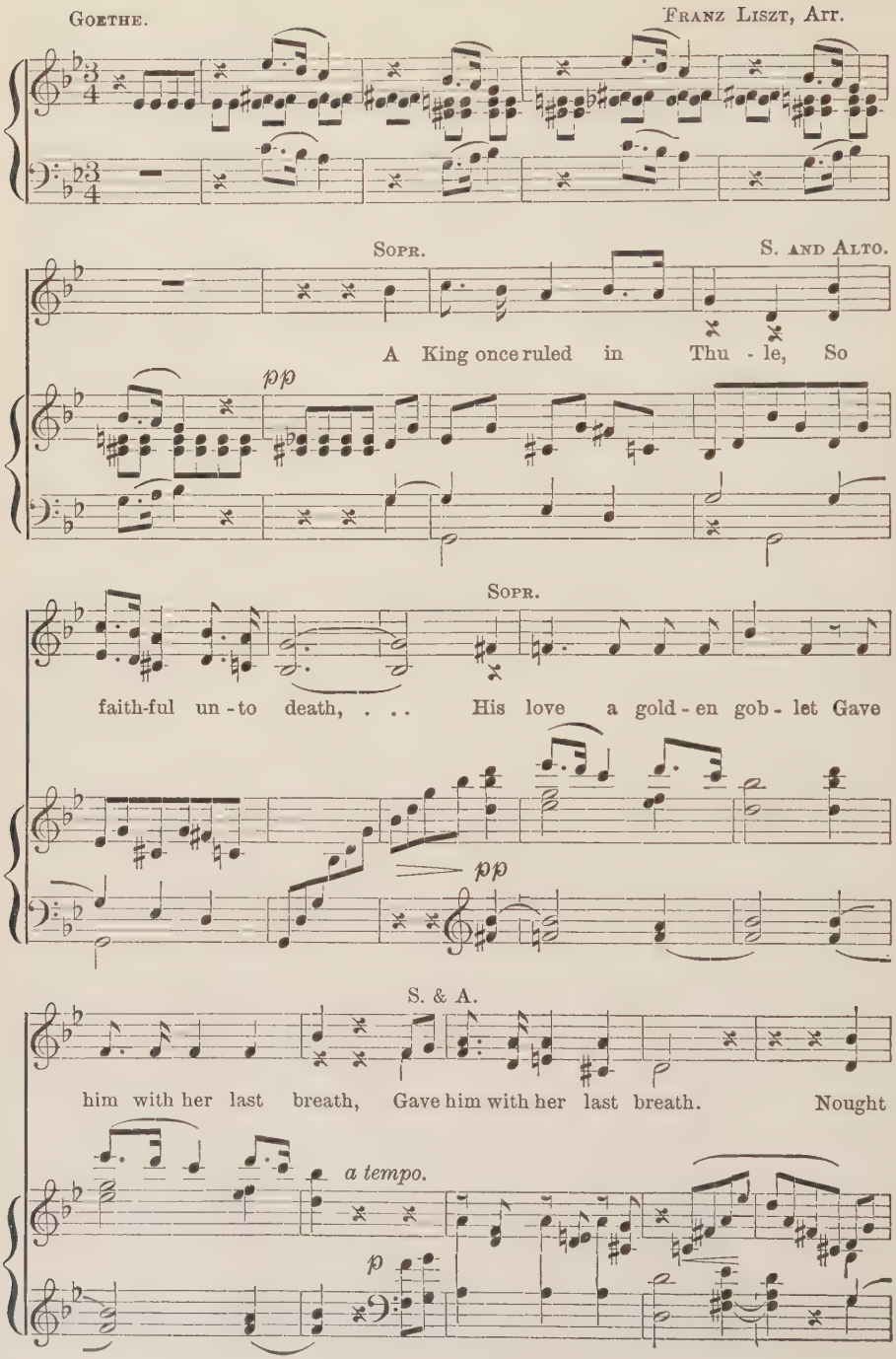

All the an - gels stand, stand, round a- bout Thy
throne, All the an - gels stand, stand, round a - bout Thy
throne. Let all na-tions bow be -fore Thee
bow be -fore Thee, Let all, let all na-tions bow be - fore
cres.
Thee, Let all, let all na-tions bow be - fore Thee, Let all

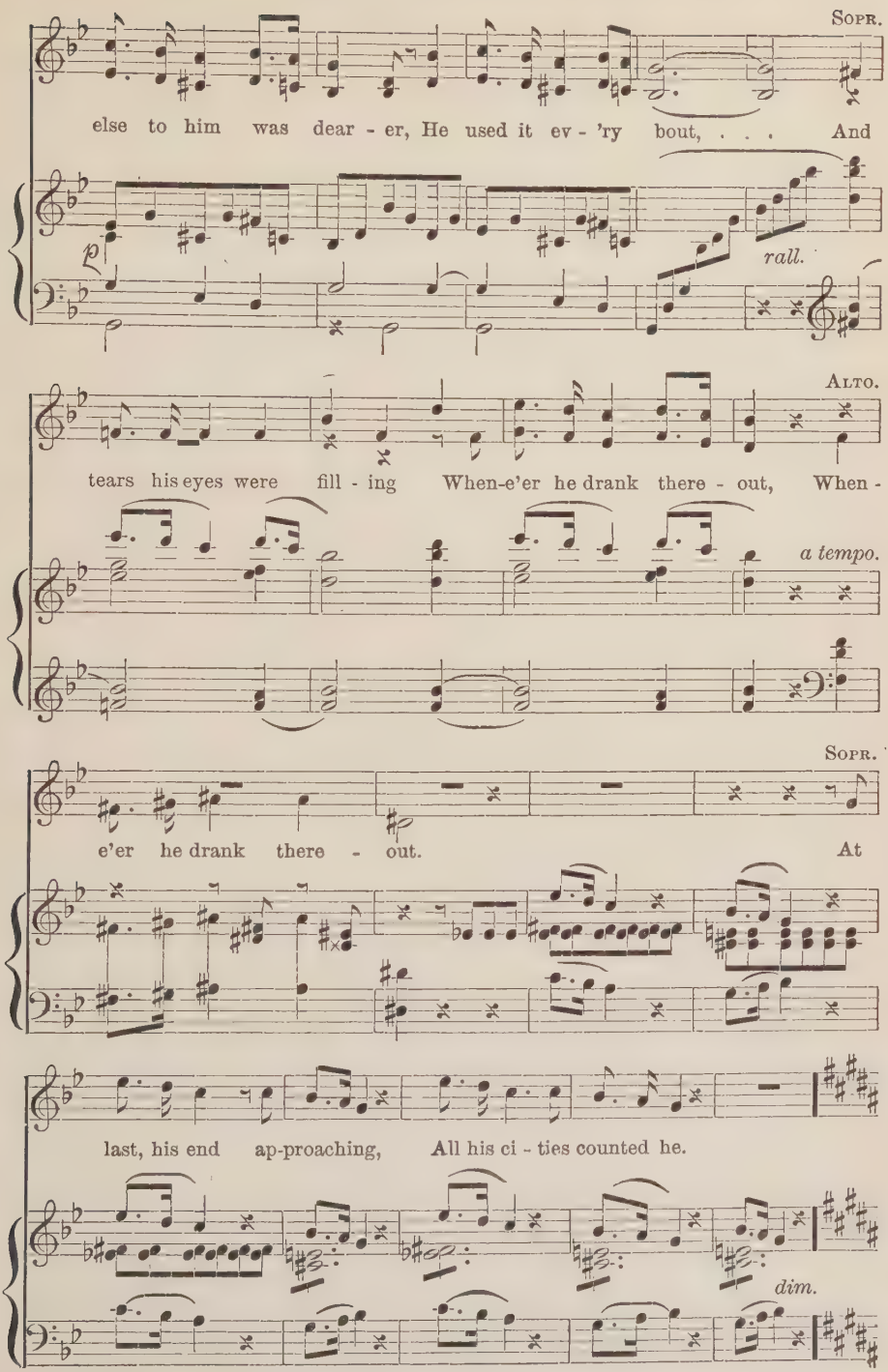

cres.
fz
let all na-tions bow be - fore Thee, Let all, let all na-tions bow be - fore
Thee, and de- clare Thy won-drous works, and de - clare Thy
p
won - drous works. We praise Thee,
We give thanks to Thee, We a - dore Thee, We glo -ri -
fy Thee, Lord, we a- dore Thee, we bless Thee ; Lord, we

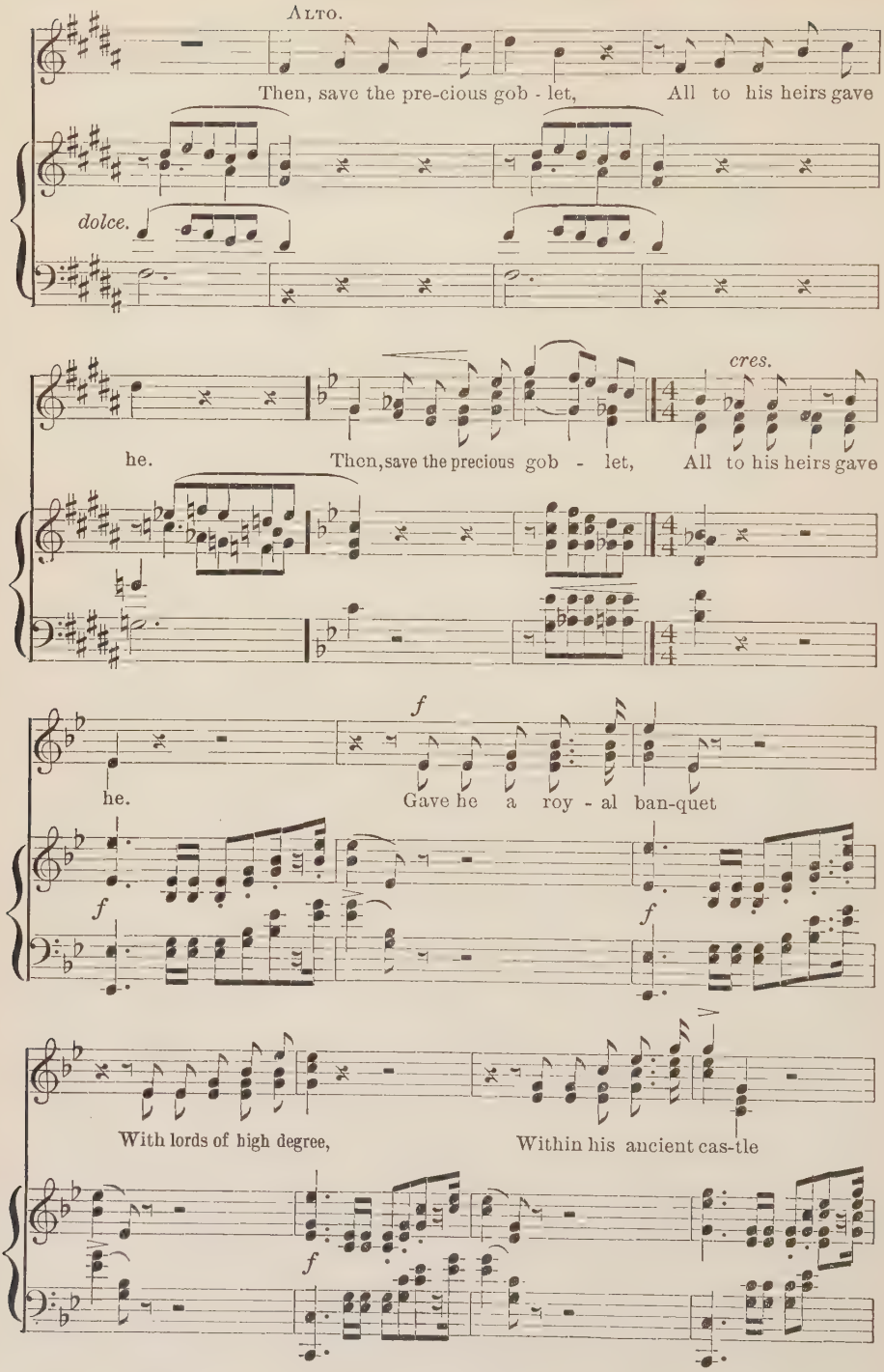

thank Thee for Thy great glo -ry. Lord, we thank Thee for Thy great glo-ry,
Lord, we thank Thee for Thy great glo-ry, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy great
glo- ry, For Thy great glo-ry, For Thy great glo - ry.
Heav'n is Thy throne, and earth is Thy foot- stool, Thou art King o-ver
all the world, Glo-rious is Thy name, is Thy name, O Lord,


p
is Thy name, O Lord. Bless-ing and hon-or be to God for-ev-er and
p
ev-er,
f
for-ev-er ev-er-more,
for-ev-er ev-er-more. Bless-ing and hon-or be to God for-
ev-er and ev-er more, Bless-ing and hon-or be to God for-
ev-er and ev-er more, bless-ing for-ev-er and ev-er more.

THE KING OF THULE.




Sopr.
else to him was dear - er, He used it ev - 'ry bout, . . . And
p
rall.
Alto.
tears his eyes were fill - ing When-e'er he drank there - out, When -
a tempo.
Sopr.
e'er he drank there - out. At
last, his end ap-proaching, All his ci - ties counted he.
dim.


Alto.
Then, save the pre-cious gob - let, All to his heirs gave
dolce.
he. Then, save the precious gob - let, All to his heirs gave
cres.
he. Gave he a roy - al ban-quet
f
With lords of high degree, Within his ancient cas-tle

that stood hard by the sea.

Agitato.

ff

Then rose the dy -ing

dim.

p

mon - arch, And drank with life's last glow, Then

rinforz.

hurled the pre-cious gob - let Far down the waves be - low, far

Sopr. II & Alto.

hurled the pre - cious gob - let Far down the waves be - low, far

sf

down the waves be - low.

down the waves be - low.

ff

Sopr. Sopr. II. Alto.

He watch'd it fall - ing, fall - ing, and sink - ing

in the sea. . . . . .

UNIS.

Then clos'd his eyes for - ev - - - - er,

dim. *p*

And ne'er a-gain drank he, Ne'er a-gain drank he.

p *rit.* *p* *p*

rit.

ALMIGHTY FATHER.

DONIZETTI.

1ST TIME UNIS.; SECOND, DUET S. AND A.

f

Al - might - y Fa - ther, Lo! we a - dore . . . Thee,

Smile on our wor - ship, Tho' an - gels bow be - fore Thee.

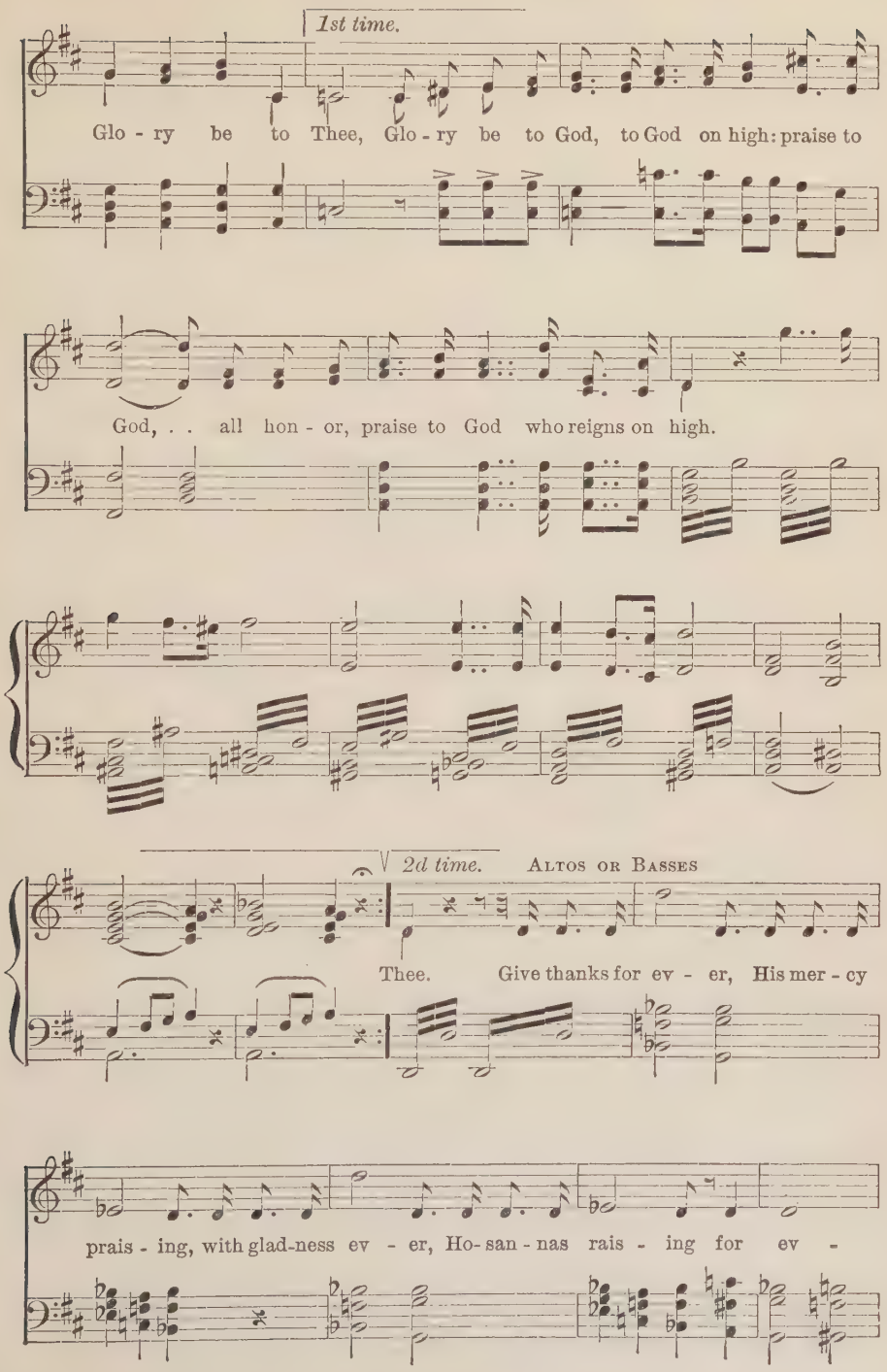
UNISON.

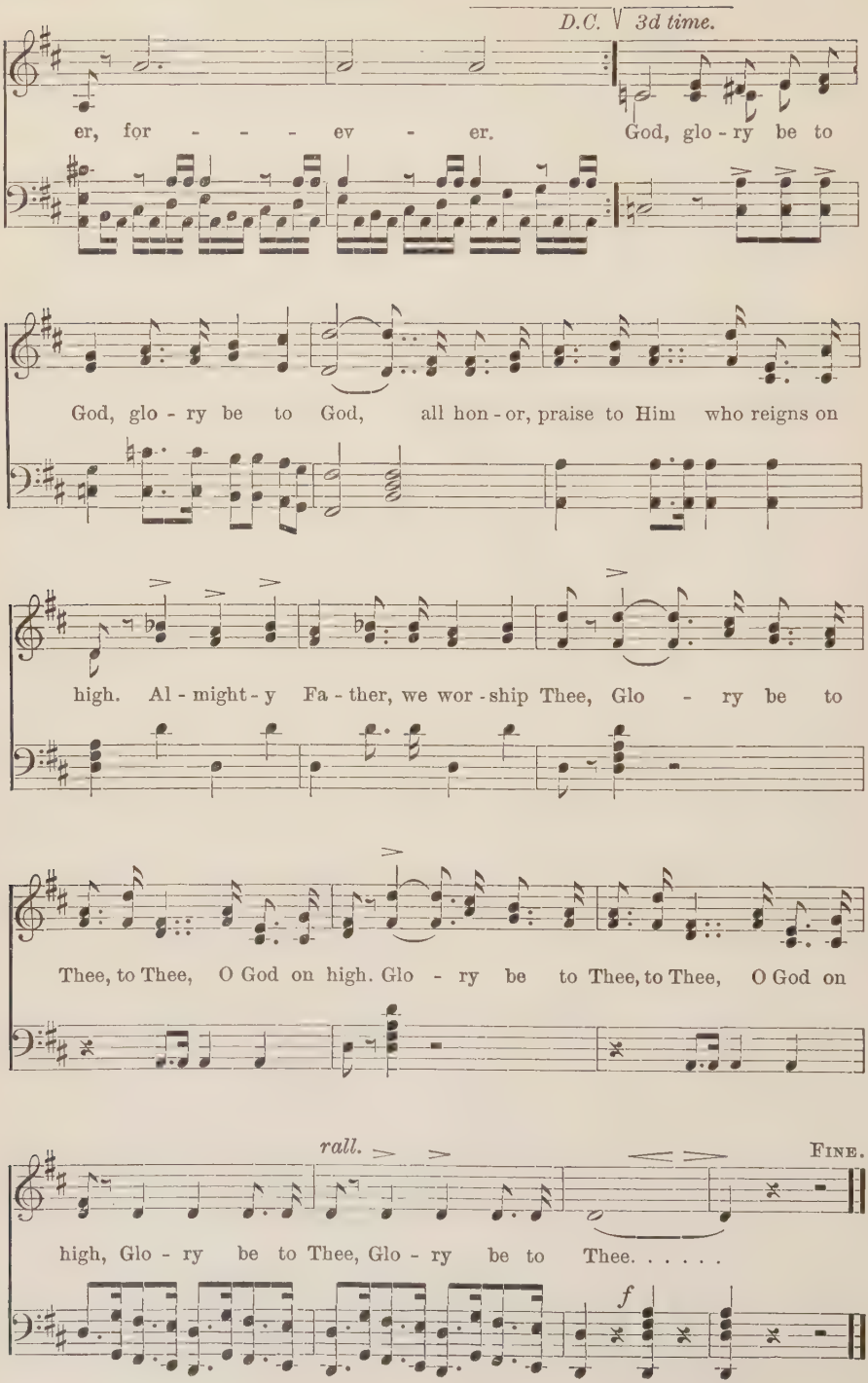
f

Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er, be to Thee, to

I.II.

Thee, O God on high. Al - might - y Fa - ther,


1st time.
Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to God, to God on high: praise to
God, . . all hon - or, praise to God who reigns on high.
2d time.
Altos or Basses
Thee. Give thanks for ev - er, His mer - cy
prais - ing, with glad-ness ev - er, Ho-san - nas rais - ing for ev -


D.C. √ 3d time.
er, for - - - ev - er. God, glo - ry be to
God, glo - ry be to God, all hon - or, praise to Him who reigns on
high. Al - might - y Fa - ther, we wor - ship Thee, Glo - ry be to
Thee, to Thee, O God on high. Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O God on
rall.
FINE.
high, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee. . . . . .
f

ANGEL OF PEACE.

O. W. Holmes. M. Keller.

Maestoso.

f

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan-dered too long! Spread thy white wings to the
2. Broth-ers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Ming-ling the gifts we have
3. An-gels of Beth - le-hem, ech - o the strain, Hark! a new birth-song is

p *cres.*

sun - shine of love! Come, while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song,
gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine,
fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tum - bles the main!

Fly to our ark like the storm-beat-en dove, Fly to our ark on the
Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea, Mea-dow and mountain and
Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply, Let the loud tem - pest of

wings of the dove, Speed o'er the far-sounding bil - lows of song, Crowned with thine
for - est and sea! Sweet is the fra-grance of myr - tle and pine, Sweet-er the
voic - es re - ply, Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast

ff

ol - ive leaf gar - land of love, An - gel of peace thou hast wait - ed too long!
in - cense we of - fer to thee, Broth- ers once more round this al - tar of thine!
song till it mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

NOT COSTLY DOMES.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

S. F. Smith. Mendelssohn.

1. Not cost - ly domes, nor mar - ble tow'rs,
2. They rest in ma - ny a shad - ed vale

Shall mark where friend-ship comes to weep; Let clus-t'ring vines and
By and be - neath the sound - ing sea; The for - est winds their

fra - grant flow'rs Tell where the na - tion's he - roes sleep.
re - quiem wail, The glo-rious sons of lib - er - ty.

3 They gained what their ambition craved,
Freedom and love to all to bring;
And peace o'er all the land they saved
Broods like the dove with shelt'ring wing.

4 Blest be the land for which they fought,
The land where Freedom's banners wave;
The land by blood and treasure bought,
Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

DIXIE.

BASS OPTIONAL

EMMET. Arr. by RIX.

S. A.

1. I wish I were in the land of cot-ton. Old times there are
Dix-ie land where I was born, Ear-ly on a
2. There's buckwheat cakes and In-dian bat-ter, Makes you fat or
hoe it down and scratch' your grav-el, To Dix-ie land I'm

Bass.

S. I. A. I.

A. II.

not for-got-ten, Look a-way, look a-way, look a-
frost-y morn-ing, Look a-way, look a-way, look a-
lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-way, look a-way, look a-
bound to trav-el, Look a-way, look a-way, look a-

way, look a-way, ... Dix-ie land. 1. In
look a-way, look a-way, 2. Then

Hoo-ray, hoo-

land. Then I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray, hoo-

ray,

ray, hoo-ray, In Dix - ie land I'll take my stand, To live and die in

A - way, a - way,

Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down South in

A - way, a - way,

Dix - ie, A - way, a - way A- way down South in Dix - ie.

KELLER'S HYMN. (Music p. 201)

1 Speed our republic, O Father on high !
Lead us in pathways of justice and right ;
||: Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue—the armor of might !
Hail ! three times hail to our country and flag ! :||

2 Foremost in battle, for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call ;
||: Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall !
Hail ! three times hail to our country and flag ! :||

3 Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world !
||: Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old !
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled !
Hail ! three times hail to our country and flag ! :||

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen him in the watchfires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; O, be

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is marching on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant my feet! Our God is marching on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! 1. His truth / 2. His day / 3. Our God is march - ing on.

GENTLE RIVER.

♩ = 80. ROUND. ARNE.

1

Gen - tle riv - er, Soft - ly flow - ing, On - ward ev - er, Sea - ward go - ing; Boun - teous giv - er, Still be - stow - ing Rich - es that may make earth teem, . . Rich - es that may make earth teem.

2

Ev - er kind - est, Joy thou'rt bring - ing, Where thou wind - est, Bab - bling, sing - ing, Still thou find - est Flow'r - bells ring - ing, Wel - come to thy pass - ing stream, A wel - come to thy pass - ing stream.

3

Let me ly - ing Where I spy thee, Watch bees hie - ing Home - wards by thee; Watch birds fly - ing, Sport - ing nigh thee, Watch birds fly - ing, Sport - ing nigh thee, Till I'm lost, Till I'm lost in ma - zy dream.

DEVOTIONAL SONGS.

BETHANY.

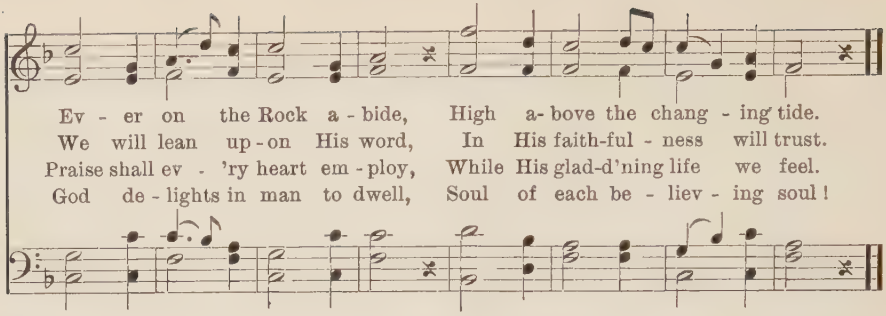
Mrs. S. F. Adams. L. Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee: Ev'n tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

GOD OF TRUTH.

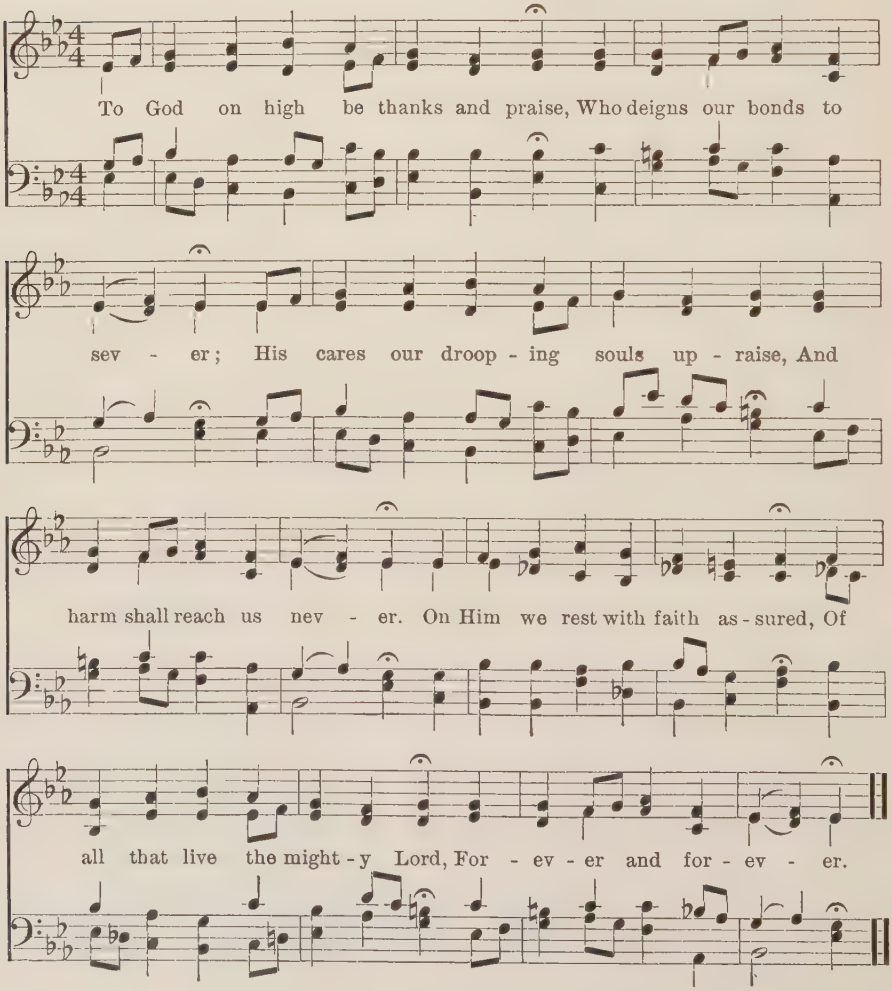
"Hymns of the Spirit." F. W. Kücken.

1. God of truth, Thy sons should be Firm - ly ground-ed up - on Thee;
2. Lo, th'E - ter - nal is our Lord, Ev - er lov - ing, ev - er just!
3. There-fore do we draw with joy Wa - ter from sal - va - tion's well;
4. O the grace un-search - a - ble! While e - ter - nal a - ges roll,



TO GOD ON HIGH.

MENDELSSOHN. "St. Paul."



GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

"Tantum Ergo."

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

pp Sotto voce.

Guide me, O, Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim

Adagio.

p

cres.

thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y,

cres.

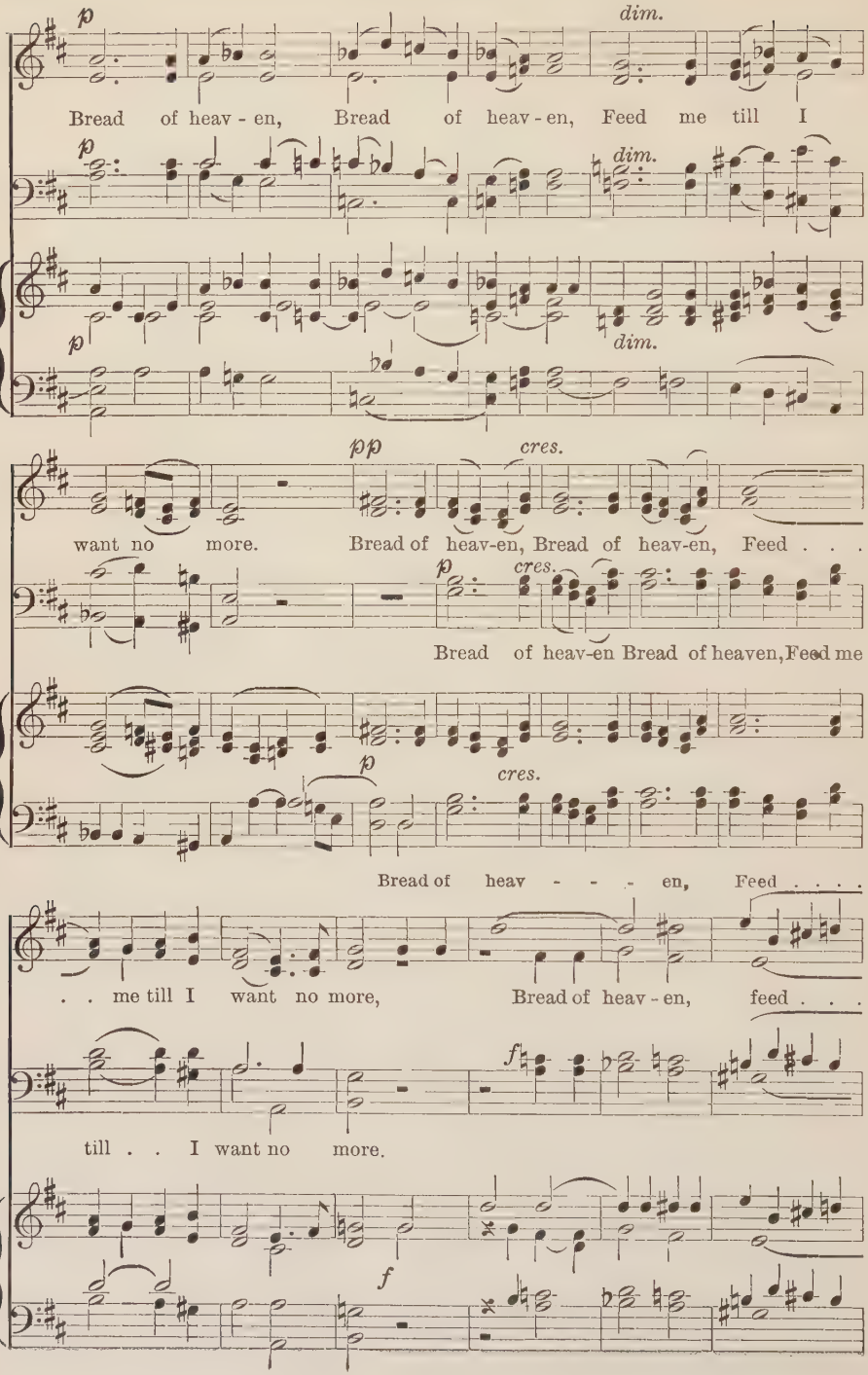
f

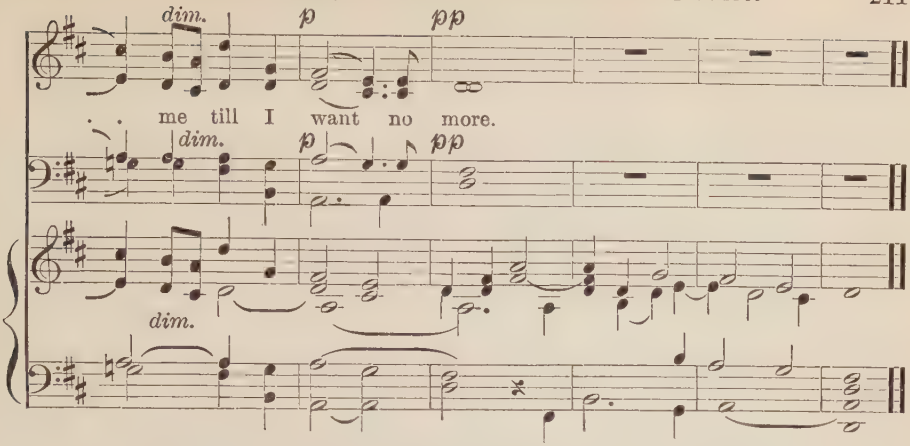
Hold . . . me

Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.

f

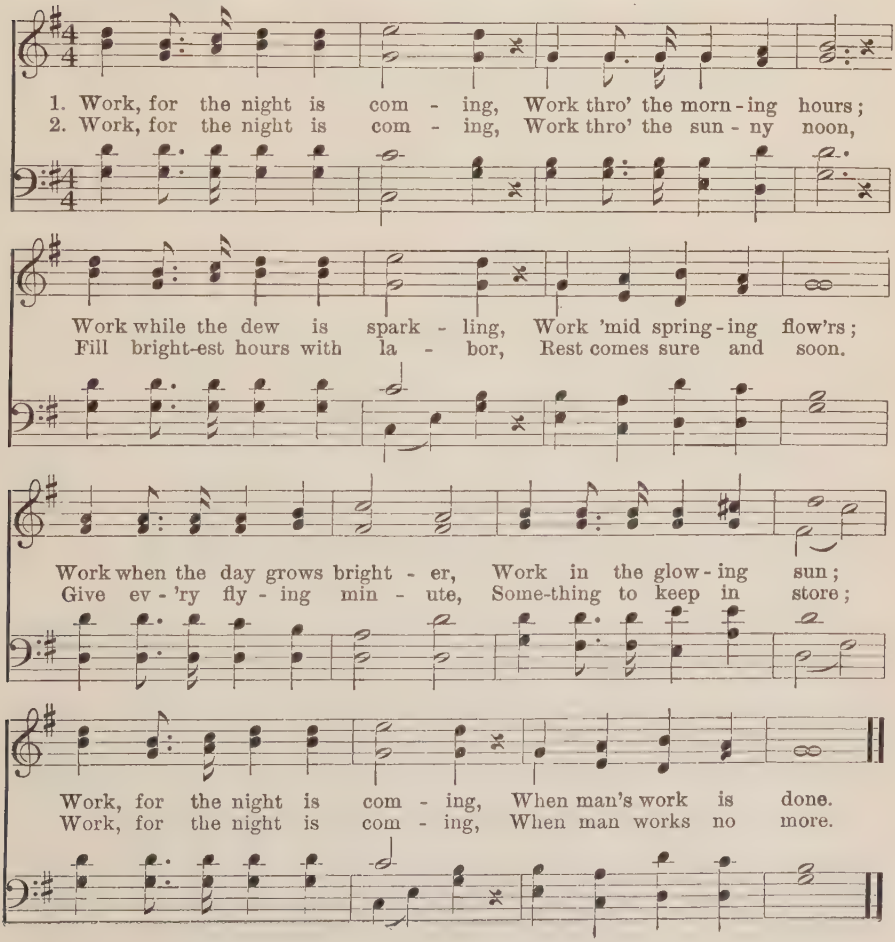
dim.


p
dim.
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
p
dim.
p
dim.
want no more. Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed . . .
pp
cres.
p
cres.
Bread of heav-en Bread of heaven, Feed me
p
cres.
Bread of heav - - - en, Feed . . . .
. . me till I want no more, Bread of heav - en, feed . . .
f
till . . I want no more.
f



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

A. L. Walker.



IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

ANNA L. WARING. DYKES.

1. In heav'n-ly love a-bid-ing. No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe in such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing chang-es here.
My Shep-herd is be-side me, And noth-ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me Where dark-est clouds have been.

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid;
His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth, His sight is nev-er dim;
My hope I can-not meas-ure, My path in life is free;

But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Fa-ther has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.

THANKFULNESS.

M. Claudius, Tr. Schulz.

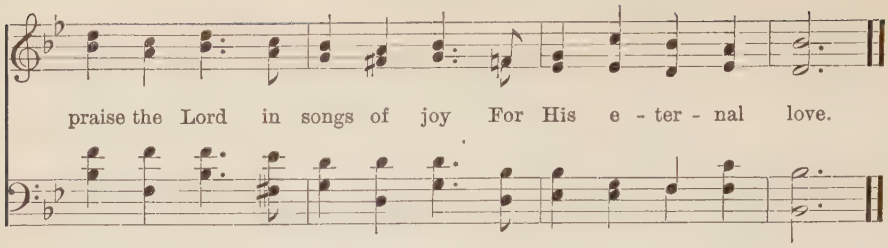
1. We break the ground and cov - er The seed with - in the soil, And
2. We thank Thee, lov - ing Fa - ther, For rai - ment, shel - ter, food, For

God's warm sun and show - ers Give fruit - age to our toil. He
friend-ship, for con - tent - ment, For all that brings us good. Oh

sends the ice in win - ter, He swells the grow - ing grain,
may we ev - er thank Thee For all that life may bring,

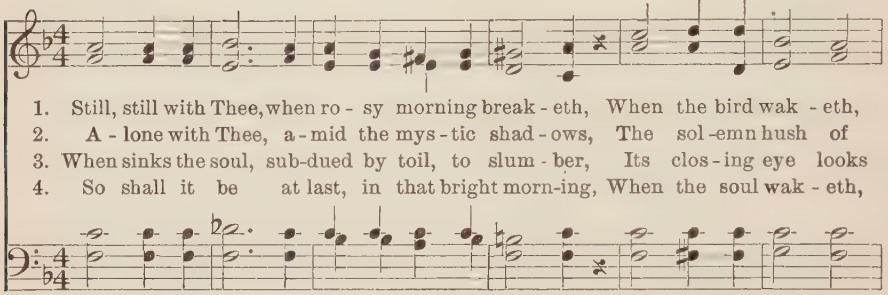
He gives re - fresh - ing breez - es, The sea - sons in their train.
With grate - ful hearts and voi - ces Thy prais - es ev - er sing.

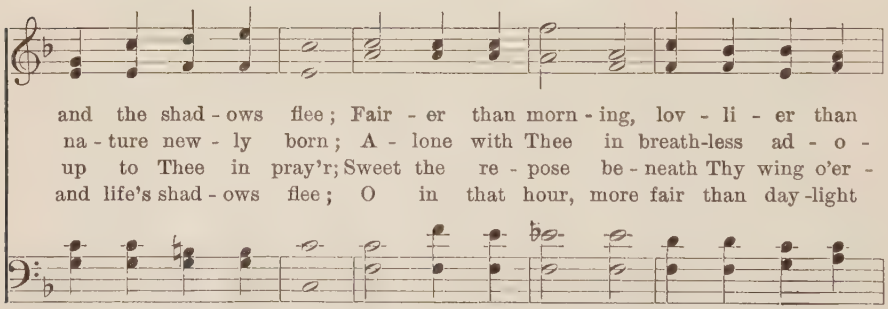
Gifts in count - less num - ber Are sent us from a - bove, Then

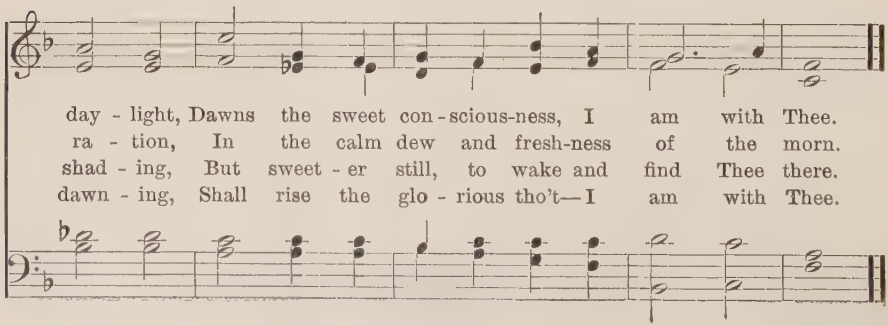


STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

H. B. Stowe. F. R. Rix.







NOW THANK WE ALL.

J. Crüger.

1. { Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es.
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es.

2. { O, may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us!
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;

Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plex'd,

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

NAOMI.

L. Mason.

1. Fa - ther, what e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed, at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

INTEGER VITAE.

FLEMMING.

1. Tran - quil and peace - ful is the path to heav - en,
2. There life is bliss - ful; shall the spir - it trem - ble?
3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall o - pen;

Where now so man - y fresh from earth's ripe vin - tage, So man - y
Bright heav'n-ly an - gels wait to lead us yon - der; There dwell the
Love, pure and ho - ly, in our bo-soms glow - ing, Flows from the

hap - py, high and blessed spir - its, Wait to re - ceive us.
spir - its pur - i - fied by suf - f'ring, Bless - ing and bless - ed.
Fa - ther, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Liv - ing and lov - ing.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
2. To us the light of truth dis-play, And make us know and choose Thy way;

Be Thou our guar - dian, Thou our guide! O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre - side.
Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW. CONKEY.

1. Tell me not in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream;
2. Life is real, life is ear-nest, And the grave is not its goal:
3. Not en-joy-ment, and not sor-row, Is our des-tined end and way;

For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.
Dust thou art, to dust re - turn-est, Was not spo-ken of the soul.
But to act, that each to - mor-row Find us fur-ther than to - day.

4 Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

5 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

DENNIS.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE. NAGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap-proved, Un - changed from day to day;

Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That Hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh-ment find.
I'll lay my bur- den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

O LORD, CORRECT ME.

Air from "Rinaldo," HANDEL.

Larghetto.

O Lord, cor-rect me not in Thine an-ger, Have mer-cy on me, And

blot out all my sins. Have mer-cy on me, Have mer-cy

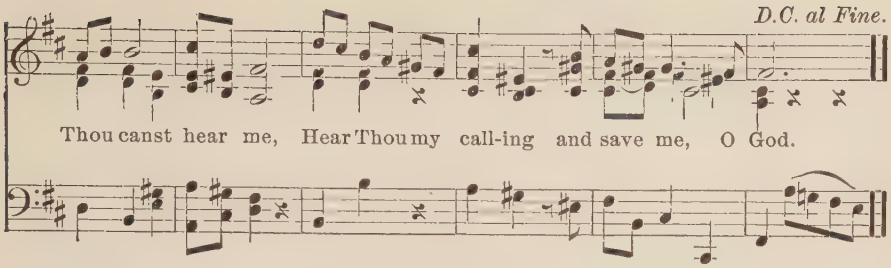
on me, and grant me Thy peace. O Lord, cor-rect me

FINE.

not in Thine an-ger, Have mer-cy on me, And blot out all my sins.

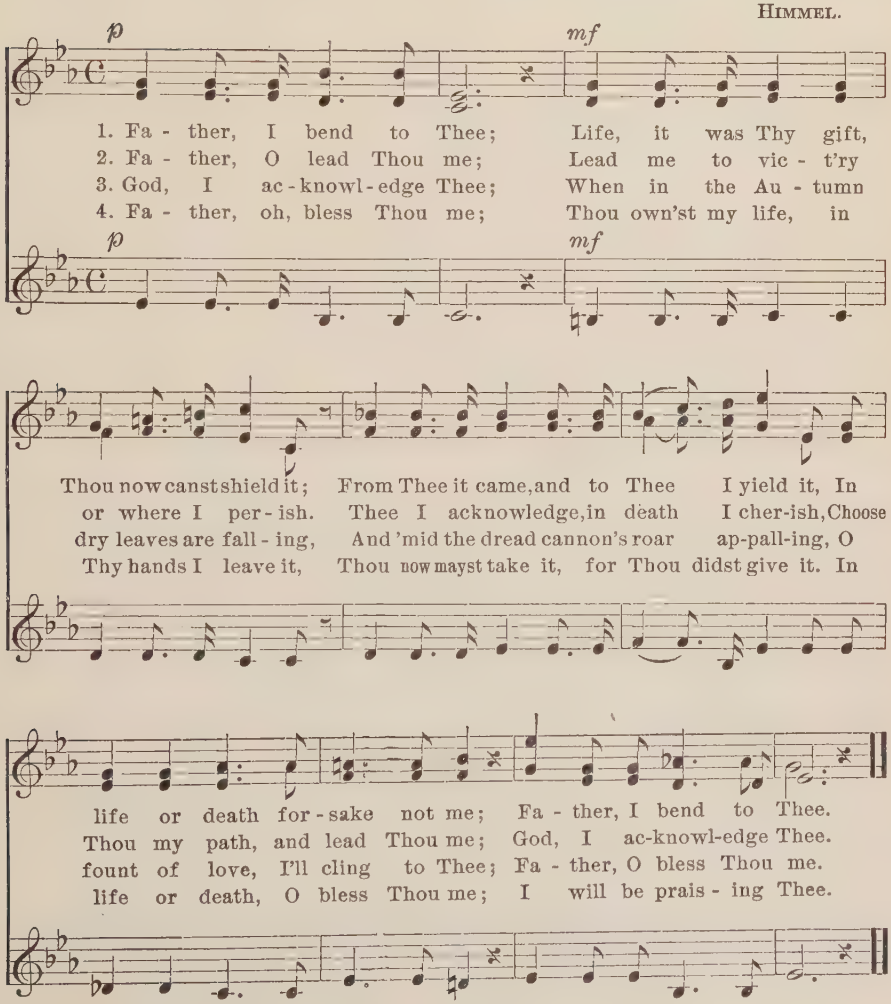
SOPRANOS ONLY.

For Thou art mighty, Yea, Thou art ho-ly; Hear Thou my call-ing, for



FATHER, I BEND TO THEE.

HIMMEL.



HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

From SPOHR'S "Last Judgment."

SOLO VOICES.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, God Al -

- mighty, who wast, and who art, and art to come.

CHORUS.

pp

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, God Almight - y, who

pp

wast, and who art, and art to come, Ho - ly,

Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, God Al - might - - y.

I WILL ARISE.

CECIL.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, and will

say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, I have

sin - ned, I have sin - ned a - gainst heav'n and be - fore Thee, and am

no more wor - thy to be call-ed Thy son. I will a - rise, .

I will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

O WORD OF GOD.

CHORAL. Har. by J. S. BACH.

1. O word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high; O truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O light of our dark sky! We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps Shines on from age to age.

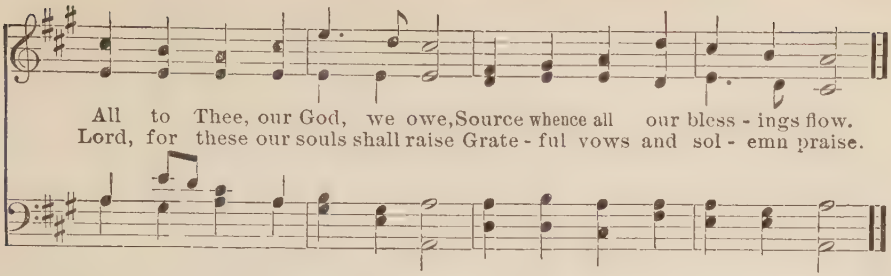
2. It float-eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host unfurled; It shin-eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world; It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea, 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quick - sands, Still guides, O God, to Thee.

PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE.

BARBAULD. KOCHER.

1. { Praise to God, im - mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy. }

2. { All the plen - ty summer pours; Autumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores; Flocks that whit-en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of ripened grain. }

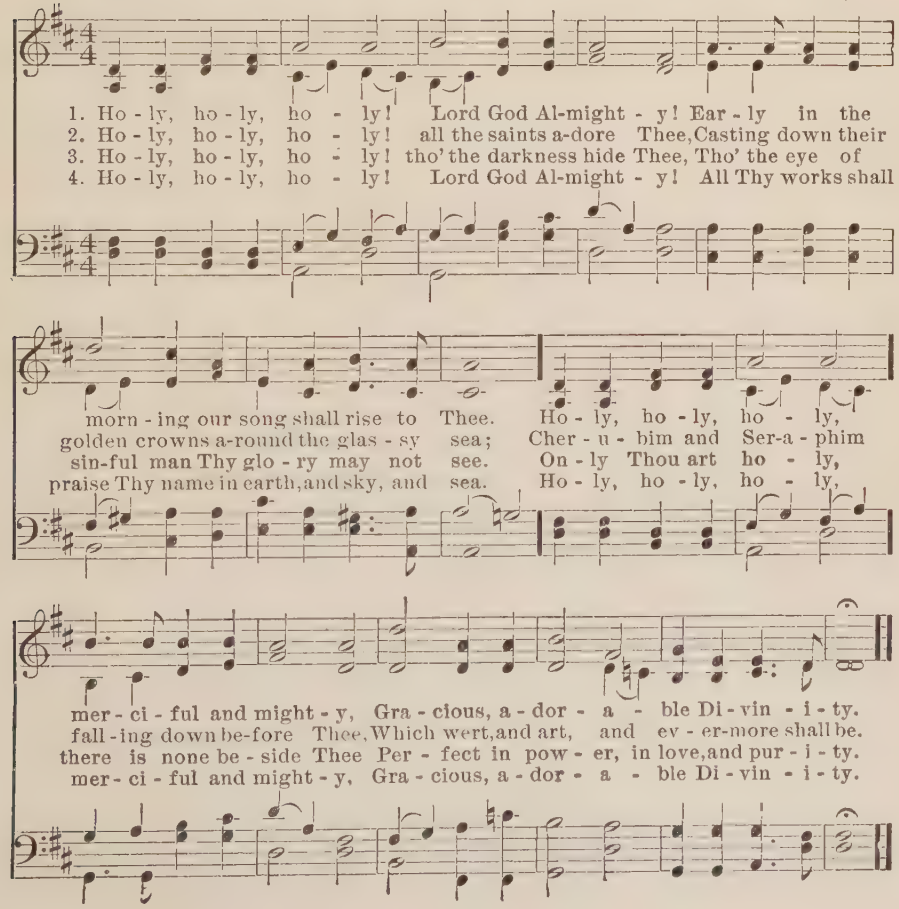


3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

R. Heber. J. B. Dykes.



THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

CREATION.

ADDISON. Adapted from HAYDN.

1. The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -
2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter -

the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns a shin - ing frame, Their great O -
won - drous tale, And night-ly to the list - 'ning earth, Re - peats the
res - trial ball; What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their

rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does
sto - ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And
ra - diant orbs be found; In rea - son's ear they all re-joice, And

his . . Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub - lish - es to
all . . the plan - ets in their turn, Con-firm the tid - ings
ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing,

ev - 'ry land, The work of an . . Al-might - y hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di - vine."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. A. SULLIVAN.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead on; Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene, One step e - nough for me.

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now, Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, Re - mem - ber not past years.

3. So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till . . The night is gone. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

and I am far from home, . . and I . . . . . am far from home, Lead Thou . . . my feet,

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be -
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased, The

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I
bright with ma - ny an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng. The
shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast. And

know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there; What
Prince is ev - er with them, The day - light is se - rene; The
they, who with their Lead - er Have con-quer'd in the fight, For -

ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
pas - tures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

THE HOMELAND.

HAWEIS. SULLIVAN.

1. The Home - land! The Home - land! the land of the free - born;
2. My Lord is in the Home - land, with an - gels bright and fair;
3. For those I love in the Home - land are wait - ing me to come;

There's no night in the Home - land, but aye the fade - less morn.
And no sin nor e - vil can ev - er en - ter there.
Where no death nor sor - row in - vade their ho - ly home.

I'm sigh - ing for the Home - land; my heart is ach - ing here,
The mu - sic of the Home - land is ring - ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

There's no pain in the Homeland, to which I'm draw - ing near.
And when I think of the Homeland, my eyes gush out with tears.
Lord, bring us all to the Homeland of Thine e - ter - nal love.

COME, O MY SOUL.

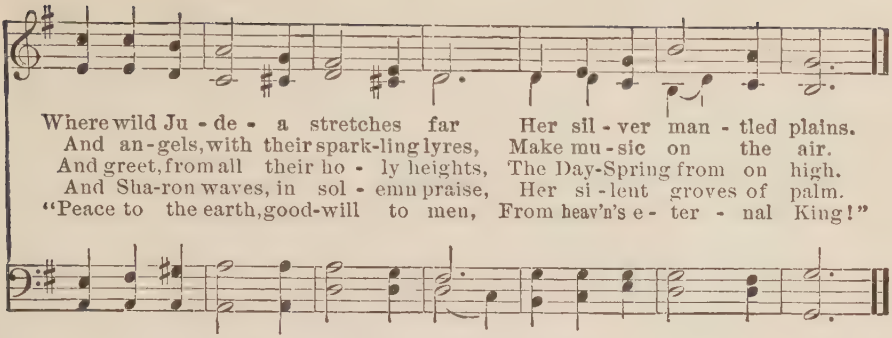
Russian Hymn.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise; But oh, what tongue can speak His fame, What mor - tal verse can reach the theme?
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo - ry like A gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round Him shine.
3. In all our Mak-er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y pow'r with wis - dom shines! His works thro' all this won - drous frame De - clare the glo - ry of His name.
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till list - 'ning worlds shall join the song.

ST. AGNES.

Sears.

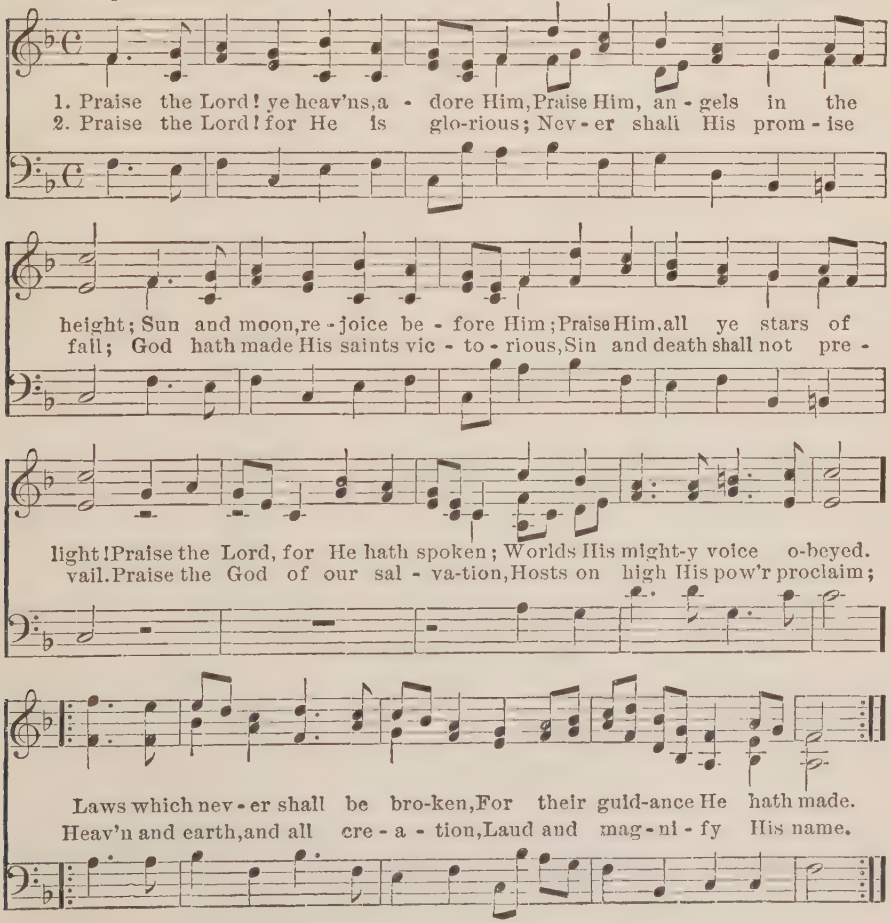
1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's mel - o - dious strains,
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
3. The answering hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply;
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
5. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring,



PRAISE THE LORD.

AUSTRIAN HYMN.

Bishop RICHARD MANT. JOSEPH HAYDN.



O COME, EMMANUEL.

12th Century.
Harmonized by F. R. Rix.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
3. O come, Thou Key of Dav - id, come, And o - pen wide our
4. O come, O come, Thou Lord . . of might, Who to Thy tribes, on

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -
Ad - vent here; Dis-perse the gloom-y clouds . . of night, And
heaven - ly home; Make safe the way that leads . . on high, And
Si - nai's height, In ancient times didst give . . the law, In

Chorus.

til the Son of God . . ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
death's dark sha - dows put . . . to flight.
close the path to mis - - er - y.
cloud, and ma - jes - ty, . . . and awe.

man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - - ra - el!

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

T. J. Potter. Haydn

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav - ing wan-d'rers on-ward To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'n - ly way.
2. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe. Bid Thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Par - don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
3. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Of - f'ring pray'rs and prais - es At Thy throne of love. When the toil is o - ver, Then come rest and peace, Life re - plete with beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease.

Chorus.

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky; Wav - ing wan - d'rers on - ward To their home on high.

WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

MOULTRIE. BARNBY.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the flag of the Lord be -

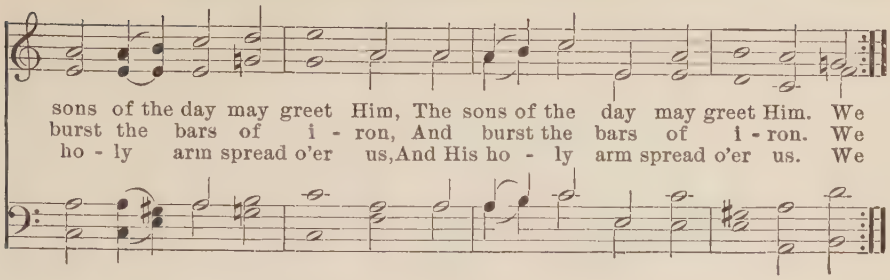
fore us; With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His

FINE.

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

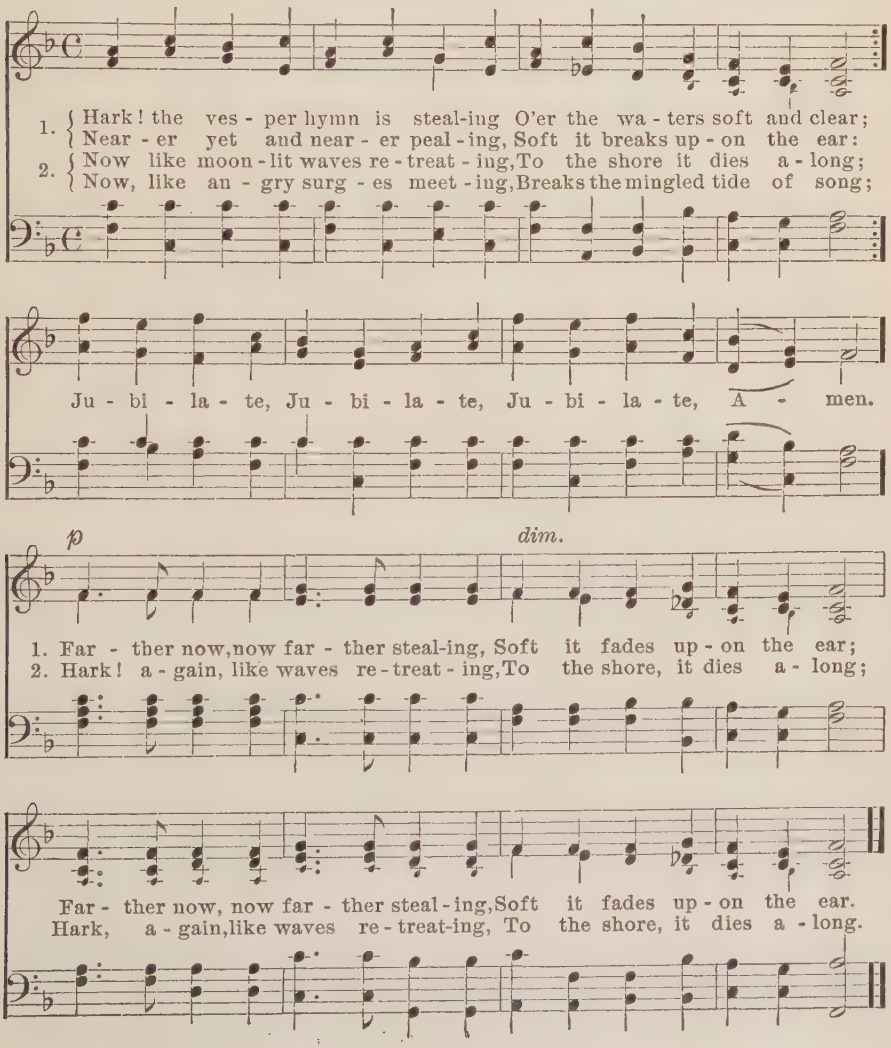
We come in the might of the Lord of Light, In rev - 'rent train to
And the choir of an-gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold-en
Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the ban-ner of right be -

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the bra - zen gates, And
fore us; With the eye of God looking down from a - bove, And His



VESPER HYMN.

THOMAS MOORE. BORTNIANSKI.



ANGEL VOICES.

FRANCIS POTT. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light;
2. Lord, we know Thy love re - joi - ces O'er each work of Thine;
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee:

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces, For Thy praise com- bine;
And for Thine ac- cept - ance prof - fer All un - worth- i - ly,

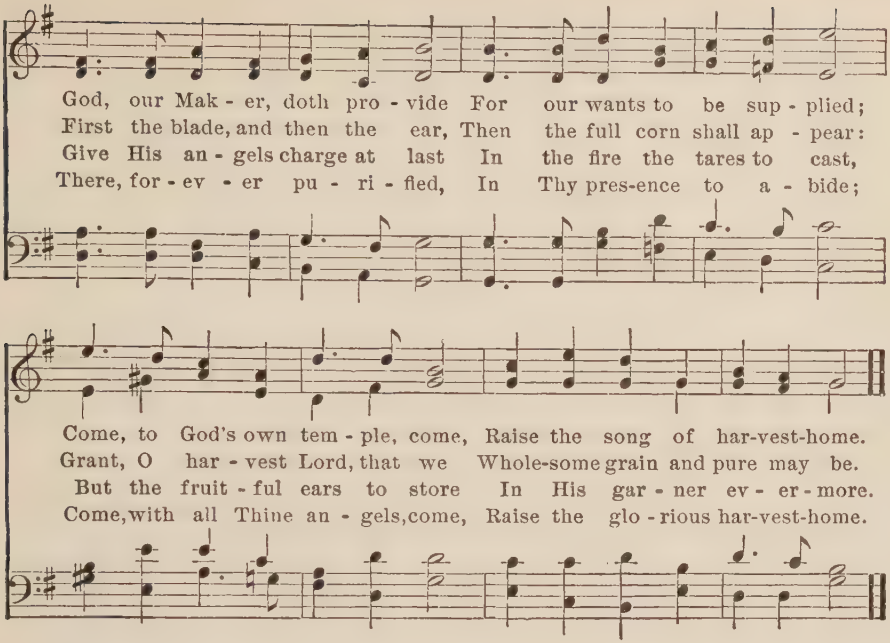
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee; And con - fess Thee, Lord of might.
Craftsman's art and mu-sic's measure, For Thy pleas - ure didst de - sign.
Hearts and minds and hands and voices In our choic - est mel - o - dy.

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE.

ALFORD. ELVEY.

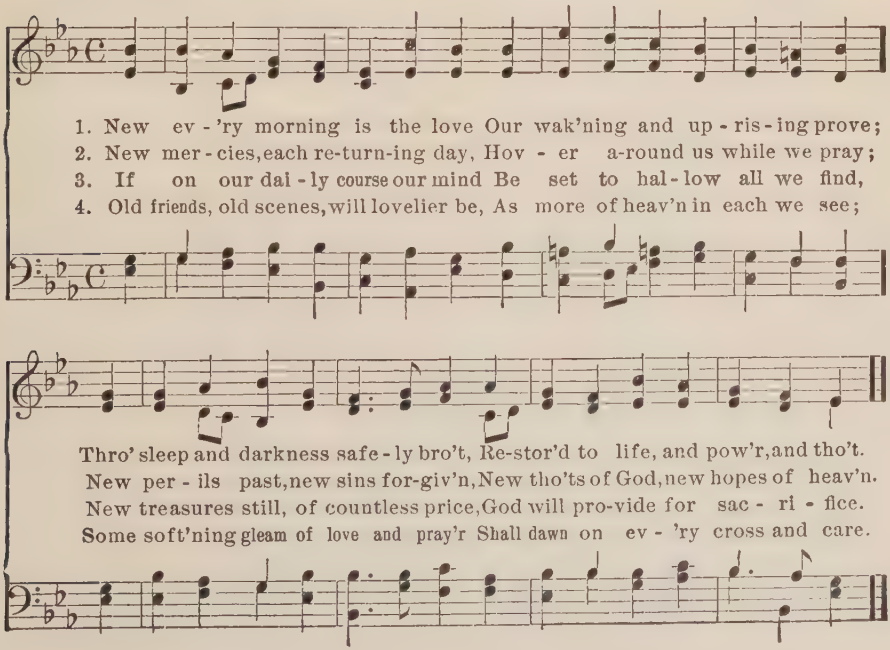
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest-home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way;
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



NEW EVERY MORNING.

JOHN KEBLE. WEBBE.



O WORSHIP THE KING.

GRANT. HANDEL.

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove; O grate-ful-ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, The An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.

2. O tell of His might! O sing of His grace! Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py, space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

PLEYEL.

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Sov'-reign Lord, Be Thy glo - rious name a - dor'd!
2. Though un-wor - thy of Thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
3 While on earth ordained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in Thy way,
4. Then, with an - gel harps a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain;

Lord, Thy mer - cies nev - er fail! Hail! ce - les - tial good-ness, hail!
Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a-round Thy throne we sing.
Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glo - ry see.
There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - umph-ant voi - ces raise.

SEYMOUR.

H. NEELE. WEBER.

1. God of mer - cy, throned on high, Lis - ten from Thy loft - y seat;
2. Young and err - ing trav - 'lers, we All our dan - gers do not know;
3. When perplexed in dan - ger's snare, Thou a - lone our guide can be;
4. Let us ev - er hear Thy voice, Ask Thy coun - sel ev - 'ry day;

Hear, O hear our low - ly cry, Guide, O guide our wand'ring feet.
Scarce-ly fear the storm - y sea, Hard - ly feel the tem - pest blow.
When oppressed with deep - er care, Whom have we to trust but Thee?
Saints and an - gels will re - joice, If we walk in wis - dom's way.

5 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

6 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

ITALIAN HYMN.

HOLME.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored,
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,

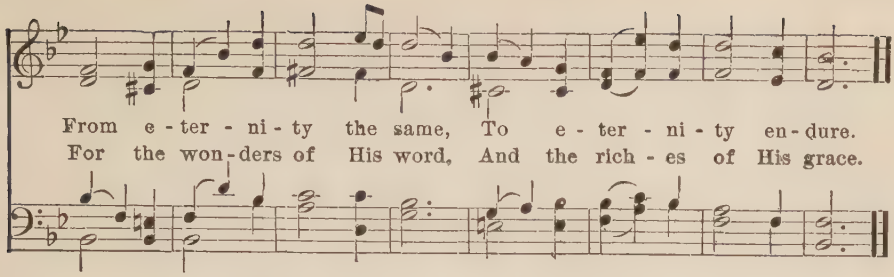
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come and Thy chil - dren bless, Give Thy good
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess, Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

GOTTSCHALK.

MONTGOMERY. GOTTSCHALK.

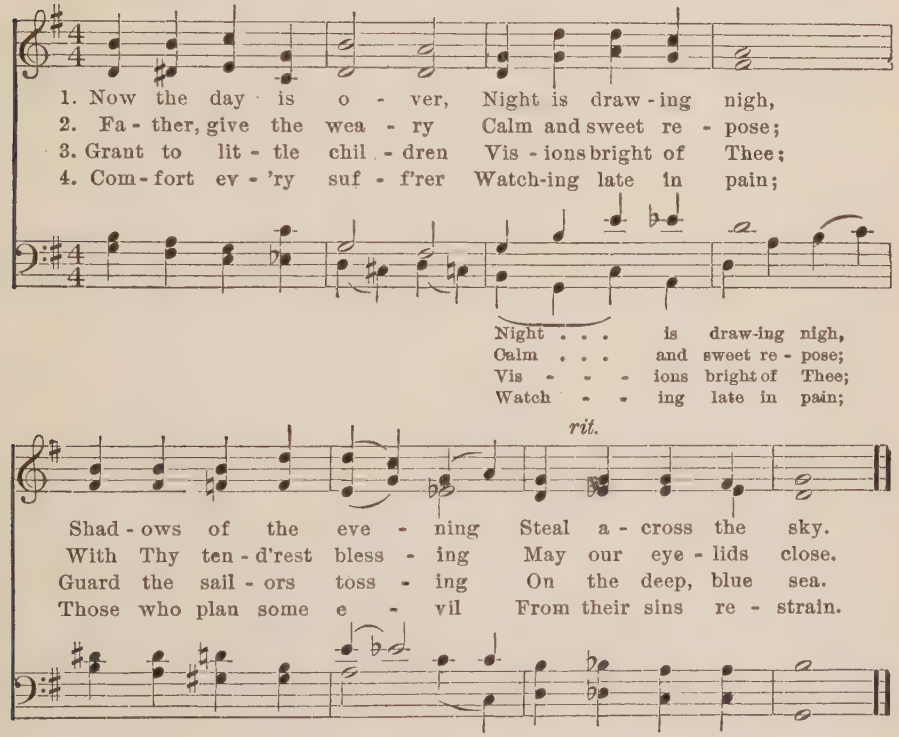
1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name; For His mer - cies ev - er sure,
2. O that men would praise the Lord, For His good-ness to their race!



NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

ELIZABETH.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. F. R. RIX.



5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

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O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS.

TATE. "Park Street."

1. O come, loud an - thems let . . us sing,
2. In - to His pres - ence let . . us haste
3. For God the Lord, en - throned in state,
4. Oh, let us to . . His courts re - pair,

Loud thanks to our al - might - y . . King; And
To thank Him for His fa - vors . past; To
Is with un - riv - alled glo - ry . . great; The
And bow with ad - - o - ra - tion there; Low

high our grate - ful voi - ces raise, As our sal - va - tion's
Him ad - dress, in joy - ful songs, The praise that to His
depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret wealth at
on our knees with rev - 'rence fall, And on the Lord our

rock we praise, As our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.
Name be - longs, The praise that to His Name be - longs.
His com - mand, Her se - cret wealth at His com - mand.
Ma - ker call, And on the Lord our Ma - ker call.

RISE, MY SOUL.

R. Seagrave.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn! Press on - ward to the prize;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n thy des - tined place.
Soon thy Sav - iour will re - turn, To take thee to the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heav'n;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove.
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be given.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

MASON.

1. Watch - man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are;
2. Watch - man, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as-cends;
3. Watch - man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn;

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height See the glo - ry beam - ing star.
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.
Trav - 'ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

Watch - man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Watch - man, will its beams, a - lone, Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch - man, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home.

Trav - 'ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES.

OLD HUNDRED.

FRANC.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth attends Thy word:

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

KINGDOMS AND THRONES.

HAMBURG.

GREGORIAN.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long, Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;
2. Proclaim Him King, Pro - nounce Him blest; He's your de-fence, your joy, your rest;

His wondrous names and powers re-hearse; His honors shall en - rich your verse.
When terrors rise, and na - tions faint, God is the strength of ev - 'ry saint.

FATHER, TENDER SHEPHERD.

PRAYER FROM DER FREISCHUTZ.

VON WEBER.

SOPRANO I AND II. Arr. for unchanged voices by F. R. RIX.

1. Fa - ther, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the

ALTO I AND II.

lit - tle lamb to - night; . Through the dark - ness
thank Thee for Thy care; . . Thou hast warmed me,
friends I know so well; . . Take us all at

be Thou . near me, Keep me safe . . . till
clothed and . . fed me, Lis - ten to . . . . . my
last to . . . hea - ven, Hap - py there . . . . . with

morn - ing light, till morn - ing light. . . .
eve - ning prayer, my eve - ning prayer. . . . .
Thee to dwell, with Thee to dwell. . . . .

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Arr. from KOSCHAT.

AIR IN ALTO.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, No want shall I know; I walk in green pas-tures, Safe fold-ed to rest. He lead-eth my feet where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, Re-deems when op-pressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, Re-deems when op-pressed.

2. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful Lord, Still fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

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72	Christ Church bells. (Catch)		*Dean Aldrich*
20	Columbia, the gem of the ocean		*D. T. Shaw*
21	Come, follow. (Round)		*Hilton*
46	Comin' thro' the rye	R. Burns	*trio, arr. by Rix*
100	Cooper's song	"Boccaccio"	*Von Suppe*
92	Cradle song	"Wiegenlied"	*Brahms*
53	Cuckoo, cuckoo		*German*
203	Dixie		*D. Emmet*
15	Early to bed. (Round)		
132	Fair dames and gentle masters	Rix	*Lecocq*
19	First in our country's war	W. H. Frost	*Berger*
44	Flow gently, sweet Afton	R. Burns	*J. E. Spilman*
8	Flower of liberty	O. W. Holmes	("Watch on the Rhine") *Wilhelm*
109	Flying with flowing sail	"Il Trovatore"	*Verdi*
13	Freedom, we adore thee		*K. Gross*
206	Gentle river. (Round)		
187	Glorious is Thy Name		*Mozart*
4	God of the nations	"Anvil Chorus"	*Verdi*
124	Good-night. (Round)		
122	Graduation song	Helen Sawtelle	*F. R. Rix*
48	Great Tom is cast. (Round)		*H. Lawes*
14	Hail! Columbia	Joseph Hopkinson	*"President's March"*

Page.		Poet or Source.	Composer or Source.
10	Hail to that happy land	Wilcox	*"The Potentate," F. R. Rix*
16	Hail to the chief	Sir Walter Scott	*Sanderson*
53	Hark, the lark	Shakespeare	*Schubert*
185	Hark, the vesper hymn	Th. Moore	*Bortnianski*
41	Harp that once	Moore's Irish melodies	
189	Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord		*Pleyel*
78	Holy night	Ablinger	
35	Home, sweet home	John Howard Payne	*Sicilian air*
109	Homeward bound	adapted from "Il Trovatore"	*Verdi*
166	Hope thou in God	"Largo"	*Handel*
30	How sleep the brave	Wm. Collins	*F. R. Rix*
168	Hunter's Song	Oxenford	*arr. Kinross*
64	Hunting the hare. (Round)		*Purcell*
181	Ich Liebe Dich		*Ed. Grieg*
158	If with all your hearts	"Elijah"	*Mendelssohn*
79	Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"		*Mascagni*
141	Joy and gladness	"The Huguenots"	*Meyerbeer*
40	Killarney		*M. W. Balfe*
192	King of Thule	Goethe	*arr. Liszt*
9	Know ye the land		*German*
183	Lady Spring		*arr. A. Brown*
168	Largo. (Hope thou in God)		*Handel*
125	Legend of the bells	"Chimes of Normandy"	*Planquette*
134	Light and gay	"Martha"	*Flotow*
51	Linden tree		*arr. Schubert*
90	Little dustman	"Sandmännschen"	*J. Brahms*
96	Little tin soldier		*Molloy*
83	Lost chord	Adelaide Procter	*A. Sullivan*
92	Lullaby and good-night		*J. Brahms*
65	Lullaby, my pretty baby		*F. R. Rix*
28	Marseillaise		*R. de Lisle*
42	Mary of Argyle	R. Burns	*Nelson*
32	Maryland, my Maryland	J. B. Randall	*German Air*
38	Massa's in de cold, cold ground	Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
17	May does every fragrance bring (Round)		*Hayes*
58	May queen	"Mayday"	*Macfarren*
66	Merry June. (Vocal polka)	Oxenford	*Vincent*
53	Message of spring		*German*
47	Minstrel boy		*Thomas Moore*
99	Minuet	F. R. Rix	*Mozart*
170	Monotone, The		*arr. Cornelius*
1	My country, 'tis of thee	Smith	*Carey*
148	My love is like the red, red rose	R. Burns	*Schumann*
37	My old Kentucky home	Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
94	Night, lovely night		*Berger*
202	Not costly domes	Smith	*Mendelssohn*
18	Ode for Independence	Daniel George	*Horatio Garnet*

Page.		Poet or Source.	Composer or Source.
36	Old folks at home. ("Swanee River")	Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
162	Once more with joy	(Pilgrims' chorus)	*Wagner*
9	Our own land		*German*
34	Our soldier boys	adapted by F. R. R.	*Tune of 16th Century*
131	Peace and concord	"Lay of the Bell"	*Romberg*
119	Rataplan	"Daughter of the Regiment"	*Donizetti*
20	Red, white, and blue		*D. T. Shaw*
150	Richmond fair	"Martha"	*Flotow*
49	Rule, Britannia	Thomson	*Dr. Arne*
90	Sandmänchen		*J. Brahms*
78	Santa Claus		*from the German*
130	Scotland's burning. (Round)		
74	Sea hath its pearls	Longfellow	*Pinsuti*
22	See the conquering hero comes	"Judas Maccabeus"	*Handel*
73	See the lilies		*F. Silcher*
52	Sing, sing for the oak-tree	Mary Howitt	*F. R. Rix*
138	Smiling fate	"The Huguenots"	*Meyerbeer*
33	Soldier's farewell		*J. Kinkel*
108	Spring is come. (Catch)		*Hayes*
91	Spring's arrival		*from the German*
24	Star-Spangled Banner		*Francis Scott Key*
99	Stately and proud. (Minuet)	Rix	*Mozart*
155	Summer is a-comin' in. (Roundel)		*Old English*
36	Swanee River	Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
105	Sweet the angelus is ringing	"King Rene's Daughter"	*H. Smart*
26	There's a great and happy country		*F. H. Stuntzmann*
156	Thou star resplendent	"Tannhäuser"	*Wagner*
88	Thou'rt like a beauteous flower	H. Heine	*Rubinstein*
93	Three blind mice. (Catch)		
18	'Tis done, the edict's passed	"Ode for Independence"	*Garnet*
31	Turn again, Whittington. (Round)		
6	Unfurl the starry flag	Louie R. Heller	*J. Remington Fairlamb*
173	Until the day breaks		*Gounod*
122	We pause a moment	"Graduation Song"	*F. R. Rix*
54	Welcome, springtime	"Air in F"	*Rubinstein*
115	Welcome the happy festal day	"Lucia"	*Donizetti*
19	Welcome to a hero	W. H. Frost	*Hawaiian hymn*
92	Wiegenlied		*J. Brahms*
50	Woodman, spare that tree	George P. Morris	*F. R. Rix*
7	Yankee doodle		
28	Ye sons of freedom, wake		*Rouget de Lisle*

DEVOTIONAL SONGS.

Page.		Poet or Source.	Composer or Source.
234	Angel voices	Francis Pott	*A. Sullivan*
207	Bethany	S. F. Adams	*Mason*
231	Brightly gleams our banner	Potter	*Haydn*
228	Come, O my soul	Russian hymn	
234	Come, ye thankful people	Alford	*Elvey*
217	Dennis	Doddridge	*Nägeli*
243	Doxology	"Old Hundred"	
219	Father, I bend to Thee	"Battle prayer"	*Himmel*
244	Father, tender Shepherd		*Von Weber*
243	From all that dwell	"Doxology"	
238	Gottschalk		*Gottschalk*
207	God of truth	"Hymns of the Spirit"	*Kücken*
209	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah		*Mozart*
220	Holy, holy, holy	"The Last Judgment"	*Spohr*
223	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	Heber	*Dykes*
227	Homeland	Haweis	*A. Sullivan*
212	In Heavenly love abiding	A. L. Waring	*Dykes*
216	Integer vitae		*Flemming*
238	Italian hymn		
221	I will arise	Cecil	
226	Jerusalem the golden	Bernard of Cluny	*Ewing*
243	Kingdoms and thrones	"Hamburg"	*Gregorian*
226	Lead, kindly light	J. H. Newman	*A. Sullivan*
245	Lord is my Shepherd, The		*arr. Koschat*
216	Missionary chant		
215	Naomi		*L. Mason*
235	New every morning	John Keble	*Webbe*
239	Now the day is over	Baring-Gould	*F. R. Rix*
215	Now thank we all		*Crüger*
240	O come, loud anthems ("Park Street")	Tate	
230	O come, Emmanuel		*12th Century*
218	O Lord, correct me	"Rinaldo"	*Handel*
222	O word of God	How	*Chorale, J. S. Bach*
236	O worship the King	Grant	*Handel*
237	Pleyel's hymn		*Pleyel*
222	Praise to God	Barbauld	*Kocher*
229	Praise the Lord (Austrian hymn)	Bishop Mant	*Haydn*

Page.		Poet or Source.	Composer or Source.
217	Psalm of life, The	Longfellow	*Conkey*
241	Rise, my soul	Seagrave	*tune "Amsterdam"*
228	St. Agnes		
237	Seymour		*Weber*
224	Spacious firmament	Addison	*arr. Haydn*
214	Still, still with thee	H. B. Stowe	*F. R. Rix*
213	Thankfulness	M. Claudius, Tr.	*Schultz*
208	To God on high	St. Paul	*Mendelssohn*
242	Watchman, tell us of the night		*Mason*
232	We march, we march to victory	Moultrie	*Barnby*
211	Work, for the night is coming	Walker	

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